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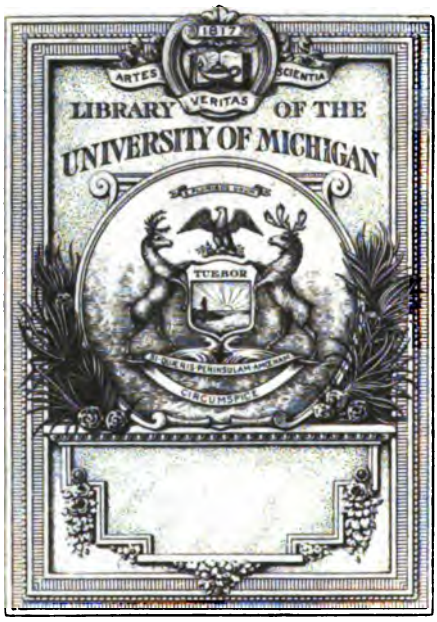
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THE WORKS OF

WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE.

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THE WORKS OF

WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE.

THE TEXT REVISED

BY

THE REV. ALEXANDER DYCE.

IN TEN VOLUMES.

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CONTENTS OF VOL. VII.

	PAGE
TIMON OF ATHENS	1
JULIUS CÆSAR	103
MACBETH	199
HAMLET	295

TIMON OF ATHENS.

TIMON OF ATHENS.

FIRST printed in the folio of 1623.—At what date it was written we cannot ascertain; probably about 1610, to which year Malone assigns it.—"The story of the Misanthrope is told in almost every collection of the time, and particularly in two books with which Shakespeare was intimately acquainted; *The Palace of Pleasure* [by Painter,—see the Twenty-Eighth Novel of vol. i., —"*Of the straunge and beastlie nature of Timon of Athens, enemie to mankinde, with his death, buriall, and epitaphe*"], and the English Plutarch [North's translation,—see the Life of Antony]. Indeed, from a passage in an old play called *Jack Drum's Entertainment*, I conjecture that he had before made his appearance on the stage." FARMER. "The passage in *Jack Drum's Entertainment, or Pasquil and Katherine*, 1601, is this;

'Come [, come, now] I'll be as sociable as *Timon of Athens*' [sig. B 4]:

but the allusion is so slight, that it might as well have been borrowed from Plutarch or the novel." STEEVENS. "There is a Ms. comedy now extant, on the subject of Timon, which, from the hand-writing and the style, appears to be of the age of Shakespeare. In this piece a steward is introduced, under the name of Laches, who, like Flavius in that of our author, endeavours to restrain his master's profusion, and faithfully attends him when he is forsaken by all his other followers. Here too a mock-banquet is given by Timon to his false friends; but, instead of warm water, stones painted like artichokes are served up, which he throws at his guests. From a line in Shakespeare's play [the last line of act iii.] one might be tempted to think that something of this sort was introduced by him; though, through the omission of a marginal direction in the only ancient copy of this piece, it has not been customary to exhibit it;

'*2d Senator.* Lord Timon's mad.
3d Sen. I feel't upon my bones.
4th Sen. One day he gives us diamonds, next day *stones*.'

[On which passage Steevens notes; "As Timon has thrown nothing at his worthless guests except warm water and empty dishes, I am induced, with Mr. Malone, to believe that the more ancient drama had been read by our author, and that he supposed he had introduced from it the 'painted *stones*' as part of his banquet; though in reality he had omitted them. The present mention therefore of such missiles appears to want propriety."*] This comedy

* 1865. "It has been inferred from the mention of *stones* in this line ['One day he gives us diamonds, next day *stones*'] that Shakespeare was not unacquainted with the old Academic drama noticed in the Introduction, where 'painted stones' form part of the banquet; but the traces of a feebler hand than his are so evident and so frequent in the present play, that we think, with Mr. Knight, the dialogue which concludes this act was probably a portion of the old piece, which, recast and improved by Shakespeare, forms the tragedy before us. When, in remodelling the stage-business, he caused the feast to consist of warm water in lieu of stones, he perhaps neglected to cancel the line above." STAUNTON. Perhaps so.

(which is evidently the production of a scholar, many lines of Greek being introduced into it) appears to have been written after Ben Jonson's *Every Man out of his Humour* (1599), to which it contains a reference; but I have not discovered the precise time when it was composed. If it were ascertained, it might be some guide to us in fixing the date of our author's *Timon of Athens*, which, on the grounds that have been already stated, I suppose to have been posterior to this anonymous play." MALONE, *Life of Shakespeare*, p. 455. The same writer (*Prelim. Remarks to Timon of Athens*) observes, that in the play just described Shakespeare also found "the story of Timon's being possessed of great sums of gold which he had dug up in the woods; a circumstance which he could not have had from Lucian, there being then no translation of the dialogue that relates to this subject."—The Ms. of the anonymous *Timon* having fallen into my possession, it was printed for the Shakespeare Society in 1842. That our poet had any acquaintance with it, I much doubt; for it certainly was never performed in London,—being a drama intended solely for the amusement of an academic audience.

But that there was *some* old drama now lost, of which Shakespeare made use for this tragedy, and of which not a few traces may be found in it, is, I think, sufficiently manifest, though Coleridge, speaking of our author's play in his Lectures, declared that "he saw the same vigorous hand at work throughout."

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

—o—

TIMON, a noble Athenian.

LUCIUS,
LUCULLUS,
SEMPRONIUS, } lords, and flatterers of Timon.

VENTIDIUS, one of Timon's false friends.
ALCIBIADES, an Athenian general.
APEMANTUS, a churlish philosopher.
FLAVIUS, steward to Timon.
Poet, Painter, Jeweller, and Merchant.
An old Athenian.

FLAMINIUS,
LUCILIUS,
SERVILIUS, } servants to Timon.

CAPHIS,*
PHILOTUS,
TITUS,
HORTENSIUS,
And others, } servants to Timon's creditors.

A Page. A Fool. Three Strangers.

PHRYNIA,
TIMANDRA, } mistresses to Alcibiades.

Cupid and Amazons in the masque.

Other Lords, Senators, Officers, Soldiers, Banditti, and Attendants.

SCENE—*Athens and the woods adjoining.*

* "*Caphis* may be *Capys*." Walker's *Crit. Exam.*, &c., vol. ii. p. 31.

TIMON OF ATHENS.

ACT I.

SCENE I. *Athens. A hall in* TIMON'S *house.*

Enter Poet, Painter, Jeweller, Merchant, *and others, at several doors.*

Poet. Good day, sir.
Pain. I am glad you're well.
Poet. I have not seen you long: how goes the world?
Pain. It wears, sir, as it grows.
Poet. Ay, that's well known:
But what particular rarity? what strange,
Which manifold record not matches? See,
Magic of bounty! all these spirits thy power
Hath conjur'd to attend. I know the merchant.
Pain. I know them both; th' other's a jeweller.
Mer. O, 'tis a worthy lord.
Jew. Nay, that's most fix'd.
Mer. A most incomparable man; breath'd, as it were,
To an untirable and continuate goodness:
He passes.
Jew. I have a jewel here—
Mer. O, pray, let's see't: for the Lord Timon, sir?
Jew. If he will touch the estimate: but, for that—
Poet. [*reading from his poem*] "When we for recompense have prais'd the vile,
It stains the glory in that happy verse
Which aptly sings the good."
Mer. 'Tis a good form. [*Looking at the jewel.*

Jew. And rich: here is a water, look ye.

Pain. You're rapt, sir, in some work, some dedication
To the great lord.

Poet. A thing slipp'd idly from me.
Our poesy is as a gum, which oozes[1]
From whence 'tis nourish'd: the fire i' the flint
Shows not till it be struck; our gentle flame
Provokes itself, and, like the current, flies
Each bound it chafes.[2]—What have you there?

Pain. A picture, sir.—When comes your book forth?

Poet. Upon the heels of my presentment, sir.—
Let's see your piece.

Pain. 'Tis a good piece.

Poet. So 'tis: this comes off well and excellent.

Pain. Indifferent.

Poet. Admirable: how this grace
Speaks his own standing! what a mental power
This eye shoots forth! how big imagination
Moves in this lip! to the dumbness of the gesture
One might interpret.

Pain. It is a pretty mocking of the life.
Here is a touch; is't good?

Poet. I will say of it,
It tutors nature: artificial strife
Lives in these touches, livelier than life.

Enter certain Senators, *and pass over.*

Pain. How this lord is follow'd!

Poet. The senators of Athens:—happy man![3]

(1) *as a gum, which oozes*] The folio has "*as a* Gowne, *which* vses:" —"*gum*" is the reading of Pope; "*oozes*" of Johnson.

(2) *chafes.*] The folio has "chases."

(3) Pain. *How this lord is follow'd!*
Poet. *The senators of Athens:—happy man!*]

So Theobald.—The folio has "—— *happy* men;" which (though Ritson asserts that it "is right. The Poet envies or admires the felicity of the senators in being Timon's friends," &c.) the whole context proclaims to be wrong. The preceding plural, "*senators*," led the transcriber or printer into the mistake.

Pain. Look, more!

Poet. You see this confluence, this great flood of visitors.
I have, in this rough work, shap'd out a man,
Whom this beneath-world doth embrace and hug
With amplest entertainment: my free drift
Halts not particularly, but moves itself
In a wide sea of wax:[4] no levell'd malice
Infects one comma in the course I hold;
But flies an eagle flight, bold, and forth on,
Leaving no track behind.

Pain. How shall I understand you?

Poet. I'll unbolt to you.
You see how all conditions, how all minds—
As well of glib and slippery creatures as
Of grave and austere quality—tender down
Their services to Lord Timon: his large fortune,
Upon his good and gracious nature hanging,
Subdues and properties to his love and tendance
All sorts of hearts; yea, from the glass-fac'd flatterer
To Apemantus, that few things loves better
Than to abhor himself: even he drops down
The knee before him, and returns in peace
Most rich in Timon's nod.

Pain. I saw them speak together.

Poet. Sir,
I have upon a high and pleasant hill
Feign'd Fortune to be thron'd: the base o' the mount
Is rank'd with all deserts, all kind of natures,
That labour on the bosom of this sphere
To propagate their states: amongst them all,
Whose eyes are on this sovereign lady fix'd,
One do I personate of Lord Timon's frame,
Whom Fortune with her ivory hand wafts to her:
Whose present grace to present slaves and servants

(4) *In a wide sea of wax:*] If the text be right, there is, of course, an allusion to the practice of writing with a style on table-books covered with wax: but the word "*wax*" is certainly suspicious.—Mr. Collier's Ms. Corrector substitutes "verse."

Translates his rivals.[5]

Pain. 'Tis conceiv'd to scope.
This throne, this Fortune, and this hill, methinks,
With one man beckon'd from the rest below,
Bowing his head against the steepy mount
To climb his happiness, would be well express'd
In our condition.

Poet. Nay, sir, but hear me on.
All those which were his fellows but of late,—
Some better than his value,—on the moment
Follow his strides, his lobbies fill with tendance,
Rain sacrificial whisperings in his ear,
Make sacred even his stirrup, and through him
Drink the free air.

Pain. Ay, marry, what of these?

Poet. When Fortune, in her shift and change of mood,
Spurns down her late belov'd, all his dependants,
Which labour'd after him to the mountain's top,
Even on their knees and hands, let him slip down,[6]
Not one accompanying his declining foot.

Pain. 'Tis common:
A thousand moral paintings I can show,
That shall demonstrate these quick blows of Fortune's[7]

(5) *Whose present grace to present slaves and servants*
Translates his rivals.]

"What is the force of [the second] '*present*'? Read '*peasant* slaves,' &c." Walker's *Crit. Exam.*, &c., vol. i. p. 301.—I cannot reconcile myself to this emendation;—I cannot help thinking that Shakespeare would rather have repeated the word "*present*" than have written "*present*" and "peasant" in the same line; though we find, in act ii. sc. 2, p. 35,

"How many prodigal bits have *slaves and peasants*
This night englutted!"

and in *Hamlet*, act ii. sc. 2,

"O, what a rogue and *peasant slave* am I!"

(6) *and hands, let him slip down,*] The folio has "*and* hand, *let him* sit *downe.*"—The editor of the sec. folio substituted "*hands,*" and Rowe "*slip.*"

(7) *blows of Fortune's*] Here the second folio has "*blows of* Fortune," &c.—Malone defends the former reading as the phraseology of Shakespeare's time; while Steevens observes that our poet is not constant in using that mode of speech.—Compare, at p. 100, "Those enemies of *Timon's*," &c.—It is, however, certain that in the first folio the final *s* is frequently very suspicious, and sometimes manifestly wrong.

More pregnantly than words. Yet you do well
To show Lord Timon that mean eyes have seen
The foot above the head.

Trumpets sound. Enter TIMON, *attended; a* Servant *of* VENTIDIUS *talking with him;* LUCILIUS *and other* Attendants *following.*

Tim. Imprison'd is he, say you?

Ven. Serv. Ay, my good lord; five talents is his debt;
His means most short, his creditors most strait:
Your honourable letter he desires
To those have shut him up; which failing him[8]
Periods his comfort.

Tim. Noble Ventidius!—Well;
I am not of that feather to shake off
My friend when he most needs me.[9] I do know him
A gentleman that well deserves a help,—
Which he shall have: I'll pay the debt, and free him.

Ven. Serv. Your lordship ever binds him.

Tim. Commend me to him: I will send his ransom;
And, being enfranchis'd, bid him come to me:—
'Tis not enough to help the feeble up,
But to support him after.—Fare you well.

Ven. Serv. All happiness to your honour! [*Exit.*

Enter an old Athenian.

Old Ath. Lord Timon, hear me speak.

Tim. Freely, good father.

Old Ath. Thou hast a servant nam'd Lucilius.

Tim. I have so: what of him?

Old Ath. Most noble Timon, call the man before thee.

Tim. Attends he here, or no?—Lucilius!

Luc. [*coming forward*] Here, at your lordship's service.

Old Ath. This fellow here, Lord Timon, this thy creature,

(8) *failing him*] The folio has merely "*failing.*"—The second folio has "*failing* to *him.*"

(9) *when he most needs me.*] The folio has "*when he* must neede *me*" ("i.e.," says Steevens, "when he is compelled to have need of my assistance; or, as Mr. Malone has more happily [!] explained the phrase, 'cannot but want my assistance'").—Corrected in the third folio.

By night frequents my house. I am a man
That from my first have been inclin'd to thrift;
And my estate deserves an heir more rais'd
Than one which holds a trencher.

Tim. Well; what further?

Old Ath. One only daughter have I, no kin else,
On whom I may confer what I have got:
The maid is fair, o' the youngest for a bride,
And I have bred her at my dearest cost
In qualities of the best. This man of thine
Attempts her love: I prithee, noble lord,
Join with me to forbid him her resort;
Myself have spoke in vain.

Tim. The man is honest.

Old Ath. Therefore he will be,[10] Timon:
His honesty rewards him in itself;
It must not bear my daughter.

Tim. Does she love him?

Old Ath. She is young and apt:
Our own precedent passions do instruct us
What levity's in youth.

Tim. [*to Lucilius*] Love you the maid?

Luc. Ay, my good lord; and she accepts of it.

Old Ath. If in her marriage my consent be missing,
I call the gods to witness, I will choose
Mine heir from forth the beggars of the world,
And dispossess her all.

Tim. How shall she be endow'd,[11]
If she be mated with an equal husband?

Old Ath. Three talents on the present; in future, all.

Tim. This gentleman of mine hath serv'd me long:

[10] *Therefore he will be,*] Means "Therefore he will continue to be honest,"—if nothing has dropt out here; which is doubtful.

[11] *How shall she be endow'd*, &c.] "The players, those avowed enemies to even a common ellipsis, have here again disordered the metre by interpolation. Will a single idea of our author's have been lost, if, omitting the useless and repeated words '*she be*,' we should regulate the passage thus;

'How shall she be
Endow'd, if mated with an equal husband?'"

STEEVENS.

To build his fortune I will strain a little,
For 'tis a bond in men. Give him thy daughter:
What you bestow, in him I'll counterpoise,
And make him weigh with her.
Old Ath. Most noble lord,
Pawn me to this your honour, she is his.
Tim. My hand to thee; mine honour on my promise.
Luc. Humbly I thank your lordship: never may
That state or fortune fall into my keeping,
Which is not ow'd to you!
[*Exeunt Lucilius and Old Athenian.*
Poet. [*presenting his poem*] Vouchsafe my labour, and long live your lordship!
Tim. I thank you; you shall hear from me anon:
Go not away.—What have you there, my friend?
Pain. [*presenting his painting*] A piece of painting, which I do beseech
Your lordship to accept.
Tim. Painting is welcome.
The painting is almost the natural man;
For since dishonour traffics with man's nature,
He is but outside: these pencill'd figures are
Even such as they give out. I like your work;
And you shall find I like it: wait attendance
Till you hear further from me.
Pain. The gods preserve ye!
Tim. Well fare you, gentleman: give me your hand;
We must needs dine together.—Sir, your jewel
Hath suffer'd under praise.
Jew. What, my lord! dispraise?
Tim. A mere satiety of commendations.
If I should pay you for't as 'tis extoll'd,
It would unclew me quite.
Jew. My lord, 'tis rated
As those which sell would give: but you well know,
Things of like value, differing in the owners,
Are prizèd by their masters: believe't, dear lord,
You mend the jewel by the wearing it.
Tim. Well mock'd.

Mer. No, my good lord; he speaks the common tongue,
Which all men speak with him.
Tim. Look, who comes here:
Will you be chid?

Enter APEMANTUS.

Jew. We'll bear, with[12] your lordship.
Mer. He'll spare none.
Tim. Good morrow to thee, gentle Apemantus.
Apem. Till I be gentle, stay thou for thy good morrow;
When thou art Timon's dog, and these knaves honest.
Tim. Why dost thou call them knaves? thou know'st them not.
Apem. Are they not Athenians?
Tim. Yes.
Apem. Then I repent not.
Jew. You know me, Apemantus?
Apem. Thou know'st I do; I call'd thee by thy name.
Tim. Thou art proud, Apemantus.
Apem. Of nothing so much as that I am not like Timon.
Tim. Whither art going?
Apem. To knock out an honest Athenian's brains.
Tim. That's a deed thou'lt die for.
Apem. Right, if doing nothing be death by the law.
Tim. How likest thou this picture, Apemantus?
Apem. The best, for the innocence.
Tim. Wrought he not well that painted it?
Apem. He wrought better that made the painter; and yet he's but a filthy piece of work.
Pain. You're a dog.
Apem. Thy mother's of my generation: what's she, if I be a dog?
Tim. Wilt dine with me, Apemantus?
Apem. No; I eat not lords.
Tim. An thou shouldst, thou'dst anger ladies.
Apem. O, they eat lords; so they come by great bellies.

(12) *bear, with.*] Probably "*bear* it, *with*."

Tim. That's a lascivious apprehension.

Apem. So thou apprehendest it: take it for thy labour.

Tim. How dost thou like this jewel, Apemantus?

Apem. Not so well as plain-dealing, which will not cost[13] a man a doit.

Tim. What dost thou think 'tis worth?

Apem. Not worth my thinking.—How now, poet!

Poet. How now, philosopher!

Apem. Thou liest.

Poet. Art not one?

Apem. Yes.

Poet. Then I lie not.

Apem. Art not a poet?

Poet. Yes.

Apem. Then thou liest: look in thy last work, where thou hast feigned him a worthy fellow.

Poet. That's not feigned,—he is so.

Apem. Yes, he is worthy of thee, and to pay thee for thy labour: he that loves to be flattered is worthy o' the flatterer. Heavens, that I were a lord!

Tim. What wouldst do then, Apemantus?

Apem. E'en as Apemantus does now,—hate a lord with my heart.

Tim. What, thyself?

Apem. Ay.

Tim. Wherefore?

Apem. That I had no angry wit to be a lord.[14]—Art not thou a merchant?

Mer. Ay, Apemantus.

Apem. Traffic confound thee, if the gods will not!

Mer. If traffic do it, the gods do it.

Apem. Traffic's thy god; and thy god confound thee!

(13) *cost*] So the third folio.—The earlier folios have "cast."

(14) *That I had no angry wit to be a lord.*] Warburton's reading is, "*That I had* so hungry a *wit to be a lord;*" Mason's, "*That I had* an *angry* wish *to be a lord;*" Mr. Collier's Ms. Corrector's, "*That I had* so hungry a wish *to be a lord;*" and (worst of all) Mr. Singer's Ms. Corrector's, "*That I had* an empty *wit to be a lord.*"—Johnson explains the old text to mean, "I should hate myself for *patiently enduring to be a lord.*"

Trumpet sounds within. Enter a Servant.

Tim. What trumpet's that?

Serv. 'Tis Alcibiades, and some twenty horse,
All of companionship.

Tim. Pray, entertain them; give them guide to us.—
[*Exeunt some Attendants.*
You must needs dine with me:—go not you hence
Till I have thank'd you;—you, when dinner's done,[15]
Show me this piece:—I'm joyful of your sights.

Enter ALCIBIADES *and his* Company, *with* Attendants.

Most welcome, sir! [*They salute.*

Apem. So, so, there!—
Achès[16] contract and starve your supple joints!—
That there should be small love 'mongst these sweet knaves,
And all this court'sy! The strain of man's bred out
Into baboon and monkey.

Alcib. Sir, you have sav'd my longing, and I feed
Most hungerly on your sight.

Tim. Right welcome, sir!
Ere we depart, we'll share a bounteous time
In different pleasures. Pray you, let us in.
[*Exeunt all except Apemantus.*

Enter two Lords.

First Lord. What time o' day is't, Apemantus?

Apem. Time to be honest.

First Lord. That time serves still.

Apem. The more[17] accursèd thou, that still omitt'st it.

(15) *thank'd you;—you, when dinner's done,*] The folio has "*thankt you: when dinners done;*" the second folio, "*thankt you:* and *when dinners done.*"

(16) *So, so, there!—*
Achès, &c.]

The folio (which gives this speech as prose) has "*So, so;* their *Aches,*" &c. (Here "*Aches*" is a dissyllable, of course.)

(17) *more*] The folio has "most."—Corrected by Hanmer; and so Mr. Collier's Ms. Corrector.

Sec. Lord. Thou art going to Lord Timon's feast?

Apem. Ay, to see meat fill knaves, and wine heat fools.

Sec. Lord. Fare thee well, fare thee well.

Apem. Thou art a fool to bid me farewell twice.

Sec. Lord. Why, Apemantus?

Apem. Shouldst have kept one to thyself, for I mean to give thee none.

First Lord. Hang thyself!

Apem. No, I will do nothing at thy bidding: make thy requests to thy friend.

Sec. Lord. Away, unpeaceable dog, or I'll spurn thee hence!

Apem. I will fly, like a dog, the heels o' the ass. [*Exit.*

First Lord. He's opposite to humanity.—Come, shall we in,
And taste Lord Timon's bounty? he outgoes
The very heart of kindness.

Sec. Lord. He pours it out; Plutus, the god of gold,
Is but his steward: no meed but he repays
Sevenfold above itself; no gift to him
But breeds the giver a return exceeding
All use of quittance.

First Lord. The noblest mind he carries
That ever govern'd man.

Sec. Lord. Long may he live
In fortunes!—Shall we in?

First Lord.[18] I'll keep you company. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II. *The same. A room of state in* TIMON'S *house.*

Hautboys playing loud music. A great banquet served in; FLAVIUS *and others attending; then enter* TIMON,[19] ALCIBIADES, Lords, Senators, *and* VENTIDIUS. *Then comes, dropping after all,* APEMANTUS, *discontentedly.*

Ven. Most honour'd Timon,
It hath pleas'd the gods to remember my father's age,

(18) First Lord.] Omitted in the folio.

(19) enter TIMON, &c.] Capell observes; "By all modern ones [copies] are the two '*Lords*' that enter to Apemantus at *l.* 22 [see the preceding page] christen'd by names specific—*Lucius* and *Lucullus*, and under those

And call him to long peace.[20]
He is gone happy, and has left me rich:
Then, as in grateful virtue I am bound
To your free heart, I do return those talents,
Doubled with thanks and service, from whose help
I deriv'd liberty.

Tim. O, by no means,
Honest Ventidius; you mistake my love:
I gave it freely ever; and there's none
Can truly say he gives, if he receives:
If our betters[21] play at that game, we must not dare

names are brought on again in the scene that comes next [the present scene]: letters denoting one of their names are found before a speech of that scene in old copies [which, in p. 21, have '*Luc.* You see, my lord, how ample,' &c.], and are the sole authorities from them for their appearance in either: and from reason we have as little; they are address'd no where, and the only mention there is of them [see p. 24] proves them absent; but for this, the parties that bring them in, have found a salvo, by a well-tim'd dismission of them some nine lines before the mention comes in [*i.e.* to the speech in p. 23, '*All.* So are we all,' they add '*Exe. Lucius and Lucullus*']. A servant coming from them with presents the moment they are withdrawn, according to these editors, will be allow'd an oddness," &c. *Notes*, &c., vol. ii. P. iv. p. 76.—Here the more recent editors mark the entrance of "*Lucius*" and "*Lucullus*" (and of "*Sempronius*" too): but at p. 23 they do not adopt from their predecessors the "*Exe. Lucius and Lucullus;*" and they therefore suppose Lucius and Lucullus to be on the stage when the Second and Third Servants bring in the messages about the presents,—which, to use Capell's language, "will be allow'd an oddness."—1865. From "the more recent editors" just mentioned I have now to except Mr. Staunton, Mr. Grant White, and the Cambridge Editors (*Globe Shakespeare*).

(20) *Most honour'd Timon,*
It hath pleas'd the gods to remember my father's age,
And call him to long peace.]

Such is the arrangement of these lines in the folio: but the passage is doubtless mutilated. It was altered by Pope to

"*Most honour'd Timon, it hath pleas'd the gods*
To call my father's age unto *long peace.*"

And by Capell to

"*Most honour'd Timon,*
'T hath pleas'd the gods in kindness *to remember*
My father's age, and call him to long peace."

(21) *If our betters*, &c.] "If I would make any alteration, it should be only to reform the numbers thus;

To imitate them; faults that are rich are fair.

Ven. A noble spirit!

[*They all stand ceremoniously looking on Timon.*

Tim. Nay, my lords, ceremony
Was but devis'd at first
To set a gloss on faint deeds, hollow welcomes,
Recanting goodness, sorry ere 'tis shown;
But where there is true friendship, there needs none.
Pray, sit; more welcome are ye to my fortunes
Than my fortunes to me. [*They sit.*

First Lord. My lord, we always have confess'd it.

Apem. Ho, ho, confess'd it! hang'd it, have you not?

Tim. O, Apemantus,—you are welcome.

Apem. No;
You shall not make me welcome:
I come to have thee thrust me out of doors.

Tim. Fie, thou'rt a churl; you've got a humour there
Does not become a man; 'tis much to blame.—
They say, my lords, *Ira furor brevis est;*
But yond man is ever[22] angry.—
Go, let him have a table by himself;
For he does neither affect company,
Nor is he fit for it, indeed.

Apem. Let me stay at thine apperil, Timon:
I come to observe; I give thee warning on't.

Tim. I take no heed of thee; thou'rt an Athenian, therefore welcome: I myself would have no power; prithee, let my meat make thee silent.

Apem. I scorn thy meat;[23] 'twould choke me, for I should ne'er flatter thee.—O you gods, what a number of men eat

'Our betters play that game; we must not dare
T' imitate them,' &c." JOHNSON.

"Possibly Johnson is right." Walker's *Crit. Exam.*, &c., vol. iii. p. 231.

[22] *ever*] So Rowe (an obvious correction).—The folio has "verie."

[23] *I scorn thy meat*, &c.] The folio gives only three lines of this speech ("I wonder men," &c., and the next two lines) as verse. Mr. Collier, I apprehend, is quite right in supposing that the whole speech was originally measure, but that much of it has lost that character in passing from one manuscript to another, and ultimately from manuscript to print:—"the same remark," he adds, "will apply to various other portions of this play."

Timon, and he sees 'em not! It grieves me to see
So many dip their meat in one man's blood;
And all the madness is, he cheers them up too.[24]
I wonder men dare trust themselves with men:
Methinks they should invite them without knives;
Good for their meat, and safer for their lives.
There's much example for't; the fellow that sits next him now, parts bread with him, pledges[25] the breath of him in a divided draught, is the readiest man to kill him: 't has been proved. If I
Were a huge man, I should[26] fear to drink at meals;
Lest they should spy my windpipe's dangerous notes:
Great men should drink with harness on their throats.

Tim. [*to a Lord who drinks to him*] My lord, in heart; and let the health go round.

Sec. Lord. Let it flow this way, my good lord.

Apem. Flow this way![27] A brave fellow! he keeps his tides well.—Those healths will make thee and thy state look ill, Timon.—
Here's that which is too weak to be a sinner,[28]
Honest water, which ne'er left man i' the mire:
This and my food are equals; there's no odds:
Feasts are too proud to give thanks to the gods.

Apemantus' grace.

Immortal gods, I crave no pelf;
I pray for no man but myself:

(24) *too.*] "'*To't*,' I think." Walker's *Crit. Exam.*, &c., vol. iii. p. 231.

(25) *pledges*] Here Malone, Mr. Collier, and Mr. Grant White print silently (with most of the earlier editors) "and *pledges*."

(26) *I should*] "I believe "*should*' [a contraction of '*I should*'] is the proper reading." Walker's *Shakespeare's Versification*, &c., p. 238.

(27) *Flow this way*, &c.] "Arrange;

'Flow this way! a brave fellow!
He keeps his tides well. Timon, those healths will make
Thee, and thy state, look ill. Here's that which is
Too weak to be a sinner, honest water,
Which ne'er left man i' th' mire,' &c."
Walker's *Crit. Exam.*, &c., vol. iii. p. 231.

(28) *sinner*,] Mr. Collier's Ms. Corrector substitutes "fire."

Grant I may never prove so fond,
To trust man on his oath or bond;
Or a harlot, for her weeping;
Or a dog, that seems a-sleeping;
Or a keeper with my freedom;
Or my friends, if I should need 'em.
Amen. So fall to't:
Rich men sin, and I eat root. [*Eats and drinks.*

Much good dich[29] thy good heart, Apemantus!

Tim. Captain Alcibiades, your heart's in the field now.

Alcib. My heart is ever at your service, my lord.

Tim. You had rather be at a breakfast of enemies than a dinner of friends.

Alcib. So they were bleeding-new, my lord, there's no meat like 'em: I could wish my best friend at such a feast.

Apem. Would all those flatterers were thine enemies, then, that thou[30] mightst kill 'em, and bid me to 'em!

First Lord. Might we but have that happiness, my lord, that you would once use our hearts, whereby we might express some part of our zeals, we should think ourselves for ever perfect.

Tim. O, no doubt, my good friends, but the gods themselves have provided that I shall have much help from you: how had you been my friends else? why have you that charitable title from thousands, did not you chiefly belong to my heart? I have told more of you to myself than you can with modesty speak in your own behalf; and thus far I confirm you. O you gods, think I, what need we have any friends, if we should ne'er have need of 'em? they were the most needless creatures living, should we ne'er have use for 'em; and would most resemble sweet instruments[31] hung up in cases, that keep their sounds to themselves. Why, I have often wished myself poorer, that I might come nearer

(29) *dich*] "Apparently," says Nares, "a corruption of *do it*, or may it do." *Gloss.* in v.

(30) *then, that thou*] The folio has "*then, that* then *thou;*" a manifest error.

(31) *and would most resemble sweet instruments*] "I strongly suspect 'and would *resemble most* sweet instruments.'" Walker's *Crit. Exam.*, &c., vol. ii. p. 250.

to you. We are born to do benefits: and what better or properer can we call our own than the riches of our friends? O, what a precious comfort 'tis, to have so many, like brothers, commanding one another's fortunes! O joy,[32] e'en made away ere't can be born! Mine eyes cannot hold out water, methinks: to forget their faults, I drink to you.

Apem. Thou weepest to make them drink, Timon.

Sec. Lord. Joy had the like conception in our eyes,
And, at that instant, like a babe sprung up.

Apem. Ho, ho! I laugh to think that babe a bastard.

Third Lord. I promise you, my lord, you mov'd me much.

Apem. Much! [*Tucket sounded within.*

Tim. What means that trump?

Enter a Servant.

How now!

Serv. Please you, my lord, there are certain ladies most desirous of admittance.

Tim. Ladies! what are their wills?

Serv. There comes with them a forerunner, my lord, which bears that office, to signify their pleasures.

Tim. I pray, let them be admitted.

Enter CUPID.

Cup. Hail to thee, worthy[33] Timon;—and to all
That of his bounties taste!—The five best senses
Acknowledge thee their patron; and come freely
To gratulate thy plenteous bosom:[34]
Th' ear, taste, touch, smell, pleas'd from thy table rise;—

(32) *joy,*] The folio has "ioyes."
(33) *thee, worthy*] Qy. "the *worthy*"?
(34) *and come freely*
To gratulate thy plenteous bosom:]
Theobald printed
"*and* do *come*
Freely to gratulate thy plenteous bosom:"
an arrangement followed by Capell, but with the substitution of "are" for "do."—These lines and the preceding part of the speech stand as prose in the folio.

These only now come but to feast thine eyes.[35]

Tim. They're welcome all; let 'em have kind admittance:—

Music, make their welcome![36] [*Exit Cupid.*

First Lord.[37] You see, my lord, how ample you're belov'd.

Music. Re-enter CUPID, *with a Masque of* Ladies *as Amazons with lutes in their hands, dancing and playing.*

Apem. Hoy-day, what a sweep of vanity comes this way!
They dance! they are mad women.
Like madness is the glory of this life,
As this pomp shows to a little oil and root.[38]
We make ourselves fools, to disport ourselves;

(35) *Th' ear, taste, touch, smell, pleas'd from thy table rise;—*
These only now come but to feast thine eyes.]

The folio has

"There *tast, touch* all, *pleas'd from thy Table rise:*
They *onely now come but to Feast thine eies.*"—

"The incomparable emendation, with which the text is here supplied, I owe to my ingenious friend Mr. Warburton. The five Senses, as he observes, are talked of by Cupid, but only three of them made out; and those in a very heavy, unintelligible manner. But now you have them all, and the poet's sense, complete, viz. The five Senses, Timon, acknowledge thee their patron; four of them, the Hearing, the Touch, the Taste, and Smell, are all regaled at your board; and these Ladies come with me to entertain your Sight in presenting a masque." THEOBALD.—Malone (*Var. Shake.*) awkwardly (and in direct opposition to the folio) removes "*Th' ear*" from the beginning of the first line of the couplet to the end of the preceding line; and, not seeing that Warburton had rightly substituted "*smell*" for the old word "all," he interpolates "*smell*" and also retains "all," thus;

"*the ear,*
Taste, touch, smell, all *pleas'd from thy table rise.*"—

The Cambridge Editors (*Globe Shakespeare*) retain Malone's arrangement, but throw out "all" and interpolate "and," thus;

"*th' ear,*
Taste, touch and *smell, pleased from thy table rise.*"

(36) *Music, make their welcome!*] "Perhaps the poet wrote 'Music, make *known* their welcome,'" says Steevens,—as if he had not *known* that such was Capell's reading!

(37) First Lord.] Here the folio has "Luc." See note 19.

(38) *As this pomp shows to a little oil and root.*] "Is not something lost after this line?" Walker's *Crit. Exam.*, &c., vol. i. p. 75.

And spend our flatteries, to drink those men,
Upon whose age we void it up again,
With poisonous spite and envy.
Who lives, that's not depravèd or depraves?
Who dies, that bears not one spurn to their graves
Of their friends' gift?[39]
I should fear those that dance before me now
Would one day stamp upon me: 't has been done;
Men shut their doors against a setting sun.

The Lords *rise from table, with much adoring of* TIMON; *and to show their loves, each singles out an* Amazon, *and all dance; men with women, a lofty strain or two to the hautboys, and cease.*

Tim. You have done our pleasures much grace, fair ladies,[40]
Set a fair fashion on our entertainment,
Which was not half so beautiful and kind;
You've added worth unto't and lively[41] lustre,
And entertain'd me with mine own device;
I am to thank you for't.

First Lady.[42] My lord, you take us even at the best.

Apem. Faith, for the worst is filthy; and would not hold taking, I doubt me.

Tim. Ladies, there is an idle banquet attends you:
Please you to dispose yourselves.

All Lad. Most thankfully, my lord.

[*Exeunt Cupid and Ladies.*

Tim. Flavius,—

Flav. My lord?

Tim. The little casket bring me hither.

(39) *Of their friends' gift?*] Walker (*Crit. Exam.*, &c., vol. i. p. 77) thinks that these words ought to be followed by something like "Timon, were I as thou."

(40) *You have done our pleasures much grace, fair ladies,*] "I should wish to read, for the sake of metre, '*fairest* ladies.' '*Fair*,' however, may be here used as a dissyllable." STEEVENS.—Capell printed "—— *pleasures* a *much grace*," &c.—I strongly suspect that "*fair*" is not the poet's word; that the scribe or compositor caught it from the next line.

(41) *lively*] Added in the second folio.

(42) First Lady.] The folio has "1 *Lord.*"

Flav. Yes, my lord.—[*Aside*] More jewels yet!
There is no crossing him in's humour;
Else I should tell him,—well, i' faith, I should,—[43]
When all's spent, he'd be cross'd then, an he could.
'Tis pity bounty had not eyes behind,
That man might ne'er be wretched for his mind. [*Exit.*

First Lord. Where be our men?

Serv. Here, my lord, in readiness.

Sec. Lord. Our horses!

Re-enter FLAVIUS *with the casket.*

Tim. O my friends,
I've one word to say to you:—look you, my good lord,
I must entreat you, honour me so much
As to advance this jewel; accept and wear it,[44]
Kind my lord.

First Lord. I am so far already in your gifts,—

All. So are we all.

Enter a Servant.

Serv. My lord, there are certain nobles of the senate
Newly alighted, and come to visit you.

Tim. They're fairly welcome.

Flav. I beseech your honour,
Vouchsafe me a word, it does concern you near.

Tim. Near! why, then, another time I'll hear thee:
I prithee,
Let's be provided to show them entertainment.

Flav. [*aside*] I scarce know how.

(43) *There is no crossing him in's humour;*
Else I should tell him,—well, i' faith, I should,]

"Read 'There is no crossing him in *this* his humour.'" RITSON.—Here Mr. Staunton retains the punctuation of the folio, "*Else I should tell him well, i' faith, I should;*" and understands "*tell*" in the sense of *rate, call to account.*

(44) *accept and wear it,*] So the second folio.—The first folio has "*accept* it *and weare it.*"

Enter a second Servant.

Sec. Serv. May it please your honour, Lord Lucius,
Out of his free love, hath presented to you
Four milk-white horses, trapp'd in silver.

Tim. I shall accept them fairly: let the presents
Be worthily entertain'd.

Enter a third Servant.

How now! what news?

Third Serv. Please you, my lord, that honourable gentleman, Lord Lucullus, entreats your company to-morrow to hunt with him; and has sent your honour two brace of greyhounds.

Tim. I'll hunt with him; and let them be receiv'd,
Not without fair reward.

Flav. [*aside*] What will this come to?
He commands us to provide, and give great gifts,
And all out of an empty coffer:
Nor will he know his purse; or yield me this,
To show him what a beggar his heart is,
Being of no power to make his wishes good:
His promises fly so beyond his state,
That what he speaks is all in debt; he owes
For every word: he's so kind, that he now
Pays interest for't; his land's put to their books.
Well, would I were gently put out of office,
Before I were forc'd out!
Happier is he that has no friend to feed
Than such that do e'en enemies exceed.
I bleed inwardly for my lord. [*Exit.*

Tim. You do yourselves
Much wrong, you bate too much of your own merits:—
Here, my lord, a trifle of our love.

Sec. Lord. With more than common thanks I will receive it.

Third Lord. O, he's the very soul of bounty!

Tim. And now I remember,[45] my lord, you gave
Good words the other day of a bay courser
I rode on: it is yours, because you lik'd it.
First Lord. O, I beseech you, pardon me, my lord,
In that.
Tim. You may take my word, my lord; I know, no man
Can justly praise but what he does affect:
I weigh my friend's affection with mine own;
I'll tell you true.—I'll call to you.[46]
All Lords. O, none so welcome.
Tim. I take all and your several visitations
So kind to heart, 'tis not enough to give;
Methinks, I could deal kingdoms to my friends,
And ne'er be weary.—Alcibiades,
Thou art a soldier, therefore seldom rich;
It comes in charity to thee: for all thy living
Is 'mongst the dead; and all the lands thou hast
Lie in a pitch'd field.
Alcib. Ay, defil'd land,[47] my lord.
First Lord. We are so virtuously bound—
Tim. And so
Am I to you.

(45) *remember,*] Perhaps "*remember* me:" but the text of this play is truly wretched in very many places.

(46) *I'll tell you true.—I'll call to you.*] "Dr. Johnson [Hanmer] reads '*I* tell you,' &c., in which he has been heedlessly followed; for though the change does not affect the sense of the passage, it is quite unnecessary, as may be proved by numerous instances in our author's dialogue. Thus in the first line of *King Henry V.*,

'My lord, *I'll* tell you, that self bill is urg'd—'

Again, in *King John*,

'*I'll* tell thee, Hubert, half my power this night—.'"
STEEVENS.—

It must be allowed, however, that the two "*I'll*s" sound rather unpleasingly.—Mr. Sandys remarks (*Shakespeare Soc. Papers*, vol. iii. p. 23) that the expression, "I'll call *to* (*i.e.* at) your house," is still common in the West.

(47) *Ay, defil'd land,*] "'*I*' is the old reading, which apparently depends on a very low quibble. Alcibiades is told that 'his estate lies in a *pitch'd* field.' Now *pitch*, as Falstaff says, *doth defile*. Alcibiades therefore replies that his estate lies *in defiled land*. This, as it happened, was not understood, and all the editors [following the editor of the second folio] published 'I defy land.'" JOHNSON.

Sec. Lord. So infinitely endear'd—

Tim. All to you.—Lights, more lights!

First Lord. The best of happiness,
Honour, and fortunes,[48] keep with you, Lord Timon!

Tim. Ready for his friends.

[*Exeunt all except Apemantus and Timon.*

Apem. What a coil's here!
Serving of becks, and jutting-out of bums!
I doubt whether their legs be worth the sums
That are given for 'em. Friendship's full of dregs:
Methinks, false hearts should never have sound legs.
Thus honest fools lay out their wealth on court'sies.

Tim. Now, Apemantus, if thou wert not sullen,
I would be good to thee.

Apem. No, I'll nothing; for if I should be bribed too, there would be none left to rail upon thee; and then thou wouldst sin the faster. Thou givest so long, Timon, I fear me thou wilt give away thyself in paper shortly:[49] what need these feasts, pomps, and vain-glories?

Tim. Nay, an you begin to rail on society once, I am sworn not to give regard to you. Farewell; and come with better music. [*Exit.*

Apem. So; thou wilt not hear me now,—
Thou shalt not then, I'll lock thy heaven from thee.—
O that men's ears should be[50]
To counsel deaf, but not to flattery! [*Exit.*

(48) *fortunes,*] Compare, p. 15,

"Long may he live
In *fortunes!*"

(49) *give away thyself in paper shortly:*] "*i.e.* be ruined by his securities entered into. But this sense, as Mr. Warburton observes, is cold, and relishes very little of that salt which is in Apemantus' other reflections. He proposes '*give away thyself in* proper *shortly*,' *i.e.* in person, thy proper self." THEOBALD.

(50) *O that men's ears should be,* &c.] I have already remarked, that frequently, when our early dramatists introduce a couplet, they make *the first line shorter* (sometimes *much shorter*) than the second: see note 57 on *Measure for Measure.*

ACT II.

SCENE I. *Athens. A room in a* Senator's *house.*

Enter a Senator, *with papers in his hand.*

Sen. And late, five thousand;—to Varro and to Isidore
He owes nine thousand;—besides my former sum,
Which makes it five-and-twenty.—Still in motion
Of raging waste? It cannot hold; it will not.
If I want gold, steal but a beggar's dog,
And give it Timon, why, the dog coins gold:
If I would sell my horse, and buy ten more
Better than he, why, give my horse to Timon,
Ask nothing, give it him, it foals me straight
Ten able horses:[51] no porter at his gate;
But rather one that smiles, and still invites
All that pass by. It cannot hold; no reason
Can found his state in safety.[52]—Caphis, ho!
Caphis, I say!

Enter CAPHIS.

Caph. Here, sir; what is your pleasure?

Sen. Get on your cloak, and haste you to Lord Timon;
Impórtune him for my moneys; be not ceas'd
With slight denial; nor then silenc'd when—

(51) *buy ten more*
. . . . . .
Ten able horses:]

In the first of these lines the folio has "*buy* twenty moe;" in the second, "And *able Horses.*"—The former correction was made by Pope, the latter by Theobald.—Walker writes; "'*Ten*' in both places. '10 more' was mistaken for '20 more.'" *Crit. Exam.*, &c., vol. iii. p. 231.—Here Mr. Collier's Ms. Corrector makes only one change; "A stable o' *horses.*"

(52) *no reason*
Can found his state in safety.]

i.e. "*Reason* cannot find his fortune to have any *safe* or solid *foundation.*" JOHNSON.—The folio has "*Can* sound *his state,*" &c.; an obvious error, yet retained and defended by Mr. Knight and Mr. Collier. (Afterwards, p. 34, the folio has the very same mistake;

"you would throw them off,
And say you *sound* them in mine honestie.")

"Commend me to your master"—and the cap
Plays in the right hand, thus:—but tell him, sirrah,[53]
My uses cry to me, I must serve my turn
Out of mine own; his days and times are past,
And my reliances on his fracted dates
Have smit my credit: I love and honour him;
But must not break my back to heal his finger:
Immediate are my needs; and my relief
Must not be toss'd and turn'd to me in words,
But find supply immediate. Get you gone:
Put on a most importunate aspéct,
A visage of demand; for, I do fear,
When every feather sticks in his own wing,
Lord Timon will be left a naked gull,
Which flashes now a phœnix. Get you gone.

Caph. I go, sir.

Sen. Take the bonds along with you,
And have the dates in compt.[54]

Caph. I will, sir.

Sen. Go. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II. *The same. A hall in* TIMON'S *house.*

Enter FLAVIUS, *with many bills in his hand.*

Flav. No care, no stop! so senseless of expense,
That he will neither know how to maintain it,

(53) *sirrah,*] Added by the editor of the second folio.

(54) Caph. *I go, sir.*
Sen. *Take the bonds along with you,*
And have the dates in compt.]

The folio has

"Ca. *I go sir.*
Sen. I go sir?
Take the Bonds along with you,
And haue the dates in. Come."

Now, whether we make the Senator say, as in the old copy, "I go, sir?" or, as Mason recommends, "Ay, *go, sir,*" the words are equally unintelligible, and at variance with the whole of the context. Feeling confident that they were repeated by a mistake of the transcriber or compositor, I have omitted them without any hesitation.—The error of the folio in the last line was corrected by Theobald.

Nor cease his flow of riot: takes no account
How things go from him; nor resumes no care
Of what is to continue: never mind
Was to be so unwise, to be so kind.[55]
What shall be done? he will not hear, till feel:
I must be round with him, now he comes from hunting.
Fie, fie, fie, fie!

Enter CAPHIS, *and the* Servants *of* ISIDORE *and* VARRO.[56]

Caph. Good even, Varro: what,
You come for money?
Var. Serv. Is't not your business too?
Caph. It is:—and yours too, Isidore?
Isid. Serv. It is so.
Caph. Would we were all discharg'd!
Var. Serv. I fear it.
Caph. Here comes the lord.

Enter TIMON, ALCIBIADES, *and* Lords, *&c.*

Tim. So soon as dinner's done we'll forth again,
My Alcibiades.—With me? what is your will?
Caph. My lord, here is a note of certain dues.
Tim. Dues! Whence are you?

(55) *nor resumes no care*
Of what is to continue: never mind
Was to be so unwise, to be so kind.]

The folio has "*nor* resume *no care*," &c.; which, even when altered as above, is far from satisfactory.—Mr. Collier's Ms. Corrector substitutes "no reserve; *no care*," &c. In the last line he reads "*Was* surely *so unwise*," &c.; while Mr. Singer's Ms. Corrector gives '*Was* truly *so unwise*," &c. (which occurred also to Mr. Grant White, *Shakespeare's Scholar*, &c., p. 389).—1865. According to Mr. Collier's sec. ed. of *Shakespeare*, his Ms. Corrector reads "*no* reserves, *no care*," &c.

(56) Enter CAPHIS, and the *Servants* of ISIDORE and VARRO.] The folio has "*Enter Caphis*, Isidore, *and* Varro."—But here the Servants of Isidore and Varro are called by the names of their respective masters. "In like manner," observes Malone, "in the Fourth Scene of the next Act the Servant of Lucius is called by his master's name; but our author's intention is sufficiently manifested by the stage-direction in the Fourth Scene of the Third Act, where we find in the first folio (p. 86, col. 2) 'Enter Varro's *man*, meeting others.'"—We have had Caphis already, in the preceding scene.

Caph. Of Athens here, my lord.
Tim. Go to my steward.
Caph. Please it your lordship, he hath put me off
To the succession of new days this month:
My master is awak'd by great occasion
To call upon his own; and humbly prays you,
That with your other noble parts you'll suit
In giving him his right.
Tim. Mine honest friend,
I prithee, but repair to me next morning.
Caph. Nay, good my lord,—
Tim. Contain thyself, good friend.
Var. Serv. One Varro's servant, my good lord,—
Isid. Serv. From Isidore;
He humbly prays your speedy payment,—(57)
Caph. If you did know, my lord, my master's wants,—
Var. Serv. 'Twas due on forfeiture, my lord, six weeks
And past,—
Isid. Serv. Your steward puts me off, my lord;
And I am sent expressly to your lordship.
Tim. Give me breath.—
I do beseech you, good my lords, keep on;
I'll wait upon you instantly. [*Exeunt Alcibiades and Lords.*
[*To Flav.*] Come hither: pray you,
How goes the world, that I am thus encounter'd
With clamorous demands of date-broke bonds,(58)
And the detention of long-since-due debts,
Against my honour?

(57) *He humbly prays your speedy payment,—*] Steevens proposes "——*your* lordship's [lordship!] *speedy payment*—."—Walker seems to have thought that in this line "*your*" was an error for "you:" see his *Crit. Exam.*, &c., vol. ii. p. 193, and the editor's note there.

(58) *of date-broke bonds,*] The folio has "*of* debt, broken *Bonds.*"—"Mr. Malone very judiciously reads '*date-broken*' [confirming that reading by the line at p. 28, 'And my reliances on his *fracted dates*,' &c.]. For the sake of measure, I have omitted the last letter of the second word. So in *Much Ado about Nothing* [act ii. sc. 1], 'I have *broke* [i.e. *broken*] with her father.'" STEEVENS,—who might have cited from the present play, p. 62,

"Such a house *broke!*
So noble a master fallen!"

Flav. Please you, gentlemen,
The time is unagreeable to this business:
Your impórtunacy cease till after dinner;
That I may make his lordship understand
Wherefore you are not paid.

Tim. Do so, my friends.—
See them well entertain'd. [*Exit.*

Flav. Pray,[59] draw near. [*Exit.*

Caph. Stay, stay, here comes the fool with Apemantus: let's ha' some sport with 'em.

Var. Serv. Hang him, he'll abuse us.

Isid. Serv. A plague upon him, dog!

Enter APEMANTUS *and* Fool.[60]

Var. Serv. How dost, fool?

Apem. Dost dialogue with thy shadow?

Var. Serv. I speak not to thee.

Apem. No, 'tis to thyself.—[*To the Fool*] Come away.

Isid. Serv. [*to Var. Serv.*] There's the fool hangs on your back already.

Apem. No, thou stand'st single, thou'rt not on him yet.

Caph. Where's the fool now?

Apem. He last asked the question.[61]—Poor rogues, and usurers' men! bawds between gold and want!

(59) *Pray,*] Malone's *Shakespeare*, 1821, has "I *pray;*" rightly perhaps.

(60) Enter APEMANTUS and *Fool.*] "I suspect some scene to be lost, in which the entrance of the Fool, and the Page that follows him, was prepared by some introductory dialogue, in which the audience was informed that they were the Fool and Page of Phrynia, Timandra, or some other courtesan, upon the knowledge of which depends the greater part of the ensuing jocularity." JOHNSON.—Are we not to suppose this pair to be the servants of some bawd?

There would seem to be some confusion of scene presently; for in the next page Apemantus says, "Fool, I will *go with you to Lord Timon's,*"—where they are already.

(61) Caph. *Where's the fool now?*
Apem. *He last asked the question.*]

"I think 'He *that* last,' &c." Walker's *Crit. Exam.*, &c., vol. ii. p. 259; where, in a note, Mr. W. N. Lettsom says, "Should we not read '*Who's* the fool now?'"

All Serv. What are we, Apemantus?

Apem. Asses.

All Serv. Why?

Apem. That you ask me what you are, and do not know yourselves.—Speak to 'em, fool.

Fool. How do you, gentlemen?

All Serv. Gramercies, good fool: how does your mistress?

Fool. She's e'en setting on water to scald such chickens as you are. Would we could see you at Corinth!

Apem. Good! gramercy.

Fool. Look you, here comes my mistress'[62] page.

Enter Page.

Page. [*to the Fool*] Why, how now, captain! what do you in this wise company?—How dost thou, Apemantus?

Apem. Would I had a rod in my mouth, that I might answer thee profitably!

Page. Prithee, Apemantus, read me the superscription of these letters: I know not which is which.

Apem. Canst not read?

Page. No.

Apem. There will little learning die, then, that day thou art hanged. This is to Lord Timon; this to Alcibiades. Go; thou wast born a bastard, and thou'lt die a bawd.

Page. Thou wast whelped a dog, and thou shalt famish, a dog's death. Answer not, I am gone.

Apem. E'en so thou outrunnest grace. [*Exit Page.*] Fool, I will go with you to Lord Timon's.

Fool. Will you leave me there?

Apem. If Timon stay at home.—You three serve three usurers?

All Serv. Ay; would they served us!

Apem. So would I,—as good a trick as ever hangman served thief.

Fool. Are you three usurers' men?

(62) *mistress'*] The folio has "Masters."

All Serv. Ay, fool.

Fool. I think no usurer but has a fool to his servant: my mistress is one, and I am her fool. When men come to borrow of your masters, they approach sadly, and go away merrily;[63] but they enter my mistress'[64] house merrily, and go away sadly: the reason of this?

Var. Serv. I could render one.

Apem. Do it, then, that we may account thee a whoremaster and a knave; which notwithstanding, thou shalt be no less esteemed.

Var. Serv. What is a whoremaster, fool?

Fool. A fool in good clothes, and something like thee. 'Tis a spirit: sometime 't appears like a lord; sometime like a lawyer; sometime like a philosopher, with two stones more than's artificial one: he is very often like a knight; and, generally, in all shapes that man goes up and down in from fourscore to thirteen, this spirit walks in.

Var. Serv. Thou art not altogether a fool.

Fool. Nor thou altogether a wise man: as much foolery as I have, so much wit thou lackest.

Apem. That answer might have become Apemantus.

All Serv. Aside, aside; here comes Lord Timon.

Re-enter TIMON *and* FLAVIUS.

Apem. Come with me, fool, come.

Fool. I do not always follow lover, elder brother, and woman; sometime the philosopher.

[*Exeunt Apemantus and Fool.*

Flav. Pray you, walk near: I'll speak with you anon.

[*Exeunt Servants.*

Tim. You make me marvel: wherefore ere this time
Had you not fully laid my state before me;
That I might so have rated my expense
As I had leave of means?

Flav. You would not hear me,

(63) *merrily;*] The folio has "merry;" which the context shows to be wrong.—Corrected in the third folio.

(64) *mistress'*] The folio has "Masters."

At many leisures I propos'd.[65]
Tim. Go to:
Perchance some single vantages you took,
When my indisposition put you back;
And that unaptness made your minister,[66]
Thus to excuse yourself.
Flav. O my good lord,
At many times I brought in my accounts,
Laid them before you; you would throw them off,
And say, you found them in mine honesty.
When, for some trifling present, you have bid me
Return so much, I've shook my head and wept;
Yea, 'gainst th' authority of manners, pray'd you
To hold your hand more close: I did endure
Not seldom, nor no slight checks, when I have
Prompted you, in the ebb of your estate,
And your great flow of debts. My dear-lov'd[67] lord,
Though you hear now—too late—yet now's a time,[68]

([65]) *propos'd.*] So the second folio.—The first folio has "propose."
([66]) *made your minister,*] The second folio has "*made* you *minister.*" —"The construction is, 'And made that unaptness your minister.'" MALONE.
([67]) *dear-lov'd*] So the second folio. (In *Romeo and Juliet*, act iii. sc. 2, we have "my *dear-lov'd* cousin.")—The first folio has merely "lou'd."—Walker (*Crit. Exam.*, &c., vol. iii. p. 231) queries "belov'd."
([68]) *Though you hear now—too late—yet now's a time,*] "*i.e.* Though it be now too late to retrieve your former fortunes, yet it is not too late to prevent, by the assistance of your friends, your future miseries. Had the Oxford editor [Sir Thomas Hanmer] understood the sense, he would not have altered the text to

'Though you hear now, yet now's too late a time.'"
WARBURTON.—

"I think Sir Thomas Hanmer right, and have received his emendation." JOHNSON.—"The old reading is not properly explained by Dr. Warburton. 'Though I tell you this (says Flavius) at too late a period, perhaps, for the information to be of any service to you, yet, late as it is, it is necessary that you should be acquainted with it.' It is evident that the steward had very little hope of assistance from his master's friends." RITSON.—"Though you now *at last* listen to my remonstrances, yet now your affairs are in such a state that the whole of your remaining fortune will scarce pay half your debts. You are therefore wise too late." MALONE.—"Warburton's explanation is the right one." Walker's *Crit. Exam.*, &c., vol. iii. p. 232.—Mr. Collier's Ms. Corrector substitutes "*Though you hear now*, yet now's a time too late."

The greatest of your having lacks a half
To pay your present debts.
Tim. Let all my land be sold.
Flav. 'Tis all engag'd, some forfeited and gone;
And what remains will hardly stop the mouth
Of present dues: the future comes apace:
What shall defend the interim? and at length
How goes our reckoning?
Tim. To Lacedæmon did my land extend.
Flav. O my good lord, the world is but a word:
Were it all yours to give it in a breath,
How quickly were it gone!
Tim. You tell me true.
Flav. If you suspect my husbandry or falsehood,
Call me before th' exactest auditors,
And set me on the proof. So the gods bless me,
When all our offices have been oppress'd
With riotous feeders; when our vaults have wept
With drunken spilth of wine; when every room
Hath blaz'd with lights and bray'd with minstrelsy;
I have retir'd me to a wasteful cock,
And set mine eyes at flow.[69]
Tim. Prithee, no more.
Flav. Heavens, have I said, the bounty of this lord!
How many prodigal bits have slaves and peasants
This night englutted! Who is not Lord Timon's?[70]
What heart, head, sword, force, means, but is Lord Timon's?
Great Timon, noble, worthy, royal Timon!
Ah, when the means are gone that buy this praise,
The breath is gone whereof this praise is made:

([69]) *I have retir'd me to a wasteful cock,*
And set mine eyes at flow.]

In this much-disputed passage one thing is quite clear,—that "*wasteful cock*" can only mean "a pipe with a turning stopple running to waste," whether we refer it (as I believe we ought) to the "spilth of wine," or understand it in the sense of "cock of water," with Capell; who well observes, that "the thought of *retiring* to such a *cock* is suggested by what was passing within doors." *Notes*, &c., vol. ii. P. iv. p. 81.

([70]) *Who is not Lord Timon's?*] Here "*Lord*" is an addition proposed by Steevens, which the next line almost proves to be right.—The earlier emendation was "*Who* now *is not Timon's?*"

Feast-won, fast-lost; one cloud of winter showers,
These flies are couch'd.

Tim. Come, sermon me no further:
No villanous bounty yet hath pass'd my heart;[71]
Unwisely, not ignobly, have I given.
Why dost thou weep? Canst thou the conscience lack,
To think I shall lack friends? Secure thy heart;
If I would broach the vessels of my love,
And try the argument of hearts by borrowing,
Men and men's fortunes could I frankly use
As I can bid thee speak.

Flav. Assurance bless your thoughts!

Tim. And, in some sort, these wants of mine are crown'd,
That I account them blessings; for by these
Shall I try friends: you shall perceive how you
Mistake my fortunes; I am wealthy in my friends.—
Within there! Flaminius![72] Servilius!

Enter FLAMINIUS, SERVILIUS, *and other* Servants.

Servants. My lord? my lord?—

Tim. I will dispatch you severally:—[*to Servil.*] you to Lord Lucius;—[*to Flam.*] to Lord Lucullus you; I hunted with his honour to-day;—[*to another Serv.*] you to Sempronius: commend me to their loves; and, I am proud, say, that my occasions have found time to use 'em toward a supply of money: let the request be fifty talents.

Flam. As you have said, my lord.

[*Exit with Servilius and another Servant.*

Flav. [*aside*] Lord Lucius and Lucullus? hum!

Tim. [*to another Serv.*] Go you, sir, to the senators,—
Of whom, even to the state's best health, I have
Deserv'd this hearing; bid 'em send o' th' instant
A thousand talents to me. [*Exit Servant.*

Flav. I have been bold—

(71) *No villanous bounty yet hath pass'd my heart;*] "*Heart* occurs three lines below, likewise at the end of a line. Read '*hand,*' or '*hands;*' the latter, I think." Walker's *Crit. Exam.*, &c., vol. i. p. 301.

(72) *Flaminius!*] The folio has "*Flauius.*"

For that I knew it the most general way—
To them to use your signet and your name;
But they do shake their heads, and I am here
No richer in return.

Tim. Is't true? can 't be?

Flav. They answer, in a joint and corporate voice,
That now they are at fall, want treasure, cannot
Do what they would; are sorry—you are honourable—
But yet they could have wish'd—they know not what—[73]
Something hath been amiss—a noble nature
May catch a wrench—would all were well—'tis pity;—
And so, intending other serious matters,
After distasteful looks and these hard fractions,
With certain half-caps and cold-moving nods
They froze me into silence.

Tim. You gods, reward them!—
I[74] prithee, man, look cheerly. These old fellows
Have their ingratitude in them hereditary:
Their blood is cak'd, 'tis cold, it seldom flows;
'Tis lack of kindly warmth they are not kind;
And nature, as it grows again toward earth,
Is fashion'd for the journey, dull and heavy.—
[*To another Serv.*] Go to Ventidius,—[*to Flav.*] Prithee, be not sad,
Thou art true and honest; ingeniously I speak,
No blame belongs to thee:—[*to the same Serv.*] Ventidius lately
Buried his father; by whose death he's stepp'd
Into a great estate: when he was poor,
Imprison'd, and in scarcity of friends,
I clear'd him with five talents: greet him from me;
Bid him suppose some good necessity
Touches his friend, which craves to be remember'd
With those five talents. [*Exit Serv.*
[*To Flav.*] That had, give't these fellows
To whom 'tis instant due. Ne'er speak, or think,
That Timon's fortunes 'mong his friends can sink.

(73) *what*—] Not in the folio.
(74) *I*] Not in the folio.

Flav. I would I could not think it: that thought is bounty's foe:
Being free itself, it thinks all others so. [*Exeunt.*

ACT III.

SCENE I. *Athens. A room in* LUCULLUS' *house.*

FLAMINIUS *waiting. Enter a* Servant *to him.*

Serv. I have told my lord of you; he is coming down to you.

Flam. I thank you, sir.

Enter LUCULLUS.

Serv. Here's my lord.

Lucul. [*aside*] One of Lord Timon's men? a gift, I warrant. Why, this hits right; I dreamt of a silver basin and ewer to-night.—Flaminius, honest Flaminius; you are very respectively welcome, sir.—Fill me some wine. [*Exit Serv.*] —And how does that honourable, complete, freehearted gentleman of Athens, thy very bountiful good lord and master?

Flam. His health is well, sir.

Lucul. I am right glad that his health is well, sir: and what hast thou there under thy cloak, pretty Flaminius?

Flam. Faith, nothing but an empty box, sir; which, in my lord's behalf, I come to entreat your honour to supply; who, having great and instant occasion to use fifty talents, hath sent to your lordship to furnish him, nothing doubting your present assistance therein.

Lucul. La, la, la, la,—"nothing doubting," says he? Alas, good lord! a noble gentleman 'tis, if he would not keep so good a house. Many a time and often I ha' dined with him, and told him on't; and come again to supper to him, of purpose to have him spend less; and yet he would embrace no counsel, take no warning by my coming. Every man has his fault, and honesty is his: I ha' told him on't, but I could ne'er get him from't.

Re-enter Servant, *with wine.*

Serv. Please your lordship, here is the wine.

Lucul. Flaminius, I have noted thee always wise. Here's to thee. [*Drinks, and then gives him wine.*

Flam. Your lordship speaks your pleasure.

Lucul. I have observed thee always for a towardly prompt spirit,—give thee thy due,—and one that knows what belongs to reason; and canst use the time well, if the time use thee well: good parts in thee.—[*To Serv.*] Get you gone, sirrah. [*Exit Serv.*]—Draw nearer, honest Flaminius. Thy lord's a bountiful gentleman: but thou art wise; and thou knowest well enough, although thou comest to me, that this is no time to lend money; especially upon bare friendship, without security. Here's 'three solidares for thee: good boy, wink at me, and say thou sawest me not. Fare thee well.

Flam. Is't possible the world should so much differ,
And we alive that liv'd? Fly, damnèd baseness,
To him that worships thee! [*Throwing the money back.*

Lucul. Ha! now I see thou art a fool, and fit for thy master. [*Exit.*

Flam. May these add to the number that may scald thee!
Let molten coin be thy damnation,
Thou disease of a friend, and not himself!
Has friendship such a faint and milky heart,
It turns in less than two nights? O you gods,
I feel my master's passion! This slave
Unto his honour has my lord's meat in him:[75]

(75) *This slave*
Unto his honour has my lord's meat in him:]

Pope printed

" *This slave*
Unto this hour *has*," &c.;

and Mr. Collier's Ms. Corrector substitutes

" *This slave*
Unto his humour *has*," &c.

But qy. if here the error lies in a word not hitherto suspected? It is certain that sometimes in early-printed books (from what cause I know not) "slave" and "slander" are confounded: so in Middleton's *No Wit, No Help like a Woman's*,

Why should it thrive, and turn to nutriment,
When he is turn'd to poison?(76)
O, may diseases only work upon't!
And, when he's sick to death, let not that part of nature
Which my lord paid for, be of any power
To expel sickness, but prolong his hour! [*Exit.*

SCENE II. *The same. A public place.*

Enter LUCIUS, *with three* Strangers.

Luc. Who, the Lord Timon? he is my very good friend, and an honourable gentleman.

"Then for the indifferent world, faith, they're apter
To bid a *slave* [*read* slander] welcome then a truth."
p. 68, ed. 1657.

and in *The Travailes of the Three English Brothers*, by Day, W. Rowley, and Wilkins,

"Reuenge and Death
Like *slander* [*read* slaves] attend the sword of Calymath."
Sig. C 4, ed. 1607.

There is therefore a probability that the true reading in the present passage is

"*This* slander
Unto his honour has," &c.

(Compare our author elsewhere;

"Till I have told *this slander* of his blood," &c.
Richard II. act i. sc. 1.

"Thou *slander* of thy mother's heavy womb," &c.
Richard III. act i. sc. 3.)—

1865. Mr. Grant White says; "I think that the old text needs no change, and that it is merely an inversion of, Unto his honour this slave has my lord's meat in him, *i.e. Lucullus* was honoured by sitting at *Timon's* table." But (without taking into consideration the violent inversion) is not *that* a wretched sense?

(76) *When he is turn'd to poison*, &c.] "Possibly;

'When he is turn'd to poison?—O, may diseases
Only work *on't*; and, when he's sick to death,
Let not that part of nature,
Which my lord paid for, be of any power,' &c.

Or;

'O,
May *disease* only work upon't; and when
He's sick to death, let not that part of nature,' &c."
Walker's *Crit. Exam.*, &c., vol. iii. p. 232.

First Stran. We know him for no less, though we are but strangers to him. But I can tell you one thing, my lord, and which I hear from common rumours,—now Lord Timon's happy hours are done and past, and his estate shrinks from him.

Luc. Fie, no, do not believe it; he cannot want for money.

Sec. Stran. But believe you this, my lord, that, not long ago, one of his men was with the Lord Lucullus to borrow so many talents;[77] nay, urged extremely for't, and showed what necessity belonged to't, and yet was denied.

Luc. How!

Sec. Stran. I tell you, denied, my lord.

Luc. What a strange case was that! now, before the gods, I am ashamed on't. Denied that honourable man! there was very little honour showed in't. For my own part, I must needs confess, I have received some little kindnesses from him, as money, plate, jewels, and such-like trifles, nothing comparing to his; yet, had he mistook him, and sent to me, I should ne'er have denied his occasion so many talents.[78]

Enter SERVILIUS.

Servil. See, by good hap, yonder's my lord; I have swet to see his honour.—[*To Lucius*] My honoured lord,—

Luc. Servilius! you are kindly met, sir. Fare thee well: commend me to thy honourable virtuous lord, my very exquisite friend.

Servil. May it please your honour, my lord hath sent—

[77] *so many talents,*] "The modern editors read arbitrarily '*fifty* talents.' '*So many*' is not an uncommon colloquial expression for an indefinite number," observes Steevens on the first of these passages.—"That is, *certain* talents," says Mr. Staunton, who compares the words in p. 34, "Return so much."—But I have little doubt that in all these places the words "*so many*" (though they may have been found in the prompter's copy) are not those of the author, who surely must have intended a specific sum to be mentioned.—Mr. W. N. Lettsom remarks; "Malone misapplied his knowledge in interpreting '*so many*' as he did. The same words, *three times occurring*, show that a definite sum was the subject of conversation, and it is clear, from this and the two preceding scenes, that that definite sum was *fifty talents*. The earlier editors saw this." Note on Walker's *Crit. Exam.*, &c., vol. iii. p. 232.

[78] See preceding note.

Luc. Ha! what has he sent? I am so much endeared to that lord; he's ever sending: how shall I thank him, thinkest thou? And what has he sent now?

Servil. 'Has only sent his present occasion now, my lord; requesting your lordship to supply his instant use with so many talents.[79]

Luc. I know his lordship is but merry with me;
He cannot want fifty-five hundred talents.

Servil. But in the mean time he wants less, my lord.
If his occasion were not virtuous,
I should not urge it half so faithfully.

Luc. Dost thou speak seriously, Servilius?

Servil. Upon my soul, 'tis true, sir.

Luc. What a wicked beast was I to disfurnish myself against such a good time, when I might ha' shown myself honourable! how unluckily it happened, that I should purchase the day before for a little part, and undo a great deal of honour![80]—Servilius, now, before the gods, I am not able to do,[81]—the more beast, I say:—I was sending to use Lord Timon myself, these gentlemen can witness; but I would not, for the wealth of Athens, I had done't now. Commend me bountifully to his good lordship; and I hope his honour will conceive the fairest of me, because I have no power to be kind:—and tell him this from me, I count it one of my greatest afflictions, say, that I cannot pleasure such an honourable gentleman. Good Servilius, will you befriend me so far, as to use mine own words to him?

Servil. Yes, sir, I shall.

Luc. I'll look you out a good turn, Servilius.

[*Exit Servilius.*

True, as you said, Timon is shrunk indeed;

(79) See note 77.

(80) *that I should purchase the day before for a little part, and undo a great deal of honour!*] Theobald printed "—— *for a little* dirt [*i.e.* land]," &c.; Johnson proposes "—— *for a little* park," &c.; Mason believes that the author wrote "—— *for a little* port," &c. (and, as there was some danger of the reader's supposing that "port" meant wine, he explains it—show or magnificence); while Mr. Grant White recommends Jackson's transposition, "*that I should purchase the day before*, and, for a little part, *undo a great deal of honour.*"

(81) *do*] Perhaps "do't."

And he that's once denied will hardly speed. [*Exit.*

First Stran. Did you observe this, Hostilius?

Sec. Stran. Ay, too well.

First Stran. Why, this
Is the world's soul; and just of the same piece
Is every flatterer's spirit.[82] Who can call him
His friend that dips in the same dish? for, in
My knowing, Timon has been this lord's father,
And kept his credit with his purse;
Supported his estate; nay, Timon's money
Has paid his men their wages: he ne'er drinks,
But Timon's silver treads upon his lip;
And yet—O, see the monstrousness of man[83]
When he looks out in an ungrateful shape!—
He does deny him, in respect of his,
What charitable men afford to beggars.

Third Stran. Religion groans at it.

First Stran. For mine own part,
I never tasted Timon in my life,
Nor e'er[84] came any of his bounties o'er me,
To mark me for his friend; yet, I protest,
For his right noble mind, illustrious virtue,
And honourable carriage,
Had his necessity made use of me,
I would have put my wealth into donation,
And the best half should have return'd to him,
So much I love his heart: but I perceive
Men must learn now with pity to dispense;
For policy sits above conscience. [*Exeunt.*

(82) *flatterer's spirit.*] So Theobald.—The folio has "*Flatterers* sport."—Mr. Collier's Ms. Corrector reads "*flatterer's* port."

(83) *And yet—O, see the monstrousness of man*, &c.] "For, '*O, see*,' read perhaps '*to see*.' 'He does deny him,' &c., *i.e.* 'he denies him that which, when compared with his (Lucius's) fortune, is as trifling as the alms which men give to beggars.'" Walker's *Crit. Exam.*, &c., vol. iii. p. 233.

(84) *e'er*] Added by Capell.

SCENE III. *The same. A room in* SEMPRONIUS' *house.*

Enter SEMPRONIUS, *and a* Servant *of* TIMON'S.

Sem. Must he needs trouble me in't,—hum!—'bove all others?
He might have tried Lord Lucius or Lucullus;
And now Ventidius is wealthy too,
Whom he redeem'd from prison: all these three[85]
Owe their estates unto him.
Serv. My lord, they
Have all been touch'd, and found base metal; for
They've all denied him.
Sem. How! have they denied him?
Have Ventidius and Lucullus denied him?
And does he send to me? Three? hum!—[86]
It shows but little love or judgment in him:
Must I be his last refuge? His friends, like physicians,
Thrice give him over:[87] must I take the cure upon me?
'Has much disgrac'd me in't; I'm angry at him,
That might have known my place: I see no sense for't,
But his occasions might have woo'd me first;
For, in my conscience, I was the first man
That e'er receiv'd gift from him:
And does he think so backwardly of me now,

([85]) *three*] Added by Pope.—"Certainly '*three.*'" Walker's *Crit. Exam.*, &c., vol. iii. p. 233.

([86]) *Have Ventidius and Lucullus denied him?*
And does he send to me? Three? hum!—]

Corrupted. The name "*Lucius*" ought assuredly to occur here.

([87]) *Thrice give him over:*] The folio has "Thriue *giue*," &c.; the second folio, "That thriu'd, *give*," &c.—I adopt the emendation of Johnson, which is also adopted by Mr. Knight, Mr. Collier, Mr. Staunton, and (silently) by Mr. Grant White.—"If '*thrive*' be not an interpolation, originating in some way or other from '*give*,' Johnson's '*thrice*' is perhaps the best of the suggested emendations." Walker's *Crit. Exam.*, &c., vol. iii. p. 233.

That I'll requite it last? No:
So it may prove an argument of laughter
To the rest, and 'mongst lords I[88] be thought a fool.
I'd rather than the worth of thrice the sum,
'Had sent to me first, but for my mind's sake;
I'd such[89] a courage to do him good. But now return,
And with their faint reply this answer join:
Who bates mine honour shall not know my coin. [*Exit.*

Serv. Excellent! Your lordship's a goodly villain. The devil knew not what he did when he made man politic,—he crossed himself by't: and I cannot think but, in the end, the villanies of man will set him clear. How fairly this lord strives to appear foul! takes virtuous copies to be wicked; like those that, under hot ardent zeal, would set all realms on fire:
Of such a nature is his politic love.
This was my lord's last[90] hope; now all are fled,
Save the gods only:[91] now his friends are dead,
Doors, that were ne'er acquainted with their wards
Many a bounteous year, must be employ'd
Now to guard sure their master.
And this is all a liberal course allows;
Who cannot keep his wealth must keep his house. [*Exit.*

([88]) *I*] Was inserted by the editor of the second folio.—Such is the original arrangement of the passage: but perhaps the following is better;

> "*That I'll requite it last? No: so it may prove*
> *An argument of laughter to the rest,*
> *And* amongst *lords I be thought a fool;*]

"*lords*" in the last line being a dissyllable, as it sometimes is.

([89]) *I'd rather* . . . . . .
. . . . . .
I'd such]

I may notice that so the folio, in both places, contracts "I had."

([90]) *last*] The folio has "best."—"Read, of course, '*last:*' see context." Walker's *Crit. Exam.*, &c., vol. iii. p. 233.

([91]) *the gods only:*] The folio has "onely the gods."

SCENE IV. *The same. A hall in* TIMON'S *house.*

Enter two Servants *of* VARRO, *and the* Servant *of* LUCIUS, *meeting* TITUS, HORTENSIUS, *and other* Servants *of* TIMON'S *creditors, waiting his coming out.*

First Var. Serv. Well met; good morrow, Titus and Hortensius.

Tit. The like to you, kind Varro.

Hor. Lucius![92]
What, do we meet together?

Luc. Serv. Ay, and I think
One business does command us all; for mine
Is money.

Tit. So is theirs and ours.

Enter PHILOTUS.

Luc. Serv. And Sir Philotus too!

Phi. Good day at once.

Luc. Serv. Welcome, good brother.
What do you think the hour?

Phi. Labouring for nine.

Luc. Serv. So much?

Phi. Is not my lord seen yet?

Luc. Serv. Not yet.

Phi. I wonder on't; he was wont to shine at seven.

Luc. Serv. Ay, but the days are wax'd shorter with him:
You must consider that a prodigal course[93]
Is like the sun's;
But not, like his, recoverable. I fear
'Tis deepest winter in Lord Timon's purse;
That is, one may reach deep enough, and yet
Find little.

([92]) *Varro.*
Lucius?]
See note 56.

([93]) *a prodigal course*] In opposition to the modern alteration, "*a* prodigal's *course*," Malone cites, from the couplet which closes the preceding scene, "a liberal course." But qy.?

Phi. I am of your fear for that.
Tit. I'll show you how t' observe a strange event.
Your lord sends now for money.
Hor. Most true, he does.
Tit. And he wears jewels now of Timon's gift,
For which I wait for money.
Hor. It is against my heart.
Luc. Serv. Mark, how strange it shows,
Timon in this should pay more than he owes;
And e'en as if your lord should wear rich jewels,
And send for money for 'em.
Hor. I'm weary of this charge, the gods can witness:
I know my lord hath spent of Timon's wealth,
And now ingratitude makes it worse than stealth.
First Var. Serv. Yes, mine's three thousand crowns: what's yours?
Luc. Serv. Five thousand mine.
First Var. Serv. 'Tis much deep: and it should seem by the sum
Your master's confidence was above mine;
Else, surely, his had equall'd.

Enter FLAMINIUS.

Tit. One of Lord Timon's men.
Luc. Serv. Flaminius!—Sir, a word: pray, is my lord ready to come forth?
Flam. No, indeed, he is not.
Tit. We attend his lordship; pray, signify so much.
Flam. I need not tell him that; he knows you are too diligent. [*Exit.*

Enter FLAVIUS *in a cloak, muffled.*

Luc. Serv. Ha! is not that his steward muffled so?
He goes away in a cloud: call him, call him.
Tit. Do you hear, sir?
Both Var. Serv.[94] By your leave, sir,—

(94) Both Var. Serv.] The folio has "2 Varro.;" which the modern editors have misunderstood. It certainly means "the two servants of Varro:" see note 98.

Flav. What do ye ask of me, my friends ?[95]

Tit. We wait for certain money here, sir.

Flav. Ay,[96]

If money were as certain as your waiting,
'Twere sure enough.
Why then preferr'd you not your sums and bills
When your false masters eat of my lord's meat ?
Then they could smile, and fawn upon his debts,
And take down th' interest into their gluttonous maws.
You do yourselves but wrong to stir me up;
Let me pass quietly:
Believe't, my lord and I have made an end;
I have no more to reckon, he to spend.

Luc. Serv. Ay, but this answer will not serve.

Flav. If 'twill not serve, 'tis not so base as you;
For you serve knaves. [*Exit.*

First Var. Serv. How ! what does his cashiered worship mutter ?

Sec. Var. Serv. No matter what; he's poor, and that's revenge enough. Who can speak broader than he that has no house to put his head in ? such may rail against great buildings.

Enter SERVILIUS.

Tit. O, here's Servilius; now we shall know some answer.

Servil. If I might beseech you, gentlemen, to repair some other hour, I should derive much from't; for, take't of my soul, my lord leans wondrously to discontent: his comfortable temper has forsook him; he's much out of health, and keeps his chamber.

Luc. Serv. Many do keep their chambers are not sick:
And, if it be so far beyond his health,
Methinks he should the sooner pay his debts,
And make a clear way to the gods.

[95] *friends ?*] The folio has "Friend."

[96] *Ay*, &c.] The usual modern arrangement of this speech is very different; and, though Walker (*Shakespeare's Versification*, &c., p. 101) quotes that arrangement as the right one, I still greatly prefer the old regulation.

Servil. Good gods!
Tit. We cannot take this for an answer,[97] sir.
Flam. [*within*] Servilius, help!—My lord! my lord!

Enter TIMON, *in a rage;* FLAMINIUS *following.*

Tim. What, are my doors oppos'd against my passage?
Have I been ever free, and must my house
Be my retentive enemy, my gaol?
The place which I have feasted, does it now,
Like all mankind, show me an iron heart?
Luc. Serv. Put in now, Titus.
Tit. My lord, here is my bill.
Luc. Serv. Here's mine.
Hor. Serv. And mine, my lord.[98]
Both Var. Serv. And ours, my lord.
Phi. All our bills.
Tim. Knock me down with 'em: cleave me to the girdle.
Luc. Serv. Alas, my lord,—
Tim. Cut my heart in sums.
Tit. Mine, fifty talents.
Tim. Tell out my blood.
Luc. Serv. Five thousand crowns, my lord.
Tim. Five thousand drops pays that.—What yours?—and yours?
First Var. Serv. My lord,—
Sec. Var. Serv. My lord,—
Tim. Tear me, take me, and the gods fall upon you! [*Exit.*
Hor. Faith, I perceive our masters may throw their caps at their money: these debts may well be called desperate ones, for a madman owes 'em. [*Exeunt.*

(97) *for an answer,*] The folio has "*for answer.*"—"The article was doubtless omitted accidentally before a word beginning with the same two letters." COLLIER.

(98) Hor. Serv. *And mine, my lord.*] "In the old copy this speech is given to Varro [to '1 Var.']. I have given it to the servant of Hortensius (who would naturally prefer his claim among the rest), because to the following speech in the old copy is prefixed 2 *Var.*, which, from the words spoken ['And *ours*, my lord'], means, I conceive, 'the two servants of Varro.'" MALONE, who had been anticipated in the correction by Capell.

Re-enter TIMON *and* FLAVIUS.

Tim. They have e'en put my breath from me, the slaves. Creditors!—devils.

Flav. My dear lord,—

Tim. What if it should be so?

Flav. My lord,—

Tim. I'll have it so.—My steward!

Flav. Here, my lord.

Tim. So fitly? Go, bid all my friends again, Lucius, Lucullus, and Sempronius; all:[99] I'll once more feast the rascals.

Flav. O my lord, You only speak from your distracted soul; There is not so much left to furnish out A moderate table.

Tim. Be't not in thy care; go, I charge thee, invite them all: let in the tide Of knaves once more; my cook and I'll provide. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE V. *The same. The senate-house.*

The Senate sitting.

First Sen. My lords,[100] you have my voice to it; the fault's Bloody; 'tis necessary he should die: Nothing emboldens sin so much as mercy.

Sec. Sen. Most true; the law shall bruise him.[101]

(99) *Lucius, Lucullus, and Sempronius; all,* &c.] So the third folio. —The first folio has

"*Lucius, Lucullus, and Sempronius* Vllorxa: *All,*" &c.;

the strange name "Vllorxa" having crept in, it would seem, by some mistake.—The second folio has

"*Lucius, Lucullus,* add Semprovius: *All,*" &c.—

1865. The Cambridge Editors (*Globe Shakespeare*) give

"*Lucius, Lucullus, and Sempronius:*
All, sirrah, all:
I'll once more feast the rascals."

(100) *lords,*] The folio has "Lord."

(101) *him*] The folio has "em.'

Enter ALCIBIADES, *attended.*

Alcib. Honour, health, and compassion to the senate!

First Sen. Now, captain?

Alcib. I am an humble suitor to your virtues;
For pity is the virtue of the law,
And none but tyrants use it cruelly.
It pleases time and fortune to lie heavy
Upon a friend of mine, who, in hot blood,
Hath stepp'd into the law, which is past depth
To those that, without heed, do plunge into't.
He is a man, setting his fault aside,[102]
Of comely virtues:
Nor did he soil the fact with cowardice,
An[103] honour in him which buys out his fault;
But with a noble fury and fair spirit,[104]
Seeing his reputation touch'd to death,
He did oppose his foe:
And with such sober and unnoted passion
He did behave[105] his anger, ere 'twas spent,
As if he had but prov'd an argument.

First Sen. You undergo too strict a paradox,
Striving to make an ugly deed look fair:
Your words have took such pains, as if they labour'd
To bring manslaughter into form, and set
Quarrelling upon the head of valour; which

(102) *setting his fault aside,*] The folio has "*setting his* Fate *aside.*"—"Palpably wrong; read, as some of the critics have suggested [Pope and Mr. Collier's Ms. Corrector], '*fault.*' Perhaps the printer was deceived by the then ordinary pronunciation of *fault*, which was not obsolete even in the time of Pope," &c. Walker's *Crit. Exam.*, &c., vol. iii. p. 107. (Steevens's forced explanation of the old reading, "*setting his* fate *aside*," is quite amusing: it means, he gravely tells us, "putting this action of his, which was predetermined by fate, out of the question.")

(103) *An*] The folio has "And."

(104) *and fair spirit,*] "'*Fair*,' except in a modern sense, is inadmissible here. I suspect that for '*faire*' we should read '*free*,' i.e. *single-hearted, generous, ut passim ap. Nostrum.*" Walker's *Crit. Exam.*, &c., vol. i. p. 312.

(105) *behave*] So Rowe; which, if the right reading, must be understood in the sense of *govern, manage.*—The folio has "behooue."—Mr. Collier's Ms. Corrector substitutes "reprove;" and in the next line alters "*prov'd*" to "mov'd."

Indeed is valour misbegot, and came
Into the world when sects and factions
Were newly born:
He's truly valiant that can wisely suffer
The worst that man can breathe; and make his wrongs
His outsides,—to wear them like his raiment, carelessly;
And ne'er prefer his injuries to his heart,
To bring it into danger.
If wrongs be evils, and enforce us kill,
What folly 'tis to hazard life for ill!

Alcib. My lords,—[106]

First Sen. You cannot make gross sins look clear:
To revenge is no valour, but to bear.

Alcib. My lords, then, under favour, pardon me,
If I speak like a captain:—
Why do fond men expose themselves to battle,
And not endure all threats? sleep upon't,
And let the foes quietly cut their throats,
Without repugnancy?[107] If there be
Such valour in the bearing, what make we
Abroad? why, then, women are more valiant
That stay at home, if bearing carry it;
And the ass more captain than the lion; the felon[108]

([106]) *My lords,—*] Here the folio has "*My* Lord;" but in the next two pages Alcibiades uses the address "*my lords*" no less than five times.

([107]) *Why do fond men expose themselves to battle,*
And not endure all threats? sleep upon't,
And let the foes quietly cut their throats,
Without repugnancy? If there be
Such valour in the bearing, what make we
Abroad?]

"Vulg. [in the second line] 'all *threat'nings,*' to salve the metre, instead of the folio's '*threats.*' But surely '*endure*' requires a different word." Walker's *Crit. Exam.*, &c., vol. i. p. 301.—In the fourth line Capell inserts "or" before "*If.*"—Walker (in the work just quoted, vol. ii. p. 48) declares that, in the fifth line, "*the*" ought to be omitted; and he suggests;

"*quietly cut their throats*
Without repugnance? *If there be such valour*
In bearing, what make we abroad?"

([108]) *felon*] Johnson's correction.—The folio has "fellow" (which Boswell defends by observing that "*Fellow* is a common term of contempt"!)

Loaden with irons wiser than the judge,
If wisdom be in suffering. O my lords,
As you are great, be pitifully good:
Who cannot condemn rashness in cold blood?
To kill, I grant, is sin's extremest gust;
But, in defence, by mercy, 'tis most just.
To be in anger is impiety;
But who is man that is not angry?
Weigh but the crime with this.

Sec. Sen. You breathe in vain.

Alcib. In vain! his service done
At Lacedæmon and Byzantium
Were a sufficient briber for his life.

First Sen. What's that?

Alcib. Why, I say,[109] my lords, 'has done fair service,
And slain in fight many of your enemies:
How full of valour did he bear himself
In the last conflict, and made plenteous wounds!

Sec. Sen. He has made too much plenty with 'em,[110] he
Is a sworn rioter: he has a sin that often
Drowns him, and takes his valour prisoner:
If there were no more foes, that were enough[111]
To overcome him: in that beastly fury
He has been known to commit outrages
And cherish factions: 'tis inferr'd to us
His days are foul, and his drink dangerous.

First Sen. He dies.

Alcib. Hard fate! he might have died in war.
My lords, if not for any parts in him,—
Though his right arm might purchase his own time,
And be in debt to none,—yet, more to move you,

[109] *Why, I say,*] So the second folio.—The first folio has "*Why say.*" —Walker (*Crit. Exam.*, &c., vol. iii. p. 234) queries the omission of "*Why;*" which was an early alteration.

[110] *'em,*] So the second folio.—The first folio has "him."

[111] *If there were no more foes, that were enough*] The folio has "*If there were no Foes,*" &c.; a mutilated line, which has been variously amended by the editors.—I adopt the reading of Walker (*Crit. Exam.*, &c., vol. ii. p. 259), who, to account for the omission of the word in the folio, observes that "'*More*' was written '*mo.*'"

Take my deserts to his, and join 'em both:
And, for I know your reverend ages love
Security, I'll pawn my victories, all
My honours to you, upon his good return.[112]
If by this crime he owes the law his life,
Why, let the war receive't in valiant gore;
For law is strict, and war is nothing more.

First Sen. We are for law,—he dies; urge it no more,
On height of our displeasure: friend or brother,
He forfeits his own blood that spills another.[113]

Alcib. Must it be so? it must not be. My lords,
I do beseech you, know me.

Sec. Sen. How!

Alcib. Call me to your remembrances.

Third Sen. What!

Alcib. I cannot think but your age has forgot me;
It could not else be I should prove so base
To sue, and be denied such common grace:
My wounds ache at you.

First Sen. Do you dare our anger?
'Tis in few words, but spacious in effect;
We banish thee for ever.

Alcib. Banish me!
Banish your dotage; banish usury,
That makes the senate ugly.

First Sen. If after two days' shine Athens contain thee,
Attend our weightier judgment. And, not to swell our spirit,[114]
He shall be executed presently. [*Exeunt Senators.*

Alcib. Now the gods keep you old enough; that you may live

(112) *honours . . . . . returns.*] The folio has "Honour" (which is corrected in the second folio) and "returnes."

(113) *friend or brother,*
He forfeits his own blood that spills another.]

See note 45 on *Coriolanus*, vol. vi. p. 155.

(114) *not to swell our spirit,*] "I believe means 'not to put ourselves into any tumour of rage, take our definitive resolution.'" STEEVENS.—Capell prints "*not to swell* your *spirit.*"

Only in bone, that none may look on you!
I'm worse than mad: I have kept back their foes,
While they have told their money, and let out
Their coin upon large interest; I myself
Rich only in large hurts; all those for this?
Is this the balsam that the usuring senate
Pours into captains' wounds? Ha, banishment![115]
It comes not ill; I hate not to be banish'd;
It is a cause worthy my spleen and fury,
That I may strike at Athens. I'll cheer up
My discontented troops, and lay for hearts.
'Tis honour with most lands to be at odds;[116]
Soldiers should brook as little wrongs as gods. [*Exit.*

SCENE VI. *The same. A magnificent room in* TIMON'S *house.*

Music. Tables set out: Servants *attending. Enter, at several doors, divers* Lords,[117]—LUCIUS, LUCULLUS, SEMPRONIUS,—Senators, &c.; *and* VENTIDIUS.

First Lord. The good time of day to you, sir.

Sec. Lord. I also wish it to you. I think this honourable lord did but try us this other day.

First Lord. Upon that were my thoughts tiring when we encountered: I hope it is not so low with him as he made it seem in the trial of his several friends.

Sec. Lord. It should not be, by the persuasion of his new feasting.

(115) *wounds? Ha, banishment!*] So the second folio.—The first folio omits "*Ha.*"—Steevens compares, in *Romeo and Juliet*, act iii. sc. 3, "*Ha, banishment!* be merciful, say 'death.'"

(116) *'Tis honour with most lands to be at odds;*] Here Warburton substituted (and Johnson thought "very properly") "hands" for "*lands.*"—Malone proposed to substitute "lords."—Heath explains the line to mean, "Governments are in general so ill administered, that there are very few whom it is not an honour to oppose."

(117) Enter, at several doors, divers *Lords*, &c.] Here the folio has merely "Enter diuers *Friends at seuerall doores;*" while afterwards, p. 59, it has "Enter the Senators, with other Lords," and "Exeunt the Senators;" and prefixes to the respective speeches of the guests "1," "2," "3," "4."

First Lord. I should think so: he hath sent me an earnest inviting, which many my near occasions[118] did urge me to put off; but he hath conjured me beyond them, and I must needs appear.

Sec. Lord. In like manner was I in debt to my importunate business, but he would not hear my excuse. I am sorry, when he sent to borrow of me, that my provision was out.

First Lord. I am sick of that grief too, as I understand how all things go.

Sec. Lord. Every man here's so. What would he have borrowed of you?

First Lord. A thousand pieces.

Sec. Lord. A thousand pieces!

First Lord. What of you?

Sec. Lord. He sent to me, sir,[119]—Here he comes.

Enter TIMON *and* Attendants.

Tim. With all my heart, gentlemen both:—and how fare you?

First Lord. Ever at the best, hearing well of your lordship.

Sec. Lord. The swallow follows not summer more willing[120] than we your lordship.

Tim. [*aside*] Nor more willingly leaves winter; such summer-birds are men.—Gentlemen, our dinner will not recompense this long stay: feast your ears with the music awhile,[121] if they will fare so harshly. O, the trumpets sound; we shall to't presently.

(118) *many my near occasions*] "Was this ['*many my*' instead of 'my many'] ever English? I doubt it." Walker's *Crit. Exam.*, &c., vol. ii. p. 250.

(119) *He sent to me, sir,*] "Qu. 'He sent to me *for*'?" Walker's *Crit. Exam.*, &c., vol. ii. p. 290.

(120) *willing*] Probably "willingly," as in the next speech.

(121) *feast your ears with the music awhile*, &c.] So Walker (*Crit. Exam.*, &c., vol. iii. p. 235), except that he omits "*O.*"—The passage stands in the folio thus; "Feast your eares with the Musicke awhile: If they will fare so harshly o' th' Trumpets sound: we shall too't presently."

First Lord. I hope it remains not unkindly with your lordship, that I returned you an empty messenger.

Tim. O, sir, let it not trouble you.

Sec. Lord. My noble lord,—

Tim. Ah, my good friend,—what cheer?[122]

Sec. Lord. My most honourable lord, I am e'en sick of shame, that, when your lordship this other day sent to me, I was so unfortunate a beggar.

Tim. Think not on't, sir.

Sec. Lord. If you had sent but two hours before,—

Tim. Let it not cumber your better remembrance.—Come, bring in all together. [*The banquet brought in.*

Sec. Lord. All covered dishes!

First Lord. Royal cheer, I warrant you.

Third Lord. Doubt not that, if money and the season can yield it.

First Lord. How do you? What's the news?

Third Lord. Alcibiades is banished: hear you of it?

First and Sec. Lord. Alcibiades banished!

Third Lord. 'Tis so, be sure of it.

First Lord. How! how!

Sec. Lord. I pray you, upon what?

Tim. My worthy friends, will you draw near?

Third Lord. I'll tell you more anon. Here's a noble feast toward.

Sec. Lord. This is the old man still.

Third Lord. Will't hold? will't hold?

Sec. Lord. It does: but time will—and so—

Third Lord. I do conceive.

Tim. Each man to his stool, with that spur as he would to the lip of his mistress: your diet shall be in all places alike. Make not a city feast of it, to let the meat cool ere we can agree upon the first place: sit, sit. The gods require our thanks.—

(122) Tim. *Ah, my good friend,—what cheer?*] After this the folio has "*The Banket brought in,*"—marking the stage-direction prematurely (as is often the case in dramas printed from the prompter's book; that the property-man might be ready with the articles required for the scene). I need hardly add, that the words "*what cheer?*" have no reference to the banquet.

You great benefactors, sprinkle our society with thankfulness. For your own gifts, make yourselves praised: but reserve still to give, lest your deities be despised. Lend to each man enough, that one need not lend to another; for, were your godheads to borrow of men, men would forsake the gods. Make the meat be beloved more than the man that gives it. Let no assembly of twenty be without a score of villains: if there sit twelve women at the table, let a dozen of them be—as they are. The rest of your foes,[123] O gods, —the senators of Athens, together with the common lag[124] of people,—what is amiss in them, you gods, make suitable for destruction. For these my present friends,—as they are to me nothing, so in nothing bless them, and to nothing are they welcome.—

Uncover, dogs, and lap.

[*The dishes are uncovered, and seen to be full of warm water.*

Some speak. What does his lordship mean?

Some other. I know not.

Tim. May you a better feast never behold,
You knot of mouth-friends! smoke and lukewarm water
Is your perfection. This is Timon's last;
Who, stuck and spangled with your flattery,[125]
Washes it off, and sprinkles in your faces

[*Throwing the water in their faces.*

Your reeking villany. Live loath'd, and long,
Most smiling, smooth, detested parasites,

(123) *your foes,*] So Warburton; and so Mr. Collier's Ms. Corrector. —The folio has "*your* Fees;" which Capell (*Notes*, &c., vol. ii. P. iv. p. 85) most violently interprets "forfeits to your vengeance."—"What can '*fees*' mean? '*Foes*,' surely." Walker's *Crit. Exam.*, &c., vol. iii. p. 235.

(124) *lag*] So Rowe.—The folio has "legge."—Mr. Collier's Ms. Corrector substitutes "tag;" rightly perhaps.

(125) *Who, stuck and spangled with your flattery,*] The folio has

"*Who stucke and spangled* you with Flatteries;"

and so it is given by the more recent editors (without any note), though the correction which the passage so evidently demands, "*with your*," was to be found in the eds. of Hanmer, Warburton, and Capell.—1865. "'*Flatterie*' is positively required by the sense." Walker's *Crit. Exam.*, &c., vol. i. p. 250.—Mr. Staunton, Mr. Grant White, and the Cambridge Editors (*Globe Shakespeare*) print "*with your*."

Courteous destroyers, affable wolves, meek bears,
You fools of fortune, trencher-friends, time's flies,
Cap and knee slaves, vapours, and minute-jacks!
Of man and beast the infinite maladies[126]
Crust you quite o'er!—What, dost thou go?
Soft! take thy physic first,—thou too,—and thou;—
Stay, I will lend thee money, borrow none.—
[*Throws the dishes at them, and drives them out.*[127]
What, all in motion? Henceforth be no feast
Whereat a villain's not a welcome guest.
Burn, house! sink, Athens! henceforth hated be
Of Timon man and all humanity! [*Exit.*

Re-enter the Company.[128]

First Lord. How now, my lords!

Sec. Lord. Know you the quality of Lord Timon's fury?

Third Lord. Push! did you see my cap?

Fourth Lord. I have lost my gown.

First Lord. He's but a mad lord, and naught but humour[129] sways him. He gave me a jewel th' other day, and now he has beat it out of my hat:—did you see my jewel?

(126) *infinite maladies*] The folio has "*infinite* Maladie;" which Johnson explains "Every kind of disease incident to man and beast."—Corrected by Hanmer.—"For '*maladie*' read '*maladies*.' '*Infinite*,' i.e. *innumerable*, ut sæpe." Walker's *Crit. Exam.*, &c., vol. iii. p. 236.

(127) [Throws the dishes at them, and drives them out.] This stage-direction was inserted by Rowe.—"Ought we not to substitute '*Pelts them with stones*'? see line ult. of the scene, and Var. notes; also the line,

'Stay, I will lend thee money, borrow none;'

stones being more like money than dishes are." Walker's *Crit. Exam.*, &c., vol. iii. p. 235.—See *Introduction* to this play, p. 2.

(128) Re-enter the Company.] Here (as already remarked) the folio has "Enter the Senators, with other Lords;" for which in the more recent editions [1865, that of Mr. Grant White and the *Globe Shakespeare* excepted] is substituted "Re-enter the Lords, with other Lords and Senators;" Malone informing us in a note that the next two speeches "are spoken by *the newly arrived Lords*,"—as if Timon were giving an evening-party as well as a dinner. But, though the old stage-direction is awkwardly worded, it certainly was intended to have no other meaning than that the guests who had been driven out by Timon now return to the stage.

(129) *humour*] The folio has "humors."—Corrected in the third folio.

Third Lord. Did you see my cap?
Sec. Lord.[130] Here 'tis.
Fourth Lord. Here lies my gown.
First Lord. Let's make no stay.
Sec. Lord. Lord Timon's mad.
Third Lord. I feel't upon my bones.
Fourth Lord. One day he gives us diamonds, next day stones.[131] [*Exeunt.*

ACT IV.

SCENE I. *Without the walls of Athens.*

Enter TIMON.

Tim. Let me look back upon thee. O thou wall,
That girdlest in those wolves, dive in the earth,
And fence not Athens! Matrons, turn incontinent!
Obedience fail in children! slaves and fools,
Pluck the grave wrinkled senate from the bench,
And minister in their steads! to general filths
Convert o' th' instant, green virginity,—
Do't in your parents' eyes! bankrupts, hold fast;
Rather than render back, out with your knives,
And cut your trusters' throats! bound-servants, steal!
Large-handed robbers your grave masters are,
And pill by law: maid, to thy master's bed,—
Thy mistress is o' the brothel! son[132] of sixteen,
Pluck the lin'd crutch from thy old limping sire,
With it beat out his brains! piety, and fear,
Religion to the gods, peace, justice, truth,

(130) Third Lord. . . .
Sec. Lord.] . . .
The folio has "2. . . . . .
3." . . . . .
But see what precedes.

(131) *One day he gives us diamonds, next day stones.*] See *Introduction* to this play, p. 2.

(132) *son*] The folio has "Some."—Corrected in the second folio.

Domestic awe, night-rest, and neighbourhood,
Instruction, manners, mysteries, and trades,
Degrees, observances, customs, and laws,
Decline to your confounding contraries,
And let confusion live![188]—Plagues incident to men,
Your potent and infectious fevers heap
On Athens, ripe for stroke! thou cold sciatica,
Cripple our senators, that their limbs may halt
As lamely as their manners! lust and liberty
Creep in the minds and marrows of our youth,
That 'gainst the stream of virtue they may strive,
And drown themselves in riot! itches, blains,
Sow all th' Athenian bosoms; and their crop
Be general leprosy! breath infect breath;
That their society, as their friendship, may
Be merely poison! Nothing I'll bear from thee
But nakedness, thou détestable town!
Take thou that too, with multiplying bans!
Timon will to the woods; where he shall find
Th' unkindest beast more kinder than mankind.
The gods confound—hear me, you good gods all—
Th' Athenians both within and out that wall!
And grant, as Timon grows, his hate may grow
To the whole race of mankind, high and low!
Amen. [*Exit.*

SCENE II. *Athens. A room in* TIMON'S *house.*

Enter FLAVIUS, *with two or three* Servants.

First Serv. Hear you, master steward,—where's our master?
Are we undone? cast off? nothing remaining?

Flav. Alack, my fellows, what should I say to you?
Let me be recorded by the righteous gods,

[188] *And let confusion live!*] So Hanmer; and so Mr. Collier's Ms. Corrector.—The folio has "*And* yet *Confusion liue;*" which it seems to me quite astonishing that any editor should attempt to defend.

I am as poor as you.

First Serv. Such a house broke!
So noble a master fallen! All gone! and not
One friend to take his fortune by the arm,
And go along with him!

Sec. Serv. As we do turn our backs
From our companion thrown into his grave,
So his familiars from his buried fortunes
Slink all away;(134) leave their false vows with him,
Like empty purses pick'd; and his poor self,
A dedicated beggar to the air,
With his disease of all-shunn'd poverty,
Walks, like contempt, alone.—More of our fellows.

Enter other Servants.

Flav. All broken implements of a ruin'd house.

Third Serv. Yet do our hearts wear Timon's livery,—
That see I by our faces; we are fellows still,
Serving alike in sorrow: leak'd is our bark;
And we, poor mates, stand on the dying deck,
Hearing the surges threat: we must all part
Into this sea of air.

Flav. Good fellows all,
The latest of my wealth I'll share amongst you.
Wherever we shall meet, for Timon's sake,
Let's yet be fellows; let's shake our heads, and say,

(134) *As we do turn our backs*
From our companion thrown into his grave,
So his familiars from his buried fortunes
Slink all away;]

In this passage the folio has "*So his Familiars to his buried Fortunes,*" &c.—The alteration was made by Hanmer; and Mason would also read, in the preceding line, "To *our companion,*" &c.—Walker (*Crit. Exam.*, &c., vol. i. p. 301) cites the text of the folio, "*So his Familiars to his,*" &c., and asks "What is the construction? *Quere.* 'So *the* familiars to his,' &c.; those who were familiar to his—now buried—fortunes." But the error of the folio is manifestly in the "to" (repeated probably by mistake from the "*into*" just above), not in the "his;" and the context plainly requires "*from:*"—*So his familiars* (*his familiar friends*) *slink all away from his buried fortunes.*

As 'twere a knell unto our master's fortunes,
"We have seen better days." Let each take some;
[*Giving them money.*
Nay, put out all your hands. Not one word more:
Thus part we rich in sorrow, parting poor.
[*Servants embrace, and part several ways.*
O the fierce wretchedness that glory brings us!
Who would not wish to be from wealth exempt,
Since riches point to misery and contempt?
Who'd be so mock'd with glory? or so live
But in a dream of friendship?
To have his pomp, and all what state compounds,[135]
But only painted, like his varnish'd friends?
Poor honest lord, brought low by his own heart,
Undone by goodness! Strange, unusual blood,[136]
When man's worst sin is, he does too much good!
Who, then, dares to be half so kind agen?
For bounty, that makes gods, does[137] still mar men.
My dearest lord,—bless'd, to be most accurs'd,
Rich, only to be wretched,—thy great fortunes
Are made thy chief afflictions. Alas, kind lord!
He's flung in rage from this ingrateful seat
Of monstrous friends; nor has he with him to
Supply his life, or that which can command it.
I'll follow, and inquire him out:
I'll ever serve his mind with my best will;
Whilst I have gold, I'll be his steward still. [*Exit.*

(135) *or so live*
But in a dream of friendship?
To have his pomp, and all what state compounds,]

The folio has "*or* to *liue*," &c.—Rowe gave "as to *live*," &c.; and so Mr. Collier's Ms. Corrector.—I adopt the reading of Mr. Staunton (which also occurred to Mr. Grant White).—Walker (*Crit. Exam.*, &c., vol. iii. p. 237) says, "Perhaps [in the second line] the rhyme is continued;" and he conjectures, "*To have his pomp, and all* state comprehends:" so too Mr. Collier's Ms. Corrector, who fills up the second line with the words "and revive."

(136) *blood,*] "Is here supposed to signify *propensity* or *disposition*; but we suspect it to be one of several misprints by which this speech is depraved." STAUNTON.

(137) *does*] The folio has "do."—Corrected in the fourth folio.

SCENE III. *The woods. Before* TIMON'S *cave.*

Enter TIMON.

Tim. O blessèd-breeding sun, draw from the earth
Rotten humidity; below thy sister's orb
Infect the air! Twinn'd brothers of one womb,—
Whose procreation, residence, and birth,
Scarce is dividant,—touch them with several fortunes,
The greater scorns the lesser: not nature,[138]
To whom all sores lay siege, can bear great fortune,
But by contempt of nature.
Raise me this beggar, and deny't that lord;
The senator shall bear[139] contempt hereditary,
The beggar native honour.

(138) *Twinn'd brothers . . .*
. . . . . .
. . . . *not nature*, &c.]

"The meaning I take to be this; 'Brother, when his fortune is enlarged, will scorn brother; for this is the general depravity of human nature, which, besieged as it is by misery, admonished as it is of want and imperfection, when elevated by fortune will despise beings of nature like its own.'" JOHNSON.—"Mr. M. Mason observes that this passage 'but by the addition of a single letter may be rendered clearly intelligible, by merely reading *natures* instead of *nature*.' The meaning will then be; 'Not even beings reduced to the utmost extremity of wretchedness can bear good fortune without contemning their fellow-creatures.' The word *natures* is afterwards used in a similar sense by Apemantus;

'Call the creatures,
Whose naked *natures* live in all the spite
Of wreakful heaven,' &c.

Perhaps, in the present instance, we ought to complete the metre by reading

'—— not *those* natures ——.'" STEEVENS.—

"'*But by*' is here used for '*Without*.'" MALONE.—Walker declares that this passage "puzzles" him (*Shakespeare's Versification*, &c., p. 135).

(139) *Raise me this beggar, and deny't that lord;*
The senator shall bear]

Here "*deny't*,"—which Warburton alters to "denude," Hanmer to "degrade," Mr. Collier's Ms. Corrector to "decline," and Mr. Staunton to "demit,"—is, I believe, right after all, the "*it*" meaning (to use Steevens's words) "a proportionable degree of elevation."—The folio has "*The* Senators," &c.

It is the pasture lards the rother's[140] sides,
The want that makes him lean. Who dares, who dares,
In purity of manhood stand upright,
And say, "This man's a flatterer"? if one be,
So are they all; for every grise of fortune
Is smooth'd by that below: the learnèd pate
Ducks to the golden fool: all is oblique;
There's nothing level in our cursèd natures,
But direct villany. Therefore, be abhorr'd
All feasts, societies, and throngs of men!
His semblable, yea, himself, Timon disdains:
Destruction fang mankind!—Earth, yield me roots!
[*Digging.*
Who seeks for better of thee, sauce his palate
With thy most operant poison!—What is here?
Gold? yellow, glittering, precious gold? No, gods,
I am no idle votarist:[141] roots, you clear heavens!
Thus much of this will make black, white; foul, fair;
Wrong, right; base, noble; old, young; coward, valiant.
Ha, you gods! why this? what[142] this, you gods? Why, this
Will lug your priests and servants from your sides;
Pluck stout[143] men's pillows from below their heads:
This yellow slave
Will knit and break religions; bless th' accurs'd;
Make the hoar leprosy ador'd; place thieves,
And give them title, knee, and approbation,
With senators on the bench: this is it[144]

(140) *rother's*] So Mr. Singer; and so Mr. Collier's Ms. Corrector.—The folio has "Brothers" (and in the next line the obvious misprint "leaue").

(141) *idle votarist*:] Mr. Collier's Ms. Corrector substitutes "idol-*votarist*."—Here "*idle*" is explained "insincere or inconstant" by Johnson; "mad-brained, demented," by Mr. Staunton.

(142) *what*] Qy. "why"?

(143) *stout*] "*i.e.* men who have strength yet remaining to struggle with their distemper. This alludes to an old custom of drawing away the pillow from under the heads of men in their last agonies, to make their departure the easier. But the Oxford editor [Hanmer] supposing '*stout*' to signify '*healthy*,' alters it to '*sick*.'" WARBURTON.—"Hanmer was surely right in substituting '*sick*' for 'stout.'" STAUNTON.

(144) *this is it*] "Some word is here wanting to the metre. We

That makes the wappen'd widow wed again;
She, whom the spital-house and ulcerous sores
Would cast the gorge at, this embalms and spices
To th' April day again. Come, damnèd earth,
Thou common whore of mankind, that putt'st odds
Among the rout of nations, I will make thee
Do thy right nature.—[*March within.*] Ha! a drum?—
Thou'rt quick,
But yet I'll bury thee: thou'lt go, strong thief,
When gouty keepers of thee cannot stand:—
Nay, stay thou out for earnest. [*Keeping some gold.*

Enter ALCIBIADES, *with drum and fife, in warlike manner;* PHRYNIA *and* TIMANDRA.

Alcib. What art thou there?
Speak.

Tim. A beast, as thou art. The canker gnaw thy heart,
For showing me again the eyes of man!

Alcib. What is thy name? Is man so hateful to thee,
That art thyself a man?

Tim. I am *misanthropos*, and hate mankind.
For thy part, I do wish thou wert a dog,
That I might love thee something.

Alcib. I know thee well;
But in thy fortunes am unlearn'd and strange.

Tim. I know thee too; and more than that I know thee,
I not desire to know. Follow thy drum;
With man's blood paint the ground, gules, gules:[145]
Religious canons, civil laws are cruel;
Then what should war be? This fell whore of thine
Hath in her more destruction than thy sword,
For all her cherubin look.

Phry. Thy lips rot off!

might either [with Hanmer] repeat the pronoun '*this*,' or avail ourselves of our author's common introductory adverb, emphatically used, '*why*, this is it.'" STEEVENS.

(145) *gules, gules:*] Capell prints "*gules*, total *gules*." Compare *Hamlet*, act ii. sc. 2, "Now is he *total gules*," &c.

Tim. I will not kiss thee; then the rot returns
To thine own lips again.

Alcib. How came the noble Timon to this change?

Tim. As the moon does, by wanting light to give:
But then renew I could not, like the moon;
There were no suns to borrow of.

Alcib. Noble Timon,
What friendship may I do thee?

Tim. None, but to
Maintain my opinion.

Alcib. What is it, Timon?

Tim. Promise me friendship, but perform none: if thou wilt not promise, the gods plague thee, for thou art a man! if thou dost perform, confound thee, for thou art a man!

Alcib. I've heard in some sort of thy miseries.

Tim. Thou saw'st them, when I had prosperity.

Alcib. I see them now; then was a blessèd time.

Tim. As thine is now, held with a brace of harlots.

Timan. Is this th' Athenian minion, whom the world
Voic'd so regardfully?

Tim. Art thou Timandra?

Timan. Yes.

Tim. Be a whore still: they love thee not that use thee;
Give them diseases, leaving with thee their lust.[146]
Make use of thy salt hours: season the slaves
For tubs and baths; bring down rose-cheek'd youth to
The tub-fast[147] and the diet.

Timan. Hang thee, monster!

Alcib. Pardon him, sweet Timandra; for his wits
Are drown'd and lost in his calamities.—
I have but little gold of late, brave Timon,
The want whereof doth daily make revolt
In my penurious band: I've heard, and griev'd,
How cursèd Athens, mindless of thy worth,
Forgetting thy great deeds, when neighbour states,
But for thy sword and fortune, trod upon them,—

(146) *Give them diseases, leaving with thee their lust.*] Altered by Mr. Grant White to "Leaving with thee their lust. Give them diseases."

(147) *tub-fast*] The folio has "*Fubfast.*"

Tim. I prithee, beat thy drum, and get thee gone.

Alcib. I am thy friend, and pity thee, dear Timon.

Tim. How dost thou pity him whom thou dost trouble? I had rather be alone.

Alcib. Why, fare thee well:
Here's some gold for thee.

Tim. Keep't, I cannot eat it.

Alcib. When I have laid proud Athens on a heap,—

Tim. Warr'st thou 'gainst Athens?

Alcib. Ay, Timon, and have cause.

Tim. The gods confound them all in thy conquest; and Thee after, when thou'st conquer'd!

Alcib. Why me, Timon?

Tim. That, by killing of villains, thou wast born to conquer
My country.[148]
Put up thy gold: go on,—here's gold,—go on;
Be as a planetary plague, when Jove
Will o'er some high-vic'd city hang his poison
In the sick air: let not thy sword skip one:
Pity not honour'd age for his white beard,—
He is an usurer: strike me the counterfeit matron,—
It is her habit only that is honest,
Herself's a bawd: let not the virgin's cheek
Make soft thy trenchant sword; for those milk-paps,

(148) *The gods confound them all in thy conquest; and*
Thee after, when thou'st conquer'd!
Alcib. *Why me, Timon?*
Tim. *That, by killing of villains, thou wast born to conquer*
My country.]

There is manifestly some error in this limping passage. Walker (*Crit. Exam.*, &c., vol. iii. p. 228) proposes;

"Warr'st thou 'gainst Athens?
Alcib. Ay, Timon, and have cause.
Tim. The gods confound them
All, in thy conquest; and thee after, when
Th' hast conquer'd!
Alcib. Why me, Timon?
Tim. That by killing
Of villains, thou wast born to [ ] *thy* country."

"'*Conquer*,'" he adds, "is not the word required; possibly '*scourge*.'"

That through the window-bars[149] bore at men's eyes,
Are not within the leaf of pity writ,
But set down[150] horrible traitors: spare not the babe,
Whose dimpled smiles from fools exhaust their mercy;
Think it a bastard, whom the oracle
Hath doubtfully pronounc'd thy[151] throat shall cut,
And mince it sans remorse: swear against objects;[152]
Put armour on thine ears and on thine eyes;
Whose proof, nor yells of mothers, maids, nor babes,
Nor sight of priests in holy vestments bleeding,
Shall pierce a jot. There's gold to pay thy soldiers:
Make large confusion; and, thy fury spent,
Confounded be thyself! Speak not, be gone.

Alcib. Hast thou gold yet? I'll take the gold thou giv'st me,
Not all thy counsel.

Tim. Dost thou, or dost thou not, heaven's curse upon thee!

Phr. and Timan. Give us some gold, good Timon: hast thou more?

Tim. Enough to make a whore forswear her trade,
And to make whores, a bawd.[153] Hold up, you sluts,
Your aprons mountant: you are not oathable,—
Although, I know, you'll swear, terribly swear,
Into strong shudders and to heavenly agues,
Th' immortal gods that hear you,—spare your oaths,
I'll trust to your conditions: be whores still;

(149) *window-bars*] The folio has "*window* Barne."
(150) *set down*] The folio has "*set* them *down*."
(151) *thy*] The folio has "the."
(152) *objects;*] *i.e.* "objects of charity and compassion. So, in *Troilus and Cressida*, Ulysses says,

'For Hector, in his blaze of wrath, subscribes
To tender *objects*.'" MASON.—

Mr. Collier's Ms. Corrector substitutes "abjects."

(153) *Enough to make a whore forswear her trade,*
And to make whores, a bawd.]

An obscure passage, which, according to Johnson, means "Enough to make a whore leave whoring, and a bawd leave making whores."—Mr. Collier's Ms. Corrector substitutes "*And to make whores* abhorr'd:" but, as Mr. Singer pertinently asks (*Shakespeare Vindicated*, &c., p. 242), "Why should abundance of gold make whores *abhorr'd?*"

And he whose pious breath seeks to convert you,
Be strong in whore, allure him, burn him up;
Let your close fire predominate his smoke,
And be no turncoats; yet may your pains, six months,
Be quite contráry: and thatch your poor thin roofs
With burdens of the dead;—some that were hang'd,
No matter:—wear them, betray with them: whore still;
Paint till a horse may mire upon your face:
A pox of wrinkles!

Phr. and Timan. Well, more gold:—what then?—
Believe't, that we'll do any thing for gold.

Tim. Consumptions sow
In hollow bones of man; strike their sharp shins,
And mar men's spurring.[154] Crack the lawyer's voice,
That he may never more false title plead,
Nor sound his quillets shrilly: hoar the flamen,
That scolds[155] against the quality of flesh,
And not believes himself: down with the nose,
Down with it flat; take the bridge quite away
Of him that, his particular to foresee,
Smells from the general weal: make curl'd-pate ruffians bald;
And let the unscarr'd braggarts of the war
Derive some pain from you: plague all;
That your activity may defeat and quell
The source of all erection.—There's more gold:—
Do you damn others, and let this damn you,
And ditches grave you all!

Phr. and Timan. More counsel with more money, bounteous Timon.

Tim. More whore, more mischief first; I've given you earnest.

(154) *Consumptions sow*
In hollow bones of man; strike their sharp shins,
And mar men's spurring.]

Walker (*Crit. Exam.*, &c., vol. iii. p. 230) reads;

"Consumptions sow
In hollow bones of *men;* strike their sharp shins,
And mar *their* spurring."

(155) *scolds*] The folio has "scold'st."

Alcib. Strike up the drum towards Athens!—Farewell, Timon:
If I thrive well, I'll visit thee again.
Tim. If I hope well, I'll never see thee more.
Alcib. I never did thee harm.
Tim. Yes, thou spok'st well of me.
Alcib. Call'st thou that harm?
Tim. Men daily find it. Get thee away, and take
Thy beagles with thee.
Alcib. We but offend him.—Strike!
[*Drum beats. Exeunt Alcibiades, Phrynia, and Timandra.*
Tim. That nature, being sick of man's unkindness,
Should yet be hungry!—Common mother, thou, [*Digging.*
Whose womb unmeasurable, and infinite breast,
Teems, and feeds all! whose[156] self-same mettle,
Whereof thy proud child, arrogant man, is puff'd,
Engenders the black toad and adder blue,
The gilded newt and eyeless venom'd worm,
With all th' abhorrèd births below crisp heaven
Whereon Hyperion's quickening fire doth shine;
Yield him, who all thy human sons doth hate,[157]
From forth thy plenteous bosom, one poor root!
Ensear thy fertile and conceptious womb,
Let it no more bring out ingrateful man!
Go great with tigers, dragons, wolves, and bears;
Teem with new monsters, whom thy upward face
Hath to the marbled mansion all[158] above
Never presented!—O, a root,—dear thanks!—
Dry up thy marrows,[159] vines, and plough-torn leas;
Whereof ingrateful man, with liquorish draughts

(156) *whose*] In all probability the usual modern addition (an obvious one), "O thou *whose*," is right.
(157) *who all thy human sons doth hate,*] The folio has "*who all* the *humane Sonnes* do *hate.*"
(158) *mansion all*] Walker, maintaining that "*all*" has here no meaning, would read "*mansion*-hall" (*Crit. Exam.*, &c., vol. iii. p. 239).
(159) *marrows,*] The folio has "*Marrowes;*" qy. if a mistake for "marrowie" ("marrowy") as an epithet to "*vines*"? Cotgrave, in his *Dict.*, gives "Moëlleux. *Marrowie*, pithie, full of strength or *strong sap.*"

And morsels unctuous, greases his pure mind,
That from it all consideration slips!—

Enter APEMANTUS.

More man? plague, plague!

Apem. I was directed hither: men report
Thou dost affect my manners, and dost use them.

Tim. 'Tis, then, because thou dost not keep a dog,
Whom I would imitate: consumption catch thee!

Apem. This is in thee a nature but infected;[160]
A poor unmanly melancholy sprung
From change of fortune.[161] Why this spade? this place?
This slave-like habit? and these looks of care?
Thy flatterers yet wear silk, drink wine, lie soft;
Hug their diseas'd perfumes, and have forgot
That ever Timon was. Shame not these woods,
By putting on the cunning of a carper.
Be thou a flatterer now, and seek to thrive
By that which has undone thee: hinge thy knee,
And let his very breath, whom thou'lt observe,
Blow off thy cap; praise his most vicious strain,
And call it excellent; thou wast told thus;
Thou gav'st thine ears like tapsters that bid welcome[162]
To knaves and all approachers: 'tis most just
That thou turn rascal; hadst thou wealth again,
Rascals should have't. Do not assume my likeness.

Tim. Were I like thee, I'd throw away myself.

Apem. Thou'st cast away thyself, being like thyself;
A madman so long, now a fool. What, think'st
That the bleak air, thy boisterous chamberlain,
Will put thy shirt on warm? will these moss'd[163] trees,
That have outliv'd the eagle, page thy heels,

(160) *This is in thee a nature but infected;*] Here Rowe changed "*infected*" to "affected;"—but, surely, the old reading (in the sense of diseased) suits better with what immediately follows.

(161) *fortune.*] The folio has "future."—Corrected by Rowe.

(162) *like tapsters that bid welcome*] So the second folio.—The first folio has "(*like Tapsters, that* bad *welcom*);" which Mr. Staunton retains: "bad," he tells us, means "the *bad* of society, *bad people*."

(163) *moss'd*] So Hanmer.—The folio has "moyst."

And skip where[164] thou point'st out? will the cold brook,
Candied with ice, caudle thy morning taste,
To cure thy o'er-night's surfeit? Call the creatures,—
Whose naked natures live in all the spite
Of wreakful heaven; whose bare unhousèd trunks,
To the conflicting elements expos'd,
Answer mere nature,—bid them flatter thee;
O, thou shalt find—

Tim. A fool of thee: depart.

Apem. I love thee better now than e'er I did.

Tim. I hate thee worse.

Apem. Why?

Tim. Thou flatter'st misery.

Apem. I flatter not; but say thou art a caitiff.

Tim. Why dost thou seek me out?

Apem. To vex thee.[165]

Tim. Always a villain's office or a fool's.
Dost please thyself in't?

Apem. Ay.

Tim. What! a knave too?

Apem. If thou didst put this sour-cold habit on
To castigate thy pride, 'twere well: but thou
Dost it enforcedly: thou'dst courtier be again,
Wert thou not beggar. Willing misery
Outlives incertain pomp, is crown'd before:
The one is filling still, never complete;
The other, at high wish: best state, contentless,
Hath a distracted and most wretched being,
Worse than the worst, content.
Thou shouldst desire to die, being miserable.

Tim. Not by his breath that is more miserable.
Thou art a slave, whom Fortune's tender arm
With favour never clasp'd; but bred a dog.
Hadst thou, like us from our first swath, proceeded
The sweet degrees that this brief world affords
To such as may the passive drugs of it

(164) *where*] The folio has "when."—Corrected by Walker, *Crit. Exam.*, &c., vol. iii. p. 240.
(165) *To vex thee.*] Hanmer prints "Only *to vex thee.*"

Freely command,[166] thou wouldst have plung'd thyself
In general riot; melted down thy youth
In different beds of lust; and never learn'd
The icy precepts of respect, but follow'd
The sugar'd game before thee. But myself,
Who had the world as my confectionary;
The mouths, the tongues, the eyes, and hearts of men
At duty, more than I could frame employment;
That numberless upon me stuck, as leaves
Do on the oak, have with one winter's brush
Fell from their boughs, and left me open, bare
For every storm that blows;—I, to bear this,
That never knew but better, is some burden:
Thy nature did commence in sufferance, time
Hath made thee hard in't. Why shouldst thou hate men?
They never flatter'd thee: what hast thou given?
If thou wilt curse,—thy father, that poor rag,[167]
Must he thy subject; who, in spite, put stuff
To some she-beggar, and compounded thee
Poor rogue hereditary. Hence, be gone!—
If thou hadst not been born the worst of men,
Thou hadst been a knave and flatterer.

Apem. Art thou proud yet?

Tim. Ay, that I am not thee.

(166) *To such as may the passive drugs of it*
Freely command,]

The folio has

"*To such as may the passiue drugges of it*
Freely command'st."—

Mr. Collier's and Mr. Singer's Ms. Correctors read "—— *the passive* dugs *of it*," &c. But I think there can hardly be a doubt that here "*drugs*" is equivalent to *drudges*. Todd (*Johnson's Dict.* sub *Drug*) cites from Huloet, "Drudge, or *drugge*, a servant which doth all the vile service;" and from Barret, "Drudge, a *drug*, or kitchen-slave:" to which other examples might easily be added.

(167) *poor rag,*] "If," observes Johnson, "we read '*poor* rogue,' it will correspond rather better to what follows;" and Mr. Singer (*Shakespeare Vindicated*, &c., p. 242) says that here the "*ragge*" of the folio is evidently a misprint for "rogue." But "*rag*" occurs elsewhere in our author as a term of contempt; and it was formerly a very common one.

Apem. I, that I was
No prodigal.
Tim. I, that I am one now:
Were all the wealth I have shut up in thee,
I'd give thee leave to hang it. Get thee gone.—
That the whole life of Athens were in this!
Thus would I eat it. [*Gnawing a root.*
Apem. Here; I'll mend thy feast.
[*Offering him something.*
Tim. First mend my (168) company, take away thyself.
Apem. So I shall mend mine own, by the lack of thine.
Tim. 'Tis not well mended so, it is but botch'd;
If not, I would it were.
Apem. What wouldst thou have to Athens?
Tim. Thee thither in a whirlwind. If thou wilt,
Tell them there I have gold; look, so I have.
Apem. Here is no use for gold.
Tim. The best and truest;
For here it sleeps, and does no hirèd harm.
Apem. Where ly'st o' nights, Timon?
Tim. Under that's above me.
Where feed'st thou o' days, Apemantus?
Apem. Where my stomach finds meat; or, rather, where I eat it.
Tim. Would poison were obedient, and knew my mind!
Apem. Where wouldst thou send it?
Tim. To sauce thy dishes.
Apem. The middle of humanity thou never knewest, but the extremity of both ends: when thou wast in thy gilt and thy perfume they mocked thee for too much curiosity; in thy rags thou knowest none, but art despised for the contrary. There's a medlar for thee; eat it.
Tim. On what I hate I feed not.
Apem. Dost hate a medlar?
Tim. Ay, though it look like thee.
Apem. An th' hadst hated meddlers sooner, thou shouldst

(168) *my*] The folio has "thy."

have loved thyself better now. What man didst thou ever know unthrift that was beloved after his means?

Tim. Who, without those means thou talkest of, didst thou ever know beloved?

Apem. Myself.

Tim. I understand thee; thou hadst some means to keep a dog.

Apem. What things in the world canst thou nearest compare to thy flatterers?

Tim. Women nearest; but men, men are the things themselves. What wouldst thou do with the world, Apemantus, if it lay in thy power?

Apem. Give it the beasts, to be rid of the men.

Tim. Wouldst thou have thyself fall in the confusion of men, and remain a beast with the beasts?

Apem. Ay, Timon.

Tim. A beastly ambition, which the gods grant thee t' attain to! If thou wert the lion, the fox would beguile thee: if thou wert the lamb, the fox would eat thee: if thou wert the fox, the lion would suspect thee, when, peradventure, thou wert accused by the ass: if thou wert the ass, thy dulness would torment thee; and still thou livedst but as a breakfast to the wolf: if thou wert the wolf, thy greediness would afflict thee, and oft thou shouldst hazard thy life for thy dinner: wert thou the unicorn, pride and wrath would confound thee, and make thine own self the conquest of thy fury: wert thou a bear, thou wouldst be killed by the horse: wert thou a horse, thou wouldst be seized by the leopard: wert thou a leopard, thou wert german to the lion, and the spots of thy kindred were jurors on thy life: all thy safety were remotion, and thy defence absence. What beast couldst thou be, that were not subject to a beast? and what a beast art thou already, that seest not thy loss in transformation!

Apem. If thou couldst please me with speaking to me, thou mightst have hit upon it here: the commonwealth of Athens is become a forest of beasts.

Tim. How has the ass broke the wall, that thou art out of the city?

Apem. Yonder comes a poet and a painter:[169] the plague of company light upon thee! I will fear to catch it, and give way: when I know not what else to do, I'll see thee again.

Tim. When there is nothing living but thee, thou shalt be welcome. I had rather be a beggar's dog than Apemantus.

Apem. Thou art the cap of all the fools alive.

Tim. Would thou wert clean enough to spit upon!

Apem. A plague on thee, thou art too bad to curse!

Tim. All villains that do stand by thee are pure.

Apem. There is no leprosy but what thou speak'st.

Tim. If I name thee.—
I'll beat thee, but I should infect my hands.[170]

Apem. I would my tongue could rot them off!

Tim. Away, thou issue of a mangy dog!
Choler does kill me that thou art alive;
I swoon[171] to see thee.

Apem. Would thou wouldst burst!

Tim. Away,
Thou tedious rogue! I'm sorry I shall lose
A stone by thee. [*Throws a stone at him.*

Apem. Beast!

Tim. Slave!

Apem. Toad!

Tim. Rogue, rogue, rogue!
[*Apemantus retreats backward, as going.*
I'm sick of this false world; and will love naught
But even the mere necessities upon't.
Then, Timon, presently prepare thy grave;
Lie where the light foam of the sea may beat
Thy grave-stone daily: make thine epitaph,
That death in me at others' lives may laugh.

(169) *Yonder comes a poet and a painter:*] See note 190.

(170) *I'll beat thee, but I should infect my hands.*] Here "*I'll*" has been altered to "I'd:" but in such sentences our old writers frequently use *will* and *should* (just as they also use *will* after *should*; see note 27 on *King Henry VIII.* and note 53 on *Coriolanus.*

(171) *swoon*] The folio has "swoond;" which spelling is altered to "swound" in the third folio.—See note 93 on *The Winter's Tale.*

O thou sweet king-killer, and dear divorce
[*Looking on the gold.*
'Twixt natural son and sire![172] thou bright defiler
Of Hymen's purest bed! thou valiant Mars!
Thou ever young, fresh, lov'd, and delicate wooer,
Whose blush doth thaw the consecrated snow
That lies on Dian's lap! thou visible god,
That solder'st close impossibilities,
And mak'st them kiss! that speak'st with every tongue,
To every purpose! O thou touch of hearts!
Think, thy slave man rebels; and by thy virtue
Set them into confounding odds, that beasts
May have the world in empire!

Apem. [*coming forward*] Would 'twere so!—
But not till I am dead.—I'll say thou'st gold:
Thou wilt be throng'd to shortly.

Tim. Throng'd to!

Apem. Ay.

Tim. Thy back, I prithee.

Apem. Live, and love thy misery!

Tim. Long live so, and so die! [*Exit Apemantus.*] I am quit.—[173]
More things like men?—Eat, Timon, and abhor them.[174]

Enter Banditti.

First Ban. Where should he have this gold? It is some poor fragment, some slender ort of his remainder: the mere want of gold, and the falling-from of his friends,[175] drove him into this melancholy.

Sec. Ban. It is noised he hath a mass of treasure.

Third Ban. Let us make the assay upon him: if he care

[172] *son and sire!*] The folio has "Sunne *and* fire."

[173] *Long live so, and so die!* [Exit Apemantus.] *I am quit.*—] Hanmer prints "*Long live so* or *so die*, so *I am quit;*" Capell, "*Long live so, and so dye!*—So, *I am quit.*"

[174] *More things like men?—Eat, Timon, and abhor them.*] The folio prefixes "*Ape.*" to this line, and has "*abhorre* then."

[175] *the falling-from of his friends,*] Altered by Pope to "*the falling* off *of friends;*" and by Mr. Collier's Ms. Corrector to "*the falling from* him *of his friends.*"

not for't, he will supply us easily; if he covetously reserve it, how shall's get it?

Sec. Ban. True; for he bears it not about him, 'tis hid.

First Ban. Is not this he?

Banditti. Where?

Sec. Ban. 'Tis his description.

Third Ban. He; I know him.

Banditti. Save thee, Timon.

Tim. Now, thieves?

Banditti. Soldiers, not thieves.

Tim. Both too; and women's sons.

Banditti. We are not thieves, but men that much do want.

Tim. Your greatest want is, you want much of meat.[176] Why should you want? Behold, the earth hath roots; Within this mile break forth a hundred springs; The oaks bear mast, the briers scarlet hips; The bounteous housewife, nature, on each bush Lays her full mess before you. Want! why want?

First Ban. We cannot live on grass, on berries, water, As beasts and birds and fishes.

Tim. Nor on the beasts themselves, the birds, and fishes; You must eat men. Yet thanks I must you con, That you are thieves profess'd; that you work not In holier shapes: for there is boundless theft In limited professions. Rascal thieves, Here's gold. Go, suck the subtle blood o' the grape, Till the high fever seethe your blood to froth, And so scape hanging: trust not the physician; His antidotes are poison, and he slays More than you rob: take wealth and lives together;

[176] *Your greatest want is, you want much of meat.*] Altered by Theobald to "—— *much of* meet;" by Hanmer to "—— *much of* men." Steevens conjectures "—— *much of* me;" and Farmer would print (according to Steevens, "with no small probability"!)

"Your greatest want is, you want much. Of meat
Why should you want?"

Do villany,[177] do, since you protest[178] to do't,
Like workmen. I'll example you with thievery:
The sun's a thief, and with his great attraction
Robs the vast sea: the moon's an arrant thief,
And her pale fire she snatches from the sun:
The sea's a thief, whose liquid surge resolves
The moon into salt tears: the earth's a thief,
That feeds and breeds by a composture stol'n
From general excrement: each thing's a thief:
The laws, your curb and whip, in their rough power
Have uncheck'd theft. Love not yourselves: away,
Rob one another. There's more gold. Cut throats;
All that you meet are thieves. To Athens go:
Break open shops; nothing can you steal, but thieves
Do lose it: steal not[179] less for this I give you;
And gold confound you howsoe'er! Amen.

[*Timon retires to his cave.*

Third Ban. 'Has almost charmed me from my profession, by persuading me to it.

First Ban. 'Tis in the malice of mankind that he thus advises us; not to have us thrive in our mystery.

Sec. Ban. I'll believe him as an enemy, and give over my trade.

First Ban. Let us first see peace in Athens: there is no[180] time so miserable but a man may be true.

[*Exeunt Banditti.*

Enter FLAVIUS.

Flav. O you gods!
Is yond despis'd and ruinous man my lord?

(177) *take wealth and lives together;*
Do villany,]
The folio has "*Do* Villaine."—Altered in the second folio to
"*take wealth, and* live *together,*
Do Villaine."
Hanmer prints
"takes *wealth and* life *together.*
Do villany."

(178) *protest*] Altered by Theobald to "profess;" very unnecessarily.
(179) *not*] Inserted by Rowe.
(180) *there is no*, &c.] Given by Warburton to *Sec. Ban.*

Full of decay and failing?
O monument and wonder of good deeds
Evilly bestow'd!
What an alteration of honour
Has desperate want made!
What viler thing upon the earth than friends
Who can bring noblest minds to basest ends!
How rarely does it meet with this time's guise,
When man was wish'd to love his enemies!
Grant I may ever love, and rather woo
Those that would mischief me than those that do!—
'Has caught me in his eye: I will present
My honest grief unto him; and, as my lord,
Still serve him with my life.

TIMON *comes forward from his cave.*

My dearest master!

Tim. Away! what art thou?

Flav. Have you forgot me, sir?

Tim. Why dost ask that? I have forgot all men;
Then, if thou grant'st thou'rt man,[181] I have forgot thee.

Flav. An honest poor servant of yours.

Tim. Then I know thee not:[182]
I ne'er had honest man about me, I;
All I kept were knaves, to serve-in meat to villains.

Flav. The gods are witness,
Ne'er did poor steward wear a truer grief
For his undone lord than mine eyes for you.

Tim. What, dost thou weep?—come nearer;—then I love thee,
Because thou art a woman, and disclaim'st

([181]) *if thou grant'st thou'rt man,*] The folio has "*if thou* grunt'st, *th'art* a *man.*"

([182]) *Then I know thee not,* &c.] Something wrong here.—Capell gives

"Nay, *then*
I know thee not: I ne'er had honest man
About me, I; all that *I kept were knaves,*
To serve in meat to villains."—

Walker proposes "—— *honest* men," &c. *Crit. Exam.*, &c., vol. iii. p. 240.

Flinty mankind; whose eyes do never give
But thorough lust and laughter. Pity's sleeping:
Strange times, that weep with laughing, not with weeping!
Flav. I beg of you to know me, good my lord,
T' accept my grief, and, whilst this poor wealth lasts,
To entertain me as your steward still.
Tim. Had I a steward
So true, so just, and now so comfortable?
It almost turns my dangerous nature mild.[183]
Let me behold thy face. Surely, this man
Was born of woman.—
Forgive my general and exceptless rashness,
You[184] perpetual-sober gods! I do proclaim[185]
One honest man,—mistake me not,—but one;
No more, I pray,—and he's a steward.—
How fain would I have hated all mankind!
And thou redeem'st thyself: but all, save thee,
I fell with curses.
Methinks thou art more honest now than wise;
For, by oppressing and betraying me,
Thou mightst have sooner got another service:
For many so arrive at second masters,
Upon their first lord's neck. But tell me true,—
For I must ever doubt, though ne'er so sure,—
Is not thy kindness subtle-covetous,
If not a usuring kindness,[186] and, as rich men deal gifts,
Expecting in return twenty for one?

(183) *It almost turns my dangerous nature mild.*] The folio has "—— *Nature* wilde;" which has been defended!

(184) *You*] An interpolation?

(185) *I do proclaim*, &c.] "Arrange, if the text is correct,

'I do proclaim
One honest man:—
Mistake me not,—but one; no more, I pray,—
And he's a steward.'"

Walker's *Crit. Exam.*, &c., vol. iii. p. 240;

where Walker's editor, in a note, pronounces "*I pray*" to be wrong, and conjectures "*I* say."

(186) *If not a usuring kindness*, &c.] "'*If not*' [which some of the earlier editors omitted] seems to have slipt in here, by an error of the press, from the preceding line. Both the sense and metre would be

Flav. No, my most worthy master; in whose breast
Doubt and suspect, alas, are plac'd too late:
You should have fear'd false times when you did feast:
Suspect still comes where[187] an estate is least.
That which I show, heaven knows, is merely love,
Duty and zeal to your unmatchèd mind,
Care of your food and living; and, believe it,
My most honour'd lord,[188]
For any benefit that points to me,
Either in hope or present, I'd exchange[189]
For this one wish,—that you had power and wealth
To requite me, by making rich yourself.

Tim. Look thee, 'tis so!—Thou singly honest man,
Here, take:—the gods, out of my misery,
Have sent thee treasure. Go, live rich and happy,
But thus condition'd:—thou shalt build from men;
Hate all, curse all; show charity to none;
But let the famish'd flesh slide from the bone,
Ere thou relieve the beggar: give to dogs
What thou deny'st to men; let prisons swallow 'em,
Debts wither 'em to nothing: be men like blasted woods,
And may diseases lick up their false bloods!
And so, farewell, and thrive.

Flav. O, let me stay,
And comfort you, my master.

Tim. If thou hat'st
Curses, stay not; fly, whilst thou'rt blessed and free:
Ne'er see thou man, and let me ne'er see thee.

[*Exit Flavius. Timon retires to his cave.*

better without it." TYRWHITT.—"May not Shakespeare have written somewhat as follows?

'A usuring kindness, and as rich men deal
Gifts *to catch gifts*, expecting in return
Twenty for one?'"

Walker's *Crit. Exam.*, &c., vol. iii. p. 240.

(187) *where*] Altered by Hanmer and Mr. Collier's Ms. Corrector to "when."

(188) *My most honour'd lord,*] These words stand in a line by themselves in the folio; but that Shakespeare intended them to form a verse is not to be imagined: something has dropt out here.

(189) *exchange*] Hanmer prints "*exchange* it."

ACT V.

SCENE I. *The woods. Before* TIMON'S *cave.*

Enter Poet *and* Painter ;[190] TIMON *watching them from his cave.*

Pain. As I took note of the place, it cannot be far where he abides.

Poet. What's to be thought of him? does the rumour hold for true, that he's so full of gold?

Pain. Certain: Alcibiades reports it; Phrynia and Tim-

(190) Enter *Poet* and *Painter ;*] "The Poet and the Painter were within view when Apemantus parted from Timon [see p. 77], and might then have seen Timon, since Apemantus, standing by him, could see them: but the scenes of the Thieves and Steward have passed before their arrival, and yet passed, as the drama is now conducted, within their view. It might be suspected that some scenes are transposed, for all these difficulties would be removed by introducing the Poet and Painter first, and the Thieves in this place. Yet I am afraid the scenes must keep their present order, for the Painter alludes to the Thieves, when he says, 'he likewise enriched poor straggling soldiers with great quantity.' This impropriety is now heightened by placing the Thieves in one act, and the Poet and Painter in another: but it must be remembered, that in the original edition this play is not divided into separate acts, so that the present distribution is arbitrary, and may be changed if any convenience can be gained, or impropriety obviated by alteration." JOHNSON.—"In the immediately preceding scene, Flavius, Timon's steward, has a conference with his master, and receives gold from him. Between this and the present scene a single minute cannot be supposed to pass; and yet the Painter tells his companion, 'Tis said he gave *his steward* a mighty sum.' Where was it said? Why, in Athens, whence, it must therefore seem, they are but newly come. Here then should be fixed the commencement of the Fifth Act, in order to allow time for Flavius to return to the city, and for rumour to publish his adventure with Timon. But how are we in this case to account for Apemantus's announcing the approach of the Poet and Painter in the last scene of the preceding act, and before the Thieves appear? It is possible that when this play was abridged for representation, all between this passage and the entrance of the Poet and Painter may have been omitted by the players, and these words put into the mouth of Apemantus to introduce them; and that when it was published at large, the interpolation was unnoticed. Or, if we allow the Poet and Painter to see Apemantus, it may be conjectured that they did not think his presence necessary at their interview with Timon, and had therefore returned back into the city." RITSON.—"I am afraid many of the difficulties which the commentators on our author have employed their abilities to remove, arise from the negligence of Shakespeare himself, who appears to have been less attentive to the connection of his scenes than a less hasty writer may be supposed to have been. On the present occasion I have changed

andra had gold of him: he likewise enriched poor straggling soldiers with great quantity: 'tis said he gave unto his steward a mighty sum.

Poet. Then this breaking of his has been but a try for his friends.

Pain. Nothing else: you shall see him a palm in Athens again, and flourish with the highest. Therefore 'tis not amiss we tender our loves to him, in this supposed distress of his: it will show honestly in us; and is very likely to load our purposes with what they travail for, if it be a just and true report that goes of his having.

Poet. What have you now to present unto him?

Pain. Nothing at this time but my visitation: only I will promise him an excellent piece.

Poet. I must serve him so too,—tell him of an intent that's coming toward him.

Pain. Good as the best. Promising is the very air o' the time; it opens the eyes of expectation: performance is ever the duller for his act; and, but in the plainer and simpler kind of people, the deed of saying is quite out of use. To promise is most courtly and fashionable: performance is a kind of will or testament which argues a great sickness in his judgment that makes it. [*Timon advances a little.*

the beginning of the act. It is but justice to observe, that the same regulation has already been adopted by Mr. Capell." REED.—"I perceive no difficulty [—Malone seldom does!]. It is easy to suppose that the Poet and Painter, after having been seen at a distance by Apemantus, have wandered about the woods separately in search of Timon's habitation. The Painter might have heard of Timon's having given gold to Alcibiades, &c., before the Poet joined him; for it does not appear that they set out from Athens together; and his intelligence concerning the Thieves and the Steward might have been gained in his rambles: or, having searched for Timon's habitation in vain, they might, after having been descried by Apemantus, have returned again to Athens, and the Painter alone have heard the particulars of Timon's bounty. But Shakespeare was not very attentive to these minute particulars; and if *he* and the *audience* knew of the several persons who had partaken of Timon's wealth, he would not scruple to attribute this knowledge to persons who perhaps had not yet an opportunity of acquiring it. The news of the Steward's having been enriched by Timon, though that event happened only in the end of the preceding scene, has, we here find, reached the Painter; and therefore here undoubtedly the Fifth Act ought to begin, that a proper interval may be supposed to have elapsed between this and the last." MALONE.

Tim. [*aside*] Excellent workman! thou canst not paint a man so bad as is thyself.

Poet. I am thinking what I shall say I have provided for him: it must be a personating of himself; a satire against the softness of prosperity, with a discovery of the infinite flatteries that follow youth and opulency.

Tim. [*aside*] Must thou needs stand for a villain in thine own work? wilt thou whip thine own faults in other men? Do so, I have gold for thee.

Poet. Nay, let's seek him:
Then do we sin against our own estate,
When we may profit meet, and come too late.

Pain. True;
When the day serves, before black-corner'd night,[191]
Find what thou want'st by free and offer'd light.
Come.

Tim. [*aside*] I'll meet you at the turn.—What a god's gold,
That he is worshipp'd in a baser temple
Than where swine feed!
'Tis thou that rigg'st the bark and plough'st the foam;
Settlest admirèd reverence in a slave:
To thee be worship![192] and thy saints for aye
Be crown'd with plagues, that thee alone obey!—
Fit I meet them. [*Comes forward.*

Poet. Hail, worthy Timon!

Pain. Our late noble master!

Tim. Have I once liv'd to see two honest men?

Poet. Sir,
Having often of your open bounty tasted,
Hearing you were retir'd, your friends fall'n off,
Whose thankless natures—O abhorrèd spirits!—

(191) *black-corner'd night,*] Which Steevens explains to mean "night which is as obscure as a *dark corner* [?]," has been amended to "*black*-con'd *night*," "*black*-crown'd *night*," "*black*-cover'd *night*," &c.—Qy. "*black*-curtain'd *night*"?—"This couplet in all the editions is placed to the Painter; but, as it is in rhyme, and a sequel of the sentiment begun by the Poet, I have made no scruple to ascribe it to him." THEOBALD.

(192) *worship!*] The folio has "worshipt."

Not all the whips of heaven are large enough—[193]
What! to you,
Whose star-like nobleness gave life and influence
To their whole being!—I'm rapt, and cannot cover
The monstrous bulk of this ingratitude
With any size of words.

Tim. Let it go naked, men may see't the better:
You that are honest, by being what you are,
Make them best seen and known.

Pain. He and myself
Have travail'd in the great shower of your gifts,
And sweetly felt it.

Tim. Ay, you're honest men.

Pain. We're hither come to offer you our service.

Tim. Most honest men! Why, how shall I requite you?
Can you eat roots, and drink cold water? no.

Both. What we can do, we'll do, to do you service.

Tim. Ye're honest men: ye've heard that I have gold;
I'm sure you have: speak truth; ye're honest men.

Pain. So it is said, my noble lord: but therefore
Came not my friend nor I.

Tim. Good honest men!—Thou draw'st a counterfeit
Best in all Athens: thou'rt, indeed, the best;
Thou counterfeit'st most lively.

Pain. So, so, my lord.

Tim. E'en so, sir, as I say.—And, for thy fiction,
Why, thy verse swells with stuff so fine and smooth,
That thou art even natural in thine art.—
But, for all this, my honest-natur'd friends,
I must needs say you have a little fault:
Marry, 'tis not monstrous in you; neither wish I
You take much pains to mend.

(193) *Whose thankless natures—O abhorrèd spirits!—*
Not all the whips of heaven are large enough—]

i.e. *For* whose thankless natures, &c. Compare *The Tempest*, act i. sc. 2;

"Me, poor man, my library
Was dukedom large enough," &c.

Both. Beseech your honour
To make it known to us.
Tim. You'll take it ill.
Both. Most thankfully, my lord.
Tim. Will you, indeed?
Both. Doubt it not, worthy lord.
Tim. There's ne'er a one of you but trusts a knave,
That mightily deceives you.
Both. Do we, my lord?
Tim. Ay, and you hear him cog, see him dissemble,
Know his gross patchery, love him, feed him,[194]
Keep in your bosom: yet remain assur'd
That he's a made-up villain.
Pain. I know none such, my lord.
Poet. Nor I.
Tim. Look you, I love you well; I'll give you gold,
Rid me these villains from your companies:
Hang them or stab them, drown them in a draught,
Confound them by some course, and come to me,
I'll give you gold enough.
Both. Name them, my lord, let's know them.
Tim. You that way, and you this,—but two in company:[195]
Each man apart, all single and alone,
Yet an arch-villain keeps him company.
[*To the Pain.*] If, where thou art, two villains shall not be,
Come not near him.—[*To the Poet*] If thou wouldst not reside
But where one villain is, then him abandon.—
Hence, pack! there's gold,—you came for gold, ye slaves:

(194) *Know his gross patchery, love him, feed him,*] A slightly-mutilated line; which has been mended in two ways (and not very successfully); Pope reading "—— *love him*, and *feed him;*" and Capell, "—— yet *love him, feed him.*"

(195) *but two in company:*] "There are not two words more frequently mistaken for each other, in the printing of these plays, than *but* and *not*. I have no doubt but that mistake obtains in this passage, and that we should read it thus; '*not* two in company' [Hanmer's emendation]." MASON.—The old reading is explained "Each man, being himself a villain, will *take a villain along with him*, and so each of you will have two in company."

[*To the Pain.*] You have done work for me, there's payment:
hence!—[196]
[*To the Poet*] You are an alchemist, make gold of that:—
Out, rascal dogs!

[*Beats and drives them out, and then retires to his cave.*

Enter FLAVIUS *and two* Senators.

Flav. It is in vain[197] that you would speak with Timon;
For he is set so only to himself,
That nothing but himself, which looks like man,
Is friendly with him.
First Sen. Bring us to his cave:
It is our pact[198] and promise to th' Athenians
To speak with Timon.
Sec. Sen. At all times alike
Men are not still the same: 'twas time and griefs
That fram'd him thus: time, with his fairer hand,
Offering the fortunes of his former days,
The former man may make him. Bring us to him,
And chance[199] it as it may.
Flav. Here is his cave.—
Peace and content be here![200] Lord Timon! Timon!
Look out, and speak to friends: th' Athenians,
By two of their most reverend senate, greet thee:
Speak to them, noble Timon.

TIMON *comes from his cave.*

Tim. Thou sun, that comfort'st, burn!—Speak, and be hang'd:

(196) *You have done work for me, there's payment: hence!—*] The folio has "*You haue worke for me*," &c.—I adopt Malone's correction.
(197) *It is in vain*] So the third folio.—The earlier folios have "*It is vaine.*" (Afterwards, p. 92, the same speaker says to the same persons, "Stay not, all's *in* vain.")
(198) *It is our pact*] The folio has "*It is our* part."—Corrected by Walker (*Crit. Exam.*, &c., vol. ii. p. 276). See note 78 on *The Taming of the Shrew.*
(199) *chance*] So the second folio.—The first folio has "chanc'd."
(200) *Peace and content be here!* &c.] "This speech would be more appropriate to one of the Senators." STAUNTON.

For each true word, a blister! and each false
Be as a cauterizing[201] to the root o' the tongue,
Consuming it with speaking!

First Sen. Worthy Timon,—

Tim. Of none but such as you, and you of Timon.

First Sen. The senators of Athens greet thee, Timon.

Tim. I thank them; and would send them back the plague,
Could I but catch it for them.

First Sen. O, forget
What we are sorry for ourselves in thee.
The senators with one consent of love
Entreat thee back to Athens; who have thought
On special dignities, which vacant lie
For thy best use and wearing.

Sec. Sen. They confess
Toward thee forgetfulness too general-gross:
And now the public body,—which doth seldom[202]
Play the recanter,—feeling in itself
A lack of Timon's aid, hath sense withal
Of its own fail, restraining aid to Timon;[203]

[201] *cauterizing*] The folio has "Cantherizing;" the second folio "Catherizing."—Mr. W. N. Lettsom would read "cauter."

[202] *And now the public body,—which doth seldom*] The reading of the folio is "Which *now the publike Body, which*," &c.; and Malone, the champion of error, after defending it, adds; "Sir Thomas Hanmer and the subsequent editors read here more correctly '*And* now the public body,' &c. [Capell gives '*But* now,' &c.]: but by what oversight could *Which* be printed instead of *And*?"—The first "Which" crept in by mistake, the eye of the scribe or the compositor having glanced to the second one.

[203] *feeling in itself*
A lack of Timon's aid, hath sense withal
Of its own fail, restraining aid to Timon;]

The folio has

"—— *hath* since *withal*
Of it *owne* fall, *restraining*," &c.

Hanmer altered "fall" to "fault:" Capell printed "*fail*,"—which is manifestly the genuine reading: the Senator means to say; "At the same time that they feel a lack of Timon's aid, they feel also how they failed (or, how faulty they were) in withholding their aid from Timon."—The substantive "*fail*" was formerly common: in *The Winter's Tale*, act ii. sc. 3, we have

And send forth us, to make their sorrow'd render,[304]
Together with a recompense more fruitful
Than their offence can weigh down by the dram;
Ay, even such heaps and sums of love and wealth
As shall to thee blot out what wrongs were theirs,
And write in thee the figures of their love,
Ever to read them thine.

Tim. You witch me in it;
Surprise me to the very brink of tears:
Lend me a fool's heart and a woman's eyes,
And I'll beweep these comforts, worthy senators.

First Sen. Therefore, so please thee to return with us,
And of our Athens—thine and ours—to take
The captainship, thou shalt be met with thanks,
Allow'd with absolute power, and thy good name
Live with authority:—so soon we shall drive back
Of Alcibiades th' approaches wild;
Who, like a boar too savage, doth root up
His country's peace.

Sec. Sen. And shakes his threatening sword
Against the walls of Athens.

First Sen. Therefore, Timon,—

Tim. Well, sir, I will; therefore, I will, sir; thus:—
If Alcibiades kill my countrymen,
Let Alcibiades know this of Timon,
That Timon cares not. But if he sack fair Athens,

> "Mark, and perform it,—seest thou? for the *fail*
> Of any point in't," &c.

and in *Cymbeline*, act iii. sc. 4, "From thy great *fail*." (Johnson explains "*hath sense of its own* fall" to mean "The Athenians *had sense*, that is, felt the danger *of their own fall* by the arms of Alcibiades:" but *that* is sufficiently implied in the preceding declaration, "feeling a lack of Timon's aid;" and besides it has no fitness when taken in connection with what immediately follows, "restraining aid to Timon."—Malone "once suspected that our author wrote 'fail':" he, however, eventually persuaded himself that the old reading was fully supported by the occurrence of the word "fall" in two subsequent passages of the play.)

(304) *sorrow'd render,*] "'*Render*' is *confession* [account]. So in *Cymbeline*, act iv. sc. 4;

> 'may drive us to a *render*
> Where we have liv'd.'

The modern editors read '*tender.*'" STEEVENS.

And take our goodly agèd men by the beards,
Giving our holy virgins to the stain
Of contumelious, beastly, mad-brain'd war,
Then let him know,—and tell him Timon speaks it,
In pity of our agèd and our youth,
I cannot choose but tell him that I care not,
And let him take't at worst; for their knives care not,
While you have throats to answer: for myself,
There's not a whittle in th' unruly camp
But I do prize it at my love, before
The reverend'st throat in Athens. So I leave you
To the protection of the prosperous gods,
As thieves to keepers.

Flav. Stay not, all's in vain.

Tim. Why, I was writing of my epitaph;
It will be seen to-morrow: my long sickness
Of health and living now begins to mend,
And nothing brings me all things. Go, live still;
Be Alcibiades your plague, you his,
And last so long enough!

First Sen. We speak in vain.

Tim. But yet I love my country; and am not
One that rejoices in the common wreck,
As common bruit doth put it.

First Sen. That's well spoke.

Tim. Commend me to my loving countrymen,—

First Sen. These words become your lips as they pass thorough them.

Sec. Sen. And enter in our ears like great triúmphers
In their applauding gates.

Tim. Commend me to them;
And tell them that, to ease them of their griefs,
Their fears of hostile strokes, their achès, losses,
Their pangs of love, with other incident throes
That nature's fragile vessel doth sustain
In life's uncertain voyage, I will [205]

([205]) *I will*] "Possibly Shakespeare wrote '*say*, I will.'" Walker's *Crit. Exam.*, &c., vol. iii. p. 241.

Some kindness do them,—I'll teach them to prevent
Wild Alcibiades' wrath.

First Sen. I like this well: he will return again.

Tim. I have a tree, which grows here in my close,
That mine own use invites me to cut down,
And shortly must I fell it: tell my friends,
Tell Athens, in the sequence of degree,
From high to low throughout, that whoso please
To stop affliction, let him take his haste,[206]
Come hither, ere my tree hath felt the axe,
And hang himself:—I pray you, do my greeting.

Flav. Trouble him no further; thus you still shall find him.

Tim. Come not to me again: but say to Athens,
Timon hath made his everlasting mansion
Upon the beachèd verge of the salt flood;
Who once a day[207] with his embossèd froth

[206] *take his haste,*] Altered by Mr. Collier's Ms. Corrector to "*take his halter.*"—The original lection is supported by the following passages (the first two of which I cited in the *Add. and Corr.* to my former edition, and the third in my *Strictures on Mr. Collier's ed. of Shakespeare*, 1858);

"If on my credit you dare build so far
To *make your speed* to Dover," &c.
King Lear, act iii. sc. 1.

"and, with all *his hast*,
Informd Ægisthus."
Chapman's *Homer's Odysses*, B. iv. p. 61, ed. fol.

"Rise ye up, *take your journey*, and pass over the river Arnon," &c. *Deuteronomy*, chap. ii. 24:

and it derives still further support from the following lines (adduced here by Mr. Grant White);

"With this field-dew consecrate,
Every fairy *take his gait.*"
Midsummer-Night's Dream, act v. last scene.—

I would observe, too, that the expression "take HIS *halter*," almost implies that every man in Athens ("from high to low throughout") was provided with a halter for his own especial use in case of need.

[207] *Who once a day*, &c.] Altered in the second folio to "Which *once a day*," &c.—Malone printed "Whom *once a day*," &c., referring "Whom" to Timon.—But there can be no doubt that here "*Who*" = *whom*, i.e. *which*, is the relative to "everlasting mansion." (As to the use of "*Who*," compare;

The turbulent surge shall cover: thither come,
And let my grave-stone be your oracle.—
Lips, let sour[308] words go by, and language end:
What is amiss, plague and infection mend!
Graves only be men's works, and death their gain!
Sun, hide thy beams! Timon hath done his reign.
[*Retires to his cave.*

First Sen. His discontents are unremovably
Coupled to nature.

Sec. Sen. Our hope in him is dead: let us return,
And strain what other means is left unto us
In our dear peril.

First Sen. It requires swift foot. [*Exeunt.*

"a brave vessel,
Who had, no doubt, some noble creatures in her," &c.
The Tempest, vol. i. p. 198.

"the elements,
Of *whom* your swords are temper'd," &c.
Id. vol. i. p. 249.

"a peascod . . . . from *whom* I took two cods," &c.
As you like it, vol. iii. p. 32.

"That eyes . . . . . .
Who shut their coward gates on atomies," &c.
Id. vol. iii. p. 62.

"Nothing so certain as your anchors; *who*," &c.
The Winter's Tale, vol. iii. p. 481.

"Till he behold them formèd in th' applause
Where they're extended; *who*, like an arch, reverberates," &c.
Troïlus and Cressida, vol. vi. p. 69.

"Fame, at the which he aims,—
In *whom* already he's well grac'd," &c.
Coriolanus, vol. vi. p. 143.

"my arm'd knees,
Who bow'd but in my stirrup," &c.
Id. vol. vi. p. 211.

"Therefore I tell my sorrows to the stones;
Who, though they cannot," &c.
Titus Andronicus, vol. vi. p. 314.)

(308) *sour*] "Papæ! '*your*.'" Walker's *Crit. Exam.*, &c., vol. iii. p. 241.

SCENE II. *Before the walls of Athens.*

Enter two Senators *and a* Messenger.

First Sen. Thou'st painfully discover'd: are his files
As full as thy report?
Mess. I've spoke the least:
Besides, his expedition promises
Present approach.
Sec. Sen. We stand much hazard, if they bring not Timon.
Mess. I met a courier, one mine ancient friend;
Whom, though in general part we were oppos'd,
Yet our old love had a particular force,
And made us speak like friends:[200]—this man was riding
From Alcibiades to Timon's cave,
With letters of entreaty, which imported
His fellowship i' the cause against your city,
In part for his sake mov'd.
First Sen. Here come our brothers.

Enter Senators *from* TIMON.

Third Sen. No talk of Timon, nothing of him expect.—
The enemies' drum is heard, and fearful scouring
Doth choke the air with dust: in, and prepare:
Ours is the fall, I fear; our foes the snare. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE III. *The woods.* TIMON'S *cave, and a rude tomb seen.*

Enter a Soldier, *seeking* TIMON.

Sold. By all description this should be the place.
Who's here? speak, ho!—No answer?—What is this?

(200) *Whom, though in general part we were oppos'd,*
Yet our old love had a particular force,
And made us speak like friends:]

This irregular construction—or rather, no construction—"*Whom,*" is defended by Malone.—Hanmer printed "And, *though in general part,*" &c.; and Mr. Singer would read "When, *though* on several *part,*" &c.—In the second line the folio has "*Yet our old loue* made *a particular force;*" the transcriber or printer having caught "made" from the next line: Hanmer substituted "had."

Timon is dead, who hath outstretch'd his span:
Some beast rear'd this; here does not live a man.(210)
Dead; sure, and this his grave.—
What's on this tomb I cannot read; the character

(210) Sold. *By all description* . .
. . . . . .
. . . . . .
Some beast rear'd this; here does not live a man, &c.]

So the passage was corrected by Theobald at Warburton's suggestion (and Mr. Collier's Ms. Corrector also gives "*rear'd*").—The folio has "*Some Beast* reade *this;* There *do's not liue a Man.*"

In Mr. Staunton's edition this speech and the annotation on it stand as follows;

"'SOLD. By all description this should be the place.
Who's here? speak, ho!—No answer? What is this?
[*Reads*] TIMON IS DEAD!—*who*[a] *hath outstretch'd his span,—*
Some beast—read this; there does not live a man.[b]
Dead, sure, and this his grave: what's on this tomb
I cannot read; the character I'll take with wax;
Our captain hath in every figure skill,'[c] &c.

[a] *Who hath,* &c.] That is, *whoever* hath, &c.

[b] TIMON IS DEAD!—*who hath outstretch'd his span,—*
Some beast—read this; there does not live a man.]

Of the many erroneous interpretations of Shakespeare's text for which his commentators are responsible, none perhaps is so remarkable, and, at the same time, so supremely ridiculous, as that into which they have lapsed with regard to the above passage. Not perceiving—what it seems scarcely possible from the lines themselves and their context to miss—that this couplet is an inscription by Timon to indicate his death and point to the epitaph on his tomb, they have invariably printed it as a portion of the soldier's speech, and thus represented him as misanthropical as the hero of the piece! Nor was this absurdity sufficient: as, says Warburton, 'The soldier had yet only seen the rude pile of earth heaped up for Timon's grave, and not the *inscription* upon it,' we should read

'Some beast *rear'd* this;'

and he prints it accordingly. And because 'our poet certainly would not make the soldier call on a beast to read the inscription *before* he had informed the audience that he could not read it himself; which he does *afterwards,*' Malone adopts Warburton's reading, and every editor since follows his judicious example! What is still more amusing, too, Mr. Collier, who has claimed for his mysterious annotator three-fourths of the most acute of modern emendations, assigns this precious 'restoration' to him also! We are curious to know whether he derived it from some manuscript copy of the play, or merely from the traditions of the stage.

[c] *Our captain hath in every figure skill,*] We are obviously to under-

I'll take with wax:
Our captain hath in every figure skill,
An ag'd interpreter, though young in days:
Before proud Athens he's set down by this,
Whose fall the mark of his ambition is. [*Exit.*

stand that the insculpture on the tomb, unlike the inscription which he has just read, is in a language the soldier was unacquainted with."

1. I certainly have no pleasure in maintaining an opinion directly opposed to that of Mr. Staunton: but I differ from him *toto cælo* in the peculiar view he takes of the present passage. I believe that the two lines,—which the folio gives *pointed exactly thus, and printed* (with the exception of the name) *in Roman, not in italic type*,—

> "*Tymon* is dead, who hath out-stretcht his span,
> Some Beast reade this; There do's not liue a Man,"—

are a portion of the Soldier's speech, not an inscription; and, moreover, that Warburton and the Ms. Corrector were quite right in substituting "*rear'd*" for "reade" (a misprint which might have been occasioned by the scribe's or the compositor's eye resting on the word "read" just below, in the next line but one).

2. As here the Soldier says to himself,

> "*Timon is dead*, who hath outstretch'd his span,"

so in the next scene, when he delivers to Alcibiades the impression of the epitaph taken in wax, he says,

> "My noble general, *Timon is dead.*"

3. Besides this *couplet* (and its quaintness might lead us to suppose that Shakespeare adopted it, as he appears to have done other passages of the play, from some older drama on the story of Timon), we have a second *couplet* at the close of the present speech, short as it is.

4. I interpret the words of the Soldier thus; "By all description this should be the place *where I am directed to find Timon*.—Who's here? speak, ho!—No answer?—What is this? *a sepulchral mound of earth! Then* Timon is dead, who has outstretched his span: *and it would almost seem that* some beast reared this *mound, for* here does not live a man *to have done so. Yes, he is* dead, sure, and this his grave," &c.

5. The lines which Shakespeare makes Alcibiades read in the concluding speech of the play, "*Here lies a wretched corse*," &c., *are found, with the difference of a single word* ("wretches" *instead of* "caitiffs"), in *The Life of Antony* apud North's Plutarch; but neither in that Life, nor in the novel on the subject of Timon in Painter's *Palace of Pleasure*, —with which also Shakespeare was doubtless acquainted,—is there the remotest hint of "an inscription by Timon to indicate his death and point to the epitaph on his tomb."

6. I think it quite plain that the insculpture on Timon's tomb is in the common language of the country, and that it is unintelligible to the Soldier only because he cannot read any sort of writing (in the next scene he confesses his "poor ignorance"). Why should Timon engrave his epitaph in characters which were to be deciphered by the learned alone?

SCENE IV. *Before the walls of Athens.*

Trumpets sound. Enter ALCIBIADES *and* Forces.

Alcib. Sound to this coward and lascivious town
Our terrible approach. [*A parley sounded.*

Enter Senators *on the walls.*

Till now you have gone on, and fill'd the time
With all licentious measure, making your wills
The scope of justice; till now, myself, and such
As slept within the shadow of your power,
Have wander'd with our travers'd arms, and breath'd
Our sufferance vainly: now the time is flush,
When crouching marrow, in the bearer strong,(211)
Cries, of itself, "No more:" now breathless wrong
Shall sit and pant in your great chairs of ease;
And pursy insolence shall break his wind
With fear and horrid flight.

First Sen. Noble and young,
When thy first griefs were but a mere conceit,
Ere thou hadst power, or we had cause of fear,
We sent to thee; to give thy rages balm,
To wipe out our ingratitudes with loves
Above their quantity.(212)

Sec. Sen. So did we woo
Transformèd Timon to our city's love
By humble message and by promis'd means:(213)

(211) *strong,*] Walker proposes "stung" (*Crit. Exam.*, &c., vol. ii. p. 167).

(212) *To wipe out our ingratitudes with loves*
Above their quantity.]

The folio has "Ingratitude."—"Read [with Capell] '*ingratitudes;*' for it is to this that '*their*' refers, not to '*rages.*'" Walker's *Crit. Exam.*, &c., vol. i. p. 262. (Warburton referred "*their*" to "*rages;*" Malone, most absurdly, to "*griefs.*")—In *Troilus and Cressida*, vol. vi. p. 70, we have the plural "*ingratitudes.*"

(213) *means:*] Altered by Theobald to "'menda."

We were not all unkind, nor all deserve
The common stroke of war.
First Sen. These walls of ours
Were not erected by their hands from whom
You have receiv'd your griefs ;[214] nor are they such
That these great towers, trophies, and schools should fall
For private faults in them.
Sec. Sen. Nor are they living
Who were the motives that you first went out;
Shame, that they wanted cunning, in excess,
Hath broke their hearts. March, noble lord,
Into our city with thy banners spread:
By decimation, and a tithèd death,—
If thy revenges hunger for that food,
Which nature loathes,—take thou the destin'd tenth;
And by the hazard of the spotted die
Let die the spotted.
First Sen. All have not offended;
For those that were, it is not square to take
On those that are revenges:[215] crimes, like lands,
Are not inherited. Then, dear countryman,
Bring in thy ranks, but leave without thy rage:
Spare thy Athenian cradle, and those kin
Which, in the bluster of thy wrath, must fall
With those that have offended: like a shepherd,
Approach the fold, and cull th' infected forth,
But kill not all together.
Sec. Sen. What thou wilt,
Thou rather shalt enforce it with thy smile
Than hew to't with thy sword.
First Sen. Set but thy foot
Against our rampir'd gates, and they shall ope;
So thou wilt send thy gentle heart before,

(214) *griefs :*] "The old copy has '*grief ;*' but, as the Senator in his preceding speech uses the plural, '*grief*' was probably here an error of the press [or of the transcriber]. The correction was made by Mr. Theobald." MALONE.

(215) *revenges :*] "Old copy '*revenge.*' Corrected by Mr. Steevens. See the preceding speech." MALONE.

To say thou'lt enter friendly.

Sec. Sen. Throw thy glove,
Or any token of thine honour else,
That thou wilt use the wars as thy redress,
And not as our confusion, all thy powers
Shall make their harbour in our town, till we
Have seal'd thy full desire.

Alcib. Then there's my glove;
Descend,[216] and open your unchargèd ports:
Those enemies of Timon's, and mine own,
Whom you yourselves shall set out for reproof,
Fall, and no more: and—to atone your fears
With my more noble meaning—not a man
Shall pass his quarter, or offend the stream
Of regular justice in your city's bounds,
But shall be render'd to your public laws[217]
At heaviest answer.

Senators. 'Tis most nobly spoken.

Alcib. Descend, and keep your words.

[*The Senators descend, and open the gates.*

Enter a Soldier.

Sold. My noble general, Timon is dead;
Entomb'd upon the very hem o' the sea;
And on his grave-stone this insculpture, which
With wax I brought away, whose soft impression
Interprets for my poor ignorance.[218]

[216] *Descend,*] So the second folio.—The first folio has "Defend."

[217] *render'd to your public laws*] The folio has "remedied *to your*," &c.; which the editor of the second folio altered to "remedied by *your*," &c.—Mason saw (what the earlier critics ought to have seen) that here "remedied" was an error for "*render'd*."

[218] *Interprets for my poor ignorance.*] Pope printed "Interpreteth *for*," &c.—Malone declares that here "*poor*" is a dissyllable.—"Possibly '—— *poorer* ignorance;' though this seems most improbable." Walker's *Crit. Exam.*, &c., vol. ii. p. 54; where Walker's editor observes in a note; "But compare Massinger, *Unnatural Combat*, iv. 1, Gifford, vol. i. p. 192;

'Or twine mine arms about her softer neck,'

and Gifford's note."

Alcib. [*reads*] "Here lies a wretched corse,* of wretched soul bereft:
Seek not my name: a plague consume you wicked caitiffs left!
Here lie I, Timon; who, alive, all living men did hate:
Pass by, and curse thy fill; but pass, and stay not here thy gait."
These well express in thee thy latter spirits:
Though thou abhorr'dst in us our human griefs,
Scorn'dst our brains' flow,(219) and those our droplets which
From niggard nature fall, yet rich conceit
Taught thee to make vast Neptune weep for aye
On thy low grave, on faults forgiven. Dead(220)

* "*Here lies a wretched corse,*" &c.] This epitaph consists of two distinct epitaphs, which Shakespeare found in North's *Plutarch*: "Nowe it chaunced so, that the sea getting in, it compassed his tombe rounde about, that no man coulde come to it: and vpon the same was wrytten this epitaphe;

Heere lyes a wretched corse, of wretched soule bereft.
Seeke not my name: a plague consume you wicked wretches left!

It is reported that Timon him selfe, when he liued, made this epitaphe; for that which is commonly rehearsed was not his, but made by the poet Callimachus;

Heere lye I, Timon, who aliue all liuing men did hate.
Passe by, and curse thy fill; but passe, and stay not here thy gate."
Life of Antonius, p. 1003, ed. 1579.

(219) *our brains' flow,*] Here, says Walker (*Crit. Exam.*, &c., vol. ii. p. 102), "'*brain*' for '*brains*' would be modern, not Elizabethan, English."

(220) *On thy low grave, on faults forgiven. Dead*, &c.] "I suspect that we ought to read '[On thy low grave.] *One fault's* forgiven.—Dead,' &c. One fault (viz. the ingratitude of the Athenians to Timon) is forgiven, *i.e.* exempted from punishment by the death of the injured person." TYRWHITT.—"Tyrwhitt's emendation is unquestionably right. No satisfactory explanation can be given of the words '*on faults forgiven.*' *On* for *one* is frequent in the folio. . . . In the present instance the '*On*' at the beginning of the line may have facilitated the error. Timon's injuries had been one of the two impelling motives of Alcibiades's attack on Athens, v. 2;

'this man was riding
From Alcibiades to Timon's cave,
With letters of entreaty, which imported
His fellowship i' the cause against your city,
In part for his sake mov'd.'

And again, a little previous to the passage before us;

'Those enemies of Timon's, and mine own,
Whom you yourselves shall set out for reproof,
Fall, and no more.'

Hence it was natural and necessary that, on receiving the news of

Is noble Timon: of whose memory
Hereafter more.—Bring me into your city,
And I will use[221] the olive with my sword:
Make war breed peace; make peace stint war; make each
Prescribe to other, as each other's leech.—
Let our drums strike. [*Exeunt.*

Timon's death, he should make some such observation as the present. It may be added, that, many of the offenders being already removed by death,

('nor are they living
Who were the motives that you first went out,')

Timon's death still further diminishes the number of victims required, and brings the catastrophe still nearer to that repose—a 'glooming' one in this case, it is true, for none other was possible—with which Shakespeare always concludes his dramas. The rhythm, too, is improved by the change." Walker's *Crit. Exam.*, &c., vol. iii. p. 241.

([221]) *use*] "We should, I think, read '*twine*.'" Walker's *Crit. Exam.*, &c., vol. iii. p. 243.

JULIUS CÆSAR.

JULIUS CÆSAR.

FIRST printed in the folio of 1623.—Mr. Collier (*Introd. to Julius Cæsar*) has gone far to prove that this play was acted before 1603. In that year Drayton published his *Barons' Wars*,—a complete *rifacimento* of his *Mortimeriados*, 1596,—and in Book iii. of the recast poem is the following stanza;

> "Such one he was, of him we boldly say,
> In whose rich soul all sovereign powers did suit,
> In whom in peace *the elements all lay*
> *So mix'd*, as none could sovereignty impute;
> As all did govern, yet all did obey:
> His lively temper was so absolute
> That't seem'd, when heaven his model first began,
> In him it show'd *perfection in a man.*"

Now the above lines bear such a resemblance to a passage in *Julius Cæsar*, act v. sc. 5,—

> "His life was gentle; and *the elements*
> *So mix'd in him*, that *Nature* might stand up
> And say to all the world, '*This was a man!*'"—

that one of the two poets must have borrowed from the other; and few will dissent from Mr. Collier's opinion that the borrower was Drayton, who had become acquainted with Shakespeare's play either by having heard it at the theatre, or by having read it in manuscript: this is rendered the more likely, as Mr. Collier observes, by "the fact, that in the subsequent impressions of 'The Barons' Wars,' in 1605, 1607, 1608, 1610, and 1613, the stanza remained precisely as in the edition of 1603; but in 1619, after Shakespeare's death and before 'Julius Cæsar' was printed, Drayton made even a nearer approach to the words of his original, thus;

> 'He was a man, then boldly dare to say,
> In whose rich soul the virtues well did suit;
> In whom *so mix'd the elements did lay*,
> That none to one could sovereignty impute;
> As all did govern, so did all obey:
> He of a temper was so absolute,
> As that it seem'd, when *Nature* him began,
> She meant to show *all that might be in man.*'"—

It appears from Henslowe's *Diary* (p. 221, ed. Shakespeare Soc.), that in May 1602 (at which time perhaps Shakespeare had produced his tragedy), "Antoney Monday and Mihell Drayton, Webester, Mydelton and the Rest" were employed on a piece called *Cæsar's Fall*. As to Lord Stirling's *Julius Cæsar*, which was first printed in 1604, Mr. Collier (*ubi supra*) remarks;

"the resemblances [between it and our author's *Julius Cæsar*] are by no means numerous or obvious, and probably not more than may be accounted for by the fact that two writers were treating the same subject."—Throughout this play Shakespeare is mainly indebted to North's *Plutarch* (translated from the French of Amiot): but it is not improbable that there was a much earlier English drama about Julius Cæsar, from which he may have derived something.

1865. According to Mr. Halliwell (*Introd. to Julius Cæsar*), this play was written by Shakespeare "in or before the year 1601, as appears from the following lines in Weever's *Mirror of Martyrs*, printed in that year,—lines which unquestionably are to be traced to a recollection of Shakespeare's drama, not to that of the history as given by Plutarch;

> 'The many-headed multitude were drawne
> By Brutus' speech, that Cæsar was ambitious;
> When eloquent Mark Antonie had showne
> His vertues, who but Brutus then was vicious?'"

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

JULIUS CÆSAR.
OCTAVIUS CÆSAR,
MARCUS ANTONIUS, } triumvirs after the death of Julius Cæsar.
M. ÆMILIUS LEPIDUS,
CICERO,
PUBLIUS, } senators.
POPILIUS LENA,
MARCUS BRUTUS,
CASSIUS,
CASCA,
TREBONIUS,
LIGARIUS,
DECIUS BRUTUS,
METELLUS CIMBER,
CINNA, } conspirators against Julius Cæsar.
FLAVIUS and MARULLUS, tribunes.
ARTEMIDORUS, a sophist of Cnidos.
A Soothsayer.
CINNA, a poet.
Another Poet.
LUCILIUS,
TITINIUS,
MESSALA,
Young CATO,
VOLUMNIUS, } friends to Brutus and Cassius.
VARRO,
CLITUS,
CLAUDIUS,
STRATO,
LUCIUS,
DARDANIUS, } servants to Brutus.
PINDARUS, servant to Cassius.

CALPHURNIA, wife of Cæsar.
PORTIA, wife to Brutus.

Senators, Citizens, Guards, Attendants, &c.

SCENE—*During a great part of the play at Rome; afterwards near Sardis, and near Philippi.*

JULIUS CÆSAR.

ACT I.

SCENE I. *Rome. A street.*

Enter FLAVIUS, MARULLUS,[1] *and a rabble of* Citizens.

Flav. Hence! home, you idle creatures, get you home:
Is this a holiday? what! know you not,
Being mechanical, you ought not walk
Upon a labouring day without the sign
Of your profession?—Speak, what trade art thou?

First Cit. Why, sir, a carpenter.

Mar. Where is thy leather apron and thy rule?
What dost thou with thy best apparel on?—
You, sir, what trade are you?

Sec. Cit. Truly, sir, in respect of a fine workman, I am but, as you would say, a cobbler.

Mar. But what trade art thou? answer me directly.

Sec. Cit. A trade, sir, that I hope I may use with a safe conscience; which is, indeed, sir, a mender of bad soles.

Mar. What trade, thou knave? thou naughty knave, what trade?[2]

Sec. Cit. Nay, I beseech you, sir, be not out with me: yet, if you be out, sir, I can mend you.

Mar. What meanest thou by that? mend me, thou saucy fellow!

(1) MARULLUS,] In the folio he is called "Murellus" throughout the play; except in one instance, where it has "Murrellus."

(2) *What trade, thou knave? thou naughty knave, what trade?*] This is given in the folio to "Fla.:" but the next speech of Marullus ("mend ME, thou saucy fellow!") distinctly proves that *he* is the speaker here.

Sec. Cit. Why, sir, cobble you.

Flav. Thou art a cobbler, art thou?

Sec. Cit. Truly, sir, all that I live by is with the awl: I meddle with[3] no tradesman's matters, nor women's matters, but with awl. I am, indeed, sir, a surgeon to old shoes; when they are in great danger, I re-cover them. As proper men as ever trod upon neats-leather have gone upon my handiwork.

Flav. But wherefore art not in thy shop to-day?
Why dost thou lead these men about the streets?

Sec. Cit. Truly, sir, to wear out their shoes, to get myself into more work. But, indeed, sir, we make holiday, to see Cæsar, and to rejoice in his triumph.

Mar. Wherefore rejoice? What conquest brings he home?
What tributaries follow him to Rome,
To grace in captive bonds his chariot-wheels?
You blocks, you stones, you worse than senseless things!
O you hard hearts, you cruel men of Rome,
Knew you not Pompey? Many a time and oft
Have you climb'd up to walls and battlements,
To towers and windows, yea, to chimney-tops,
Your infants in your arms, and there have sat
The live-long day, with patient expectation,
To see great Pompey pass the streets of Rome:
And when you saw his chariot but appear,
Have you not made an universal shout,
That Tiber trembled underneath her banks,
To hear the replication of your sounds
Made in her concave shores?
And do you now put on your best attire?
And do you now cull out a holiday?
And do you now strew flowers in his way
That comes in triumph over Pompey's blood?
Be gone!
Run to your houses, fall upon your knees,

(3) *I meddle with*, &c.] "This should be, 'I meddle with no *trade*,—man's matters, nor woman's matters, but with *awl*.'" FARMER.—"Surely this is at least a step to the right reading." Walker's *Crit. Exam.*, &c., vol. iii. p. 244.

Pray to the gods to intermit the plague
That needs must light on this ingratitude.

Flav. Go, go, good countrymen, and, for this fault,
Assemble all the poor men of your sort;
Draw them to Tiber banks, and weep your tears
Into the channel, till the lowest stream
Do kiss the most exalted shores of all. [*Exeunt Citizens.*
See, whêr their basest metal be not mov'd!
They vanish tongue-tied in their guiltiness.
Go you down that way towards the Capitol;
This way will I: disrobe the images,
If you do find them deck'd with ceremonies.

Mar. May we do so?
You know it is the feast of Lupercal.

Flav. It is no matter; let no images
Be hung with Cæsar's trophies. I'll about,
And drive away the vulgar from the streets:
So do you too, where you perceive them thick.
These growing feathers pluck'd from Cæsar's wing
Will make him fly an ordinary pitch;
Who else would soar above the view of men,
And keep us all in servile fearfulness. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II. *The same. A public place.*

Enter, in procession, with music, CÆSAR; ANTONY, *for the course;* CALPHURNIA,[4] PORTIA, DECIUS,[5] CICERO, BRUTUS, CASSIUS, *and* CASCA; *a great crowd following, among them a* Soothsayer.

Cæs. Calphurnia,—
Casca. Peace, ho! Cæsar speaks. [*Music ceases.*

(4) CALPHURNIA,] "Such is the name she bears in North's 'Plutarch,' 1579, p. 769, both in the body of the book and in the margin. [So too in ed. 1612, p. 718, now before me.] We only mention it because Mr. Craik, in his 'English of Shakespeare,' p. 60 [p. 56, sec. ed.], by mistake says the reverse [and so says Mr. Grant White], and objects that Shakespeare ought to have called her *Calpurnia*. See Plutarch's 'Life of Antonius.'" COLLIER.

(5) DECIUS,] "The name of the person called *Decius* Brutus through-

Cæs. Calphurnia,—

Cal. Here, my lord.

Cæs. Stand you directly in Antonius'[6] way,
When he doth run his course.—Antonius,—

Ant. Cæsar, my lord?

Cæs. Forget not, in your speed, Antonius,
To touch Calphurnia; for our elders say,
The barren, touchèd in this holy chase,
Shake off their sterile curse.

Ant. I shall remember:
When Cæsar says "Do this," it is perform'd.

Cæs. Set on; and leave no ceremony out. [*Music.*

Sooth. Cæsar!

Cæs. Ha! who calls?

Casca. Bid every noise be still:—peace yet again!
[*Music ceases.*

Cæs. Who is it in the press that calls on me?
I hear a tongue, shriller than all the music,
Cry "Cæsar." Speak; Cæsar is turn'd to hear.

Sooth. Beware the ides of March.

Cæs. What man is that?

Bru. A soothsayer bids you beware the ides of March.

Cæs. Set him before me; let me see his face.

Cass. Fellow, come from the throng; look upon Cæsar.

Cæs. What say'st thou to me now? speak once again.

Sooth. Beware the ides of March.

Cæs. He is a dreamer; let us leave him:—pass.
[*Sennet. Exeunt all except Brutus and Cassius.*

Cass. Will you go see the order of the course?

Bru. Not I.

Cass. I pray you, do.

out the play was *Decimus* Brutus. *Decius* is not, like *Decimus*, a prænomen, but a gentilitial name. The error, however, is as old as the edition of Plutarch's Greek text produced by Henry Stephens in 1572; and it occurs likewise in the accompanying Latin translation, and both in Amyot's and Dacier's French, as well as in North's English," &c. Craik's *English of Shakespeare*, &c., p. 57, sec. ed.

(6) *Antonius'*] "The old copy generally reads—*Antonio, Octavio, Flavio* [and *Claudio*]. The players were more accustomed to Italian than Roman terminations," &c. STEEVENS.

Bru. I am not gamesome: I do lack some part
Of that quick spirit that is in Antony.
Let me not hinder, Cassius, your desires;
I'll leave you.

Cass. Brutus, I do observe you now of late:
I have not from your eyes that gentleness
And show of love as I was wont to have:
You bear too stubborn and too strange a hand
Over your friend that loves you.

Bru. Cassius,
Be not deceiv'd: if I have veil'd my look,
I turn the trouble of my countenance
Merely upon myself. Vexèd I am,
Of late, with passions of some difference,
Conceptions only proper to myself,
Which give some soil, perhaps, to my behaviours;[7]
But let not therefore my good friends be griev'd,—
Among which number, Cassius, be you one,—
Nor construe any further my neglect,
Than that poor Brutus, with himself at war,
Forgets the shows of love to other men.

Cass. Then, Brutus, I have much mistook your passion;
By means whereof this breast of mine hath buried
Thoughts of great value, worthy cogitations.
Tell me, good Brutus, can you see your face?

Bru. No, Cassius; for the eye sees not itself
But by reflection from some other thing.[8]

Cass. 'Tis just:
And it is very much lamented, Brutus,
That you have no such mirror[9] as will turn
Your hidden worthiness into your eye,
That you might see your shadow. I have heard,

(7) *behaviours;*] See note 42 on *All's well that ends well.*

(8) *But by reflection from some other thing.*] The folio has "—— by *some other* things."—The first of these corrections was made by Pope, the second by Walker, *Crit. Exam.*, &c., vol. i. p. 244.—(Here the "by" was evidently repeated by mistake, and *s* added to "*thing*" by a very frequent error of the folio.)

(9) *mirror*] The folio has "Mirrors" (another instance of *s* wrongly added to a word).—Corrected by Walker, *Crit. Exam.*, &c., vol. i. p. 244.

Where many of the best respect in Rome,—
Except immortal Cæsar,—speaking of Brutus,
And groaning underneath this age's yoke,
Have wish'd that noble Brutus had his eyes.

Bru. Into what dangers would you lead me, Cassius,
That you would have me seek into myself
For that which is not in me?

Cass. Therefore, good Brutus, be prepar'd to hear:
And, since you know you cannot see yourself
So well as by reflection, I, your glass,
Will modestly discover to yourself
That of yourself which you yet know not of.
And be not jealous on me, gentle Brutus:
Were I a common laugher,[10] or did use
To stale with ordinary oaths my love
To every new protester; if you know
That I do fawn on men, and hug them hard,
And after scandal them; or if you know
That I profess myself in banqueting
To all the rout, then hold me dangerous.

[*Flourish and shout.*

Bru. What means this shouting? I do fear, the people
Choose Cæsar for their king.

Cass. Ay, do you fear it?
Then must I think you would not have it so.

Bru. I would not, Cassius; yet I love him well.—
But wherefore do you hold me here so long?
What is it that you would impart to me?
If it be aught toward the general good,
Set honour in one eye, and death i' th' other,
And I will look on both indifferently;
For, let the gods so speed me as I love
The name of honour more than I fear death.

Cass. I know that virtue to be in you, Brutus,
As well as I do know your outward favour.
Well, honour is the subject of my story.—
I cannot tell what you and other men

(10) *laugher,*] The folio has "Laughter."

Think of this life; but, for my single self,
I had as lief not be as live to be
In awe of such a thing as I myself.
I was born free as Cæsar; so were you:
We both have fed as well; and we can both
Endure the winter's cold as well as he:
For once, upon a raw and gusty day,
The troubled Tiber chafing with her shores,
Cæsar said to me, "Dar'st thou, Cassius, now
Leap in with me into this angry flood,
And swim to yonder point?" Upon the word,
Accoutred as I was, I plungèd in,
And bade him follow: so, indeed, he did.
The torrent roar'd; and we did buffet it
With lusty sinews, throwing it aside
And stemming it with hearts of controversy:
But ere we could arrive the point propos'd,
Cæsar cried, "Help me, Cassius, or I sink!"
I, as Æneas, our great ancestor,
Did from the flames of Troy upon his shoulder
The old Anchises bear, so from the waves of Tiber
Did I the tirèd Cæsar: and this man
Is now become a god; and Cassius is
A wretched creature, and must bend his body,
If Cæsar carelessly but nod on him.
He had a fever when he was in Spain,
And, when the fit was on him, I did mark
How he did shake: 'tis true, this god did shake:
His coward lips did from their colour fly;
And that same eye, whose bend doth awe the world,
Did lose his lustre: I did hear him groan:
Ay, and that tongue of his, that bade the Romans
Mark him, and write his speeches in their books,
Alas, it cried, "Give me some drink, Titinius,"
As a sick girl. Ye gods, it doth amaze me,
A man of such a feeble temper should
So get the start of the majestic world,
And bear the palm alone. [*Flourish and shout.*

Bru. Another general shout!

I do believe that these applauses are
For some new honours that are heap'd on Cæsar.
Cass. Why, man, he doth bestride the narrow world
Like a Colossus; and we petty men
Walk under his huge legs, and peep about
To find ourselves dishonourable graves.
Men at some time are masters of their fates:
The fault, dear Brutus, is not in our stars,
But in ourselves, that we are underlings.
Brutus, and Cæsar: what should be in that Cæsar?
Why should that name be sounded more than yours?
Write them together, yours is as fair a name;[11]
Sound them, it doth become the mouth as well;
Weigh them, it is as heavy; conjure with 'em,
Brutus will start a spirit as soon as Cæsar.
Now, in the names of all the gods at once,
Upon what meat doth this our Cæsar feed,
That he is grown so great? Age, thou art sham'd!
Rome, thou hast lost the breed of noble bloods!
When went there by an age, since the great flood,
But it was fam'd with more than with one man?
When could they say, till now, that talk'd of Rome,
That her wide walls encompass'd but one man?[12]
Now is it Rome indeed, and room enough,
When there is in it but one only man.
O, you and I have heard our fathers say,
There was a Brutus once that would have brook'd
Th' eternal devil to keep his state in Rome
As easily as a king.
Bru. That you do love me, I am nothing jealous;
What you would work me to, I have some aim:

[11] *yours is as fair a name;*] Walker (*Shakespeare's Versification*, &c. p. 98) suggests "yours' *as fair a name*,"—the apostrophe marking the elision of "*is*."

[12] *When could they say, till now, that talk'd of Rome,*
That her wide walls encompass'd but one man?]

The folio has "*That her wide* Walkes," &c.; which is retained by most of the recent editors, though the error had been corrected long ago.—"Undoubtedly '*walls*.' The error, probably, originated in '*talk'd*.'" Walker's *Crit. Exam.*, &c., vol. iii. p. 244.

How I have thought of this, and of these times,
I shall recount hereafter; for this present,
I would not, so with love I might entreat you,
Be any further mov'd. What you have said,
I will consider; what you have to say,
I will with patience hear; and find a time
Both meet to hear and answer such high things.
Till then, my noble friend, chew upon this;
Brutus had rather be a villager
Than to repute himself a son of Rome
Under these hard conditions as this time
Is like to lay upon us.

Cass. I am glad
That my weak words have struck but thus much show
Of fire from Brutus.

Bru. The games are done, and Cæsar is returning.

Cass. As they pass by, pluck Casca by the sleeve;
And he will, after his sour fashion, tell you
What hath proceeded worthy note to-day.

Re-enter CÆSAR *with his Train.*

Bru. I will do so:—but, look you, Cassius,
The angry spot doth glow on Cæsar's brow,
And all the rest look like a chidden train:
Calphurnia's cheek is pale; and Cicero
Looks with such ferret and such fiery eyes
As we have seen him in the Capitol,
Being cross'd in conference by some senator.[13]

Cass. Casca will tell us what the matter is.

Cæs. Antonius,—

Ant. Cæsar?

Cæs. Let me have men about me that are fat;
Sleek-headed men, and such as sleep o' nights:
Yond Cassius has a lean and hungry look;
He thinks too much: such men are dangerous.

(13) *senator.*] The folio has "Senators."—Corrected by Walker, *Shakespeare's Versification*, &c., p. 98. (See *ante*, notes 8, 9.)

Ant. Fear him not, Cæsar; he's not dangerous;
He is a noble Roman, and well given.

Cæs. Would he were fatter!—but I fear him not:
Yet if my name were liable to fear,
I do not know the man I should avoid
So soon as that spare Cassius. He reads much;
He is a great observer, and he looks
Quite through the deeds of men: he loves no plays,
As thou dost, Antony; he hears no music:
Seldom he smiles; and smiles in such a sort
As if he mock'd himself, and scorn'd his spirit
That could be mov'd to smile at any thing.
Such men as he be never at heart's ease
Whiles they behold a greater than themselves;
And therefore are they very dangerous.
I rather tell thee what is to bè fear'd
Than what I fear,—for always I am Cæsar.
Come on my right hand, for this ear is deaf,
And tell me truly what thou think'st of him.

[*Exeunt Cæsar and all his Train, except Casca.*

Casca. You pull'd me by the cloak; would you speak with me?

Bru. Ay, Casca; tell us what hath chanc'd to-day,
That Cæsar looks so sad.

Casca. Why, you were with him, were you not?

Bru. I should not, then, ask Casca what had chanc'd.

Casca. Why, there was a crown offered him; and being offered him, he put it by with the back of his hand, thus; and then the people fell a-shouting.

Bru. What was the second noise for?

Casca. Why, for that too.

Cass. They shouted thrice: what was the last cry for?

Casca. Why, for that too.

Bru. Was the crown offered him thrice?

Casca. Ay, marry, was't, and he put it by thrice, every time gentler than other; and at every putting-by mine honest neighbours shouted.

Cass. Who offered him the crown?

Casca. Why, Antony.

Bru. Tell us the manner of it, gentle Casca.

Casca. I can as well be hanged as tell the manner of it: it was mere foolery; I did not mark it. I saw Mark Antony offer him a crown;—yet 'twas not a crown neither, 'twas one of these coronets;—and, as I told you, he put it by once: but, for all that, to my thinking, he would fain have had it. Then he offered it to him again; then he put it by again: but, to my thinking, he was very loth to lay his fingers off it. And then he offered it the third time! he put it the third time by: and still as he refused it, the rabblement shouted,[14] and clapped their chapped hands, and threw up their sweaty nightcaps, and uttered such a deal of stinking breath because Cæsar refused the crown, that it had almost choked Cæsar; for he swooned,[15] and fell down at it: and for mine own part, I durst not laugh, for fear of opening my lips and receiving the bad air.

Cass. But, soft, I pray you: what, did Cæsar swoon?

Casca. He fell down in the market-place, and foamed at mouth, and was speechless.

Bru. 'Tis very like;—he hath the falling-sickness.[16]

Cass. No, Cæsar hath it not: but you, and I,
And honest Casca, we have the falling-sickness.

Casca. I know not what you mean by that; but, I am sure, Cæsar fell down. If the tag-rag people did not clap him and hiss him, according as he pleased and displeased them, as they use to do the players in the theatre, I am no true man.

Bru. What said he when he came unto himself?

Casca. Marry, before he fell down, when he perceived

(14) *shouted,*] The folio has "howted" (the initial letter having dropt out).

(15) *swooned,*] Here the folio has "swoonded," and in the next speech "swound."—See note 93 on *The Winter's Tale.*

(16) *'Tis very like;—he hath the falling-sickness.*] The folio has no point after "*like;*" and so Mr. Collier gives the line. But Brutus certainly does not mean to say "It is very likely that Cæsar hath the falling-sickness:"—Brutus knew that Cæsar was subject to it. Compare North's *Plutarch;* "he [Cæsar] was leane, white, and soft-skinned, and *often subiect* to head-ache, and otherwhile *to the falling sickenes* (the which tooke him the first time, as it is reported, in Cordvba, a citie of Spayne)," &c., p. 771, ed. 1579.

the common herd was glad he refused the crown, he plucked me ope his doublet, and offered them his throat to cut:—an I had been a man of any occupation, if I would not have taken him at a word, I would I might go to hell among the rogues:—and so he fell. When he came to himself again, he said, If he had done or said any thing amiss, he desired their worships to think it was his infirmity. Three or four wenches, where I stood, cried, "Alas, good soul!" and forgave him with all their hearts: but there's no heed to be taken of them; if Cæsar had stabbed their mothers, they would have done no less.

Bru. And after that, he came, thus sad, away?

Casca. Ay.

Cass. Did Cicero say any thing?

Casca. Ay, he spoke Greek.

Cass. To what effect?

Casca. Nay, an I tell you that, I'll ne'er look you i' the face again: but those that understood him smiled at one another, and shook their heads; but, for mine own part, it was Greek to me. I could tell you more news too: Marullus and Flavius, for pulling scarfs off Cæsar's images, are put to silence. Fare you well. There was more foolery yet, if I could remember it.

Cass. Will you sup with me to-night, Casca?

Casca. No, I am promised forth.

Cass. Will you dine with me to-morrow?

Casca. Ay, if I be alive, and your mind hold,[17] and your dinner worth the eating.

Cass. Good; I will expect you.

Casca. Do so: farewell, both. [*Exit.*

Bru. What a blunt fellow is this grown to be!
He was quick mettle[18] when he went to school.

Cass. So is he now, in execution
Of any bold or noble enterprise,

([17]) *and your mind hold,*] "Surely, 'and *my* mind hold.' '*Your*' is absurd." Walker's *Crit. Exam.*, &c., vol. iii. p. 245.

([18]) *mettle*] Mr. Collier's Ms. Corrector reads "mettled."—"Nonsense. '*Metal.*' Compare the line preceding, 'What a *blunt* fellow is this grown to be!'" Walker's *Crit. Exam.*, &c., vol. iii. p. 245.

However he puts on this tardy form.
This rudeness is a sauce to his good wit,
Which gives men stomach to digest[19] his words
With better appetite.

Bru. And so it is. For this time I will leave you:
To-morrow, if you please to speak with me,
I will come home to you; or, if you will,
Come home to me, and I will wait for you.

Cass. I will do so:—till then, think of the world.
[*Exit Brutus.*

Well, Brutus, thou art noble; yet, I see,
Thy honourable metal may be wrought
From that it is dispos'd: therefore 'tis meet
That noble minds keep ever with their likes;
For who so firm that cannot be seduc'd?
Cæsar doth bear me hard; but he loves Brutus:
If I were Brutus now, and he were Cassius,
He should not humour me. I will this night,
In several hands, in at his windows throw,
As if they came from several citizens,
Writings, all tending to the great opinion
That Rome holds of his name; wherein obscurely
Cæsar's ambition shall be glancèd at:
And, after this, let Cæsar seat him sure;
For we will shake him, or worse days endure. [*Exit.*

SCENE III. *The same. A street.*

Thunder and lightning. Enter, from opposite sides, CASCA, *with his sword drawn, and* CICERO.

Cic. Good even, Casca: brought you Cæsar home?
Why are you breathless? and why stare you so?

Casca. Are not you mov'd, when all the sway of earth
Shakes like a thing unfirm? O Cicero,
I have seen tempests, when the scolding winds

[19] *digest*] Here the folio has "disgest;" but afterwards, p. 175, it has "You shall *digest*," &c.

Have riv'd the knotty oaks; and I have seen
Th' ambitious ocean swell and rage and foam,
To be exalted with the threatening clouds:
But never till to-night, never till now,
Did I go through a tempest dropping fire.
Either there is a civil strife in heaven;
Or else the world, too saucy with the gods,
Incenses them to send destruction.

Cic. Why, saw you any thing more wonderful?

Casca. A common slave—you know him[20] well by sight—
Held up his left hand, which did flame and burn
Like twenty torches join'd; and yet his hand,
Not sensible of fire, remain'd unscorch'd.
Besides,—I ha' not since put up my sword,—
Against the Capitol I met a lion,
Who glar'd[21] upon me, and went surly by,
Without annoying me: and there were drawn
Upon a heap a hundred ghastly women,
Transformèd with their fear; who swore they saw
Men, all in fire, walk up and down the streets.
And yesterday the bird of night did sit
Even at noonday upon the market-place,
Hooting and shrieking. When these prodigies
Do so conjointly meet, let not men say,
"These are their reasons,[22]—they are natural;"
For, I believe, they are portentous things
Unto the climate that they point upon.

Cic. Indeed, it is a strange-disposèd time:
But men may construe things after their fashion,
Clean from the purpose of the things themselves.
Comes Cæsar to the Capitol to-morrow?

(20) *you know him*, &c.] Qy. "you'd *know him*" (*i.e.* you would recognise him for a common slave), &c.?

(21) *glar'd*] The folio has "glaz'd."

(22) "*These are their reasons,*"] "Is it possible that Mr. Collier can hold the new reading which he gives us on the authority of his Ms. annotator, 'These are their *seasons*,' to be what Shakespeare really wrote? *This is their season* might have been conceivable; but who ever heard it remarked of any description of phenomena that *these are their seasons?*" CRAIK.

Casca. He doth; for he did bid Antonius
Send word to you he would be there to-morrow.
Cic. Good night, then, Casca: this disturbèd sky
Is not to walk in.
Casca. Farewell, Cicero. [*Exit Cicero.*

Enter CASSIUS.

Cass. Who's there?
Casca. A Roman.
Cass. Casca, by your voice.
Casca. Your ear is good. Cassius, what night is this![23]
Cass. A very pleasing night to honest men.
Casca. Who ever knew the heavens menace so?
Cass. Those that have known the earth so full of faults.
For my part, I have walk'd about the streets,
Submitting me unto the perilous night;
And, thus unbracèd, Casca, as you see,
Have bar'd my bosom to the thunder-stone:
And when the cross blue lightning seem'd to open
The breast of heaven, I did present myself
Even in the aim and very flash of it.
Casca. But wherefore did you so much tempt the heavens?
It is the part of men to fear and tremble,
When the most mighty gods, by tokens, send
Such dreadful heralds to astonish us.
Cass. You are dull, Casca; and those sparks of life
That should be in a Roman you do want,
Or else you use not. You look pale, and gaze,
And put on fear, and case yourself in wonder,[24]

(23) *what night is this!*] The folio has an interrogation-point after these words, and the modern editors retain it; most erroneously. Casca is not putting a question, but uttering an exclamation of surprise: here "*what night is this!*" is equivalent to "*what* a *night is this!*"—In such exclamations it was not unusual to omit "a." See note 11 on *The Two Gentlemen of Verona*, vol. i. p. 288.—1865. Since I wrote what precedes, Mr. Staunton and Mr. Grant White have very properly substituted here an exclamation-point for the interrogation-point.—Mr. Craik (in both editions of his *English of Shakespeare*, &c.) prints, with disregard of the metre and of the old phraseology, "*what* a *night is this!*"

(24) *case yourself in wonder,*] The folio has "cast *your selfe in wonder.*" —Corrected by Mr. Swynfen Jervis; who compares, *Much Ado about*

To see the strange impatience of the heavens:
But if you would consider the true cause
Why all these fires, why all these gliding ghosts,
Why birds and beasts from quality and kind;
Why old men fool,[25] and children calculate;
Why all these things change, from their ordinance,
Their natures, and pre-formèd faculties,
To monstrous quality;—why, you shall find
That heaven hath infus'd them with these spirits,
To make them instruments of fear and warning
Unto some monstrous state.
Now could I, Casca, name to thee a man
Most like this dreadful night,[26]
That thunders, lightens, opens graves, and roars
As doth the lion in the Capitol,—
A man no mightier than thyself or me
In personal action; yet prodigious grown,
And fearful, as these strange eruptions are.

Casca. 'Tis Cæsar that you mean; is it not, Cassius?

Cass. Let it be who it is: for Romans now
Have thews and limbs like to their ancestors;
But, woe the while! our fathers' minds are dead,
And we are govern'd with our mothers' spirits;
Our yoke and sufferance show us womanish.

Casca. Indeed, they say the senators to-morrow
Mean to establish Cæsar as a king;
And he shall wear his crown by sea and land,

Nothing, act iv. sc. 1, "For my part, I am so *attir'd in wonder*," &c. (The same correction occurred to the late Mr. W. W. Williams: see *The Parthenon* for June 7, 1862, p. 186.)

[25] *Why old men fool,*] The folio has "*Why Old men*, Fooles."—Corrected by Mr. W. N. Lettsom, note on Walker's *Crit. Exam.*, &c., vol. i. p. 250.

[26] *Unto some monstrous state.*
Now could I, Casca, name to thee a man
Most like this dreadful night, &c.]

Such is the arrangement in the folio. But Capell, by omitting "*to*," made the lines run in regular metre;

"Unto some monstrous state. Now could I, Casca,
Name thee a man most like this dreadful night," &c.

In every place, save here in Italy.

Cass. I know where I will wear this dagger, then;
Cassius from bondage will deliver Cassius:
Therein, ye gods, you make the weak most strong;
Therein, ye gods, you tyrants do defeat:
Nor stony tower, nor walls of beaten brass,
Nor airless dungeon, nor strong links of iron,
Can be retentive to the strength of spirit;
But life, being weary of these worldly bars,
Never lacks power to dismiss itself.
If I know this, know all the world besides,
That part of tyranny that I do bear
I can shake off at pleasure. [*Thunder still.*

Casca. So can I:
So every bondman in his own hand bears
The power to cancel his captivity.

Cass. And why should Cæsar be a tyrant, then?
Poor man! I know he would not be a wolf,
But that he sees the Romans are but sheep:
He were no lion, were not Romans hinds.
Those that with haste will make a mighty fire
Begin it with weak straws: what trash is Rome,
What rubbish, and what offal, when it serves
For the base matter to illuminate
So vile a thing as Cæsar! But, O grief,
Where hast thou led me? I perhaps speak this
Before a willing bondman: then I know
My answer must be made; but I am arm'd,
And dangers are to me indifferent.

Casca. You speak to Casca; and to such a man
That is no fleering tell-tale. Hold, my hand:[27]

([27]) *Hold, my hand:*] In most of the modern editions the comma after "*Hold*" is improperly omitted. The expression is elliptical: if complete, it would be, "Hold, there's my hand," &c.; like

"*Holde*, ther's my swoord, and with my swoord my heart."
A Pleasant Commodie, called Looke about you, 1600, sig. E 4.

and

"*Holde thee*, George Bettes, ther's my hand and my hart."
Sir Thomas More (a play printed from a Ms. for the Shakespeare Soc.), p. 5.

Be factious for redress of all these griefs;
And I will set this foot of mine as far
As who goes farthest.

Cass. There's a bargain made.
Now know you, Casca, I have mov'd already
Some certain of the noblest-minded Romans
To undergo with me an enterprise
Of honourable-dangerous consequence;
And I do know, by this, they stay for me
In Pompey's porch: for now, this fearful night,
There is no stir or walking in the streets;
And the complexion of the element
In favour's like[28] the work we have in hand,
Most bloody-fiery[29] and most terrible.

Casca. Stand close awhile, for here comes one in haste.

Cass. 'Tis Cinna,—I do know him by his gait;
He is a friend.

Enter CINNA.

Cinna, where haste you so?

Cin. To find out you. Who's that? Metellus Cimber?

Cass. No, it is Casca; one incorporate
To our attempt.[30] Am I not stay'd for, Cinna?

Cin. I'm glad on't. What a fearful night is this!
There's two or three of us have seen strange sights.

Cass. Am I not stay'd for? tell me.

[28] *In favour's like*] So Johnson.—The folio has "Is *Fauors, like.*"—Rowe printed "Is feav'rous, *like;*" Capell, "Is favour'd *like,*" with which reading Walker (*Crit. Exam.*, &c., vol. i. p. 23) cites the passage.—Mr. Hunter (*New Illust. of Shakespeare*, ii. 148) would read "It favours *like,*" &c., and observes, "*it favours* is a common English phrase, now degraded into the rank of vulgarisms, denoting the same thing as *it resembles.* In some parts of the country they still say of a child that it *favours of* some uncle or other relation," &c. But do they ever say—it *favours* LIKE some uncle, &c.?

[29] *Most bloody-fiery*] The folio has "*Most* bloodie, fierie."—"Read 'Most *bloody-fiery,*' &c., αἱμόφλοξ, as a Greek tragedian might have expressed it, or, in Latin poetical language, *sanguineum ardens;* covered over with fiery meteors of a blood-red colour." *Crit. Exam.*, &c., vol. i. p. 23.

[30] *attempt.*] The folio has "Attempts."—Corrected by Walker, *Crit. Exam.*, &c., vol. i. p. 245; and so Mr. Grant White silently. (See *ante*, notes 8, 9.)

Cin. Yes, you are.—
O Cassius, if you could
But win the noble Brutus to our party—
Cass. Be you content: good Cinna, take this paper,
And look you lay it in the prætor's chair,
Where Brutus may but find it;[31] and throw this
In at his window; set this up with wax
Upon old Brutus' statue: all this done,
Repair to Pompey's porch, where you shall find us.
Is Decius Brutus and Trebonius there?
Cin. All but Metellus Cimber; and he's gone
To seek you at your house. Well, I will hie,
And so bestow these papers as you bade me.
Cass. That done, repair to Pompey's theatre. [*Exit Cinna.*
Come, Casca, you and I will yet, ere day,
See Brutus at his house: three parts of him
Is ours already; and the man entire,
Upon the next encounter, yields him ours.
Casca. O, he sits high in all the people's hearts:
And that which would appear offence in us,
His countenance, like richest alchemy,
Will change to virtue and to worthiness.
Cass. Him, and his worth, and our great need of him,
You have right well conceited. Let us go,
For it is after midnight; and, ere day,
We will awake him, and be sure of him. [*Exeunt.*

ACT II.

SCENE I. *Rome.* BRUTUS'S *orchard.*

Enter BRUTUS.

Bru. What, Lucius, ho!—
I cannot, by the progress of the stars,

(31) *Where Brutus may but find it;*] "If *but* be the true word (and be not a misprint for *best*), the meaning must be, Be sure you lay it in the prætor's chair, *only* taking care to place it so that Brutus may be sure to find it." CRAIK.—See the conclusion of note 146 on *All's well that ends well.*

Give guess how near to day.—Lucius, I say!—
I would it were my fault to sleep so soundly.—
When, Lucius, when? awake, I say! what, Lucius!

Enter LUCIUS.

Luc. Call'd you, my lord?

Bru. Get me a taper in my study, Lucius:
When it is lighted, come and call me here.

Luc. I will, my lord. [*Exit.*

Bru. It must be by his death: and, for my part,
I know no personal cause to spurn at him,
But for the general. He would be crown'd:—
How that might change his nature, there's the question:
It is the bright day that brings forth the adder;
And that craves wary walking. Crown him?—that;—
And then, I grant, we put a sting in him,
That at his will he may do danger with.
Th' abuse of greatness is, when it disjoins
Remorse from power: and, to speak truth of Cæsar,
I have not known when his affections sway'd
More than his reason. But 'tis a common proof,
That lowliness is young ambition's ladder,
Whereto the climber-upward turns his face;
But when he once attains the upmost round,
He then unto the ladder turns his back,
Looks in the clouds, scorning the base degrees
By which he did ascend: so Cæsar may;
Then, lest he may, prevent. And, since the quarrel
Will bear no colour for the thing he is,
Fashion it thus; that what he is, augmented,
Would run to these and these extremities:
And therefore think him as a serpent's egg,
Which, hatch'd, would, as his kind, grow mischievous;
And kill him in the shell.

Re-enter LUCIUS.

Luc. The taper burneth in your closet, sir.
Searching the window for a flint, I found [*Giving him a paper.*

This paper, thus seal'd up; and, I am sure,
It did not lie there when I went to bed.
Bru. Get you to bed again; it is not day.
Is not to-morrow, boy, the ides of March?[32]
Luc. I know not, sir.
Bru. Look in the calendar, and bring me word.
Luc. I will, sir. [*Exit.*
Bru. The exhalations, whizzing in the air,
Give so much light, that I may read by them.
[*Opens the paper and reads.*
"Brutus, thou sleep'st: awake, and see thyself.
Shall Rome, &c. Speak, strike, redress!"—
"Brutus, thou sleep'st: awake!"—
Such instigations have been often dropp'd
Where I have took them up.
"Shall Rome, &c." Thus must I piece it out;
Shall Rome stand under one man's awe? What, Rome?
My ancestor[33] did from the streets of Rome
The Tarquin drive, when he was call'd a king.
"Speak, strike, redress!"—Am I entreated[34]
To speak and strike? O Rome, I make thee promise,
If the redress will follow, thou receivest
Thy full petition at the hand of Brutus!

Re-enter LUCIUS.

Luc. Sir, March is wasted fourteen[35] days.
[*Knocking within.*
Bru. 'Tis good. Go to the gate; somebody knocks.
[*Exit Lucius.*
Since Cassius first did whet me against Cæsar,
I have not slept.
Between the acting of a dreadful thing
And the first motion, all the interim is

(32) *the ides of March?*] So Theobald.—The folio has "*the* first *of March?*"
(33) *My ancestor*] The folio has "*My* Ancestors." (See *ante*, notes 8, 9.)
(34) "*Speak, strike, redress!*"—*Am I entreated*] To this line "then" was added by Pope.—Mr. Craik prints it as two hemistichs.
(35) *fourteen*] So Theobald.—The folio has "fifteene."

Like a phantasma or a hideous dream:
The Genius and the mortal instruments
Are then in council; and the state of man,[36]
Like to a little kingdom, suffers then
The nature of an insurrection.

Re-enter LUCIUS.

Luc. Sir, 'tis your brother Cassius at the door,
Who doth desire to see you.
Bru. Is he alone?
Luc. No, sir, there are more with him.
Bru. Do you know them?
Luc. No, sir; their hats are pluck'd about their ears,
And half their faces buried in their cloaks,
That by no means I may discover them
By any mark of favour.
Bru. Let 'em enter. [*Exit Lucius.*
They are the faction. O conspiracy,
Sham'st thou to show thy dangerous brow by night,
When evils are most free? O, then, by day
Where wilt thou find a cavern dark enough
To mask thy monstrous visage? Seek none, conspiracy;
Hide it in smiles and affability:
For if thou put thy native semblance on,[37]
Not Erebus itself were dim enough
To hide thee from prevention.

(36) *the state of man,*] So the second folio.—The first folio has "*the state of* a *man,*" &c., which Malone, Mr. Knight, &c., defend, though the "a" evidently crept in by the mistake of the transcriber or compositor. If Mr. Knight will turn to his *National Edition of Shakespeare*, he will find that, in act iv. sc. 3 of the present play, his printer has thus falsified the text by inserting the article;

"I said an elder soldier, not a better:
Did I say A better?"—

1865. Walker notices as faulty the reading of the folio here, "*the state of* a *man,*"—"quod restituerunt Eques et Collierius, jure a Dycio reprehensi, *Remarks*, p. 185." *Crit. Exam.*, &c., vol. i. p. 90.

(37) *For if thou put thy native semblance on,*] The folio has "*For if thou* path *thy,*" &c., which commentators have vainly endeavoured to explain. The alteration now adopted was made by Southern (in his copy of the fourth folio); was proposed by Coleridge also; and is pro-

Enter CASSIUS, CASCA, DECIUS, CINNA, METELLUS CIMBER, *and* TREBONIUS.

Cass. I think we are too bold upon your rest:
Good morrow, Brutus; do we trouble you?
Bru. I have been up this hour; awake all night.
Know I these men that come along with you?
Cass. Yes, every man of them; and no man here
But honours you; and every one doth wish
You had but that opinion of yourself
Which every noble Roman bears of you.
This is Trebonius.
Bru. He is welcome hither.
Cass. This, Decius Brutus.
Bru. He is welcome too.
Cass. This, Casca; this, Cinna; and this, Metellus Cimber.
Bru. They are all welcome.—
What watchful cares do interpose themselves
Betwixt your eyes and night?
Cass. Shall I entreat a word? [*Brutus and Cassius whisper.*

nounced to be "certainly" right by Walker, who observes; "*Path* occurs, indeed, in a different sense, Drayton, *Epistle of Duke Humphrey [to Elinor Cobham]*,

'Pathing young Henry's unadvisèd ways,' &c.

Again, *Polyolbion*, ii., somewhat differently,

'Where, from the neighbouring hills, her passage Wey doth path,'

i.e. *tracks* her way. Nares quotes these two passages, in v., as instances of the signification which he attributes to the word in the place of Shakespeare; the Variorum also quotes one or both of them for the same purpose [Steevens apud the Var. quotes both; and from the Var. Nares borrowed them]; Collier refers to Drayton, without any quotation. Yet it is quite clear that neither of them is to the point." *Crit. Exam.*, &c., vol. iii. p. 245.—Mr. Staunton asks "who for a moment could admit the possibility that *put* was the genuine word?" But earlier in this play (p. 119) we have "However he *puts on* this tardy *form*."—Mr. Grant White observes that the quarto of 1691 reads "*For if thou* hath *thy native semblance on;*" and he is inclined to think that "path" is a misprint for "hadst."

Dec. Here lies the east: doth not the day break here?
Casca. No.
Cin. O, pardon, sir, it doth; and yon gray lines
That fret the clouds are messengers of day.
Casca. You shall confess that you are both deceiv'd.
Here, as I point my sword, the sun arises;
Which is a great way growing on the south,
Weighing the youthful season of the year.
Some two months hence, up higher toward the north
He first presents his fire; and the high east
Stands, as the Capitol, directly here.
Bru. Give me your hands all over, one by one.
Cass. And let us swear our resolution.
Bru. No, not an oath: if not the face[38] of men,
The sufferance of our souls, the time's abuse,—
If these be motives weak, break off betimes,
And every man hence to his idle bed;
So let high-sighted tyranny range on,
Till each man drop by lottery. But if these,
As I am sure they do, bear fire enough
To kindle cowards, and to steel with valour
The melting spirits of women; then, countrymen,
What need we any spur, but our own cause,
To prick us to redress? what other bond
Than secret Romans, that have spoke the word,
And will not palter? and what other oath
Than honesty to honesty engag'd,
That this shall be, or we will fall for it?
Swear priests, and cowards, and men cautelous,
Old feeble carrions, and such suffering souls
That welcome wrongs; unto bad causes swear
Such creatures as men doubt: but do not stain
The even virtue of our enterprise,
Nor th' insuppressive mettle of our spirits,
To think that or our cause or our performance
Did need an oath; when every drop of blood

(38) *face*] Warburton reads "fate;" Mason proposes "faith;" and Malone conjectures "faiths."

That every Roman bears, and nobly bears,
Is guilty of a several bastardy,
If he do break the smallest particle
Of any promise that hath pass'd from him.
Cass. But what of Cicero? shall we sound him?
I think he will stand very strong with us.
Casca. Let us not leave him out.
Cin. No, by no means.
Met. O, let us have him; for his silver hairs
Will purchase us a good opinion,
And buy men's voices to commend our deeds:
It shall be said, his judgment rul'd our hands;
Our youths and wildness shall no whit appear,
But all be buried in his gravity.
Bru. O, name him not: let us not break with him;
For he will never follow any thing
That other men begin.
Cass. Then leave him out.
Casca. Indeed he is not fit.
Dec. Shall no man else be touch'd but only Cæsar?
Cass. Decius, well urg'd:—I think it is not meet,
Mark Antony, so well belov'd of Cæsar,
Should outlive Cæsar: we shall find of him
A shrewd contriver; and, you know, his means,
If he improve them, may well stretch so far
As to annoy us all: which to prevent,
Let Antony and Cæsar fall together.
Bru. Our course will seem too bloody, Caius Cassius,
To cut the head off, and then hack the limbs,—
Like wrath in death, and envy afterwards;
For Antony is but a limb of Cæsar:
Let's be sacrificers, but not butchers, Caius.
We all stand up against the spirit of Cæsar;
And in the spirit of men there is no blood:
O that we, then, could come by Cæsar's spirit,
And not dismember Cæsar! But, alas,
Cæsar must bleed for it! And, gentle friends,
Let's kill him boldly, but not wrathfully;
Let's carve him as a dish fit for the gods,

Not hew him as a carcass fit for hounds:[39]
And let our hearts, as subtle masters do,
Stir up their servants to an act of rage,
And after seem to chide 'em. This shall make
Our purpose necessary, and not envious:
Which so appearing to the common eyes,
We shall be call'd purgers, not murderers.
And for Mark Antony, think not of him;
For he can do no more than Cæsar's arm
When Cæsar's head is off.

Cass. Yet I fear him;[40]
For in th' ingrafted love he bears to Cæsar—

Bru. Alas, good Cassius, do not think of him:
If he love Cæsar, all that he can do
Is to himself,—take thought, and die for Cæsar:
And that were much he should; for he is given
To sports, to wildness, and much company.

Treb. There is no fear in him; let him not die;
For he will live, and laugh at this hereafter. [*Clock strikes.*

Bru. Peace! count the clock.

Cass. The clock hath stricken three.

Treb. 'Tis time to part.

Cass. But it is doubtful yet,
Whether Cæsar will come forth to-day or no;
For he is superstitious grown of late;
Quite from the main opinion he held once
Of fantasy, of dreams, and ceremonies:
It may be, these apparent prodigies,
The unaccustom'd terror of this night,
And the persuasion of his augurers,
May hold him from the Capitol to-day.

Dec. Never fear that: if he be so resolv'd,
I can o'ersway him; for he loves to hear

(39) *fit for the gods,*
. . . . . *fit for hounds:*]

Walker (*Crit. Exam.*, &c., vol. i. p. 294) cites this repetition of the word "*fit*" as suspicious.

(40) *Yet I fear him;*] Pope printed "*Yet I* do *fear him:*" and Steevens compares, in *Macbeth*, act iii. sc. 1, "Whose being I *do* fear."

That unicorns may be betray'd with trees,
And bears with glasses, elephants with holes,
Lions with toils, and men with flatterers:
But when I tell him he hates flatterers,
He says he does,—being then most flatterèd.
Let me work;
For I can give his humour the true bent,
And I will bring him to the Capitol.

Cass. Nay, we will all of us be there to fetch him.

Bru. By the eighth hour: is that the uttermost?

Cin. Be that the uttermost, and fail not then.

Met. Caius Ligarius doth bear Cæsar hard,
Who rated him for speaking well of Pompey:
I wonder none of you have thought of him.

Bru. Now, good Metellus, go along by him:[41]
He loves me well, and I have given him reason;[42]
Send him but hither, and I'll fashion him.

Cass. The morning comes upon's: we'll leave you, Brutus:—
And, friends, disperse yourselves; but all remember
What you have said, and show yourselves true Romans.

Bru. Good gentlemen, look fresh and merrily;
Let not our looks put on our purposes;
But bear it as our Roman actors do,
With untir'd spirits and formal constancy:
And so, good morrow to you every one.

[*Exeunt all except Brutus.*

Boy! Lucius!—Fast asleep? It is no matter;
Enjoy the heavy honey-dew of slumber:[43]

(41) *by him:*] "That is, by his house. Make that your way home. Mr. Pope substituted *to* for *by;* and all the subsequent editors have adopted this unnecessary change." MALONE.

(42) *given him reason;*] The folio has "*giuen him* Reasons."—Corrected by Walker, *Crit. Exam.*, &c., vol. i. p. 250. (See *ante*, notes 8, 9.) Here assuredly the old reading is not to be defended by a later passage, p. 155,

"you shall *give me reasons*
Why and wherein Cæsar was dangerous."

(43) *the heavy honey-dew of slumber:*] The folio has "*the* hony-heauy-*Dew of Slumber.*"—The two Ms. Correctors—Mr. Collier's and Mr Singer's—make the transposition.

Thou hast no figures nor no fantasies,
Which busy care draws in the brains of men;
Therefore thou sleep'st so sound.

Enter PORTIA.

Por. Brutus, my lord!

Bru. Portia, what mean you? wherefore rise you now?
It is not for your health thus to commit
Your weak condition to the raw-cold morning.

Por. Nor for yours neither. You've ungently, Brutus,
Stole from my bed: and yesternight, at supper,
You suddenly arose, and walk'd about,
Musing and sighing, with your arms across;
And when I ask'd you what the matter was,
You star'd upon me with ungentle looks:
I urg'd you further; then you scratch'd your head,
And too impatiently stamp'd with your foot:
Yet I insisted, yet you answer'd not;
But, with an angry wafture of your hand,
Gave sign for me to leave you: so I did;
Fearing to strengthen that impatience
Which seem'd too much enkindled; and withal
Hoping it was but an effect of humour,
Which sometime hath his hour with every man.
It will not let you eat, nor talk, nor sleep;
And, could it work so much upon your shape,
As it hath much prevail'd on your condition,
I should not know you, Brutus. Dear my lord,
Make me acquainted with your cause of grief.

Bru. I am not well in health, and that is all.

Por. Brutus is wise, and, were he not in health,
He would embrace the means to come by it.

Bru. Why, so I do.—Good Portia, go to bed.

Por. Is Brutus sick,—and is it physical
To walk unbracèd, and suck up the humours
Of the dank morning? What, is Brutus sick,—
And will he steal out of his wholesome bed,
To dare the vile contagion of the night,

And tempt the rheumy and unpurgèd air
To add unto his sickness? No, my Brutus;
You have some sick offence within your mind,
Which, by the right and virtue of my place,
I ought to know of: and, upon my knees,
I charm[44] you, by my once-commended beauty,
By all your vows of love, and that great vow
Which did incorporate and make us one,
That you unfold to me, yourself, your half,
Why you are heavy; and what men to-night
Have had resort to you,—for here have been
Some six or seven, who did hide their faces
Even from darkness.

Bru. Kneel not, gentle Portia.

Por. I should not need, if you were gentle Brutus.
Within the bond of marriage, tell me, Brutus,
Is it excepted I should know no secrets
That appertain to you? Am I yourself
But, as it were, in sort or limitation,—
To keep with you at meals, comfort your bed,
And talk to you sometimes? Dwell I but in the suburbs
Of your good pleasure? If it be no more,
Portia is Brutus' harlot, not his wife.

Bru. You are my true and honourable wife;
As dear to me as are the ruddy drops
That visit my sad heart.

Por. If this were true, then should I know this secret.
I grant I am a woman; but withal
A woman that Lord Brutus took to wife:
I grant I am a woman; but withal
A woman well-reputed,—Cato's daughter.
Think you I am no stronger than my sex,

(44) *charm*] "Mr. Pope and Sir Thomas Hanmer read '*charge*,' but unnecessarily. So in *Cymbeline* [act i. sc. 6];

> ''tis your graces
> That, from my mutest conscience, to my tongue,
> *Charms* this report out.'" STEEVENS.

But the passage just cited does not support "*charm*" in the present one. —"I think, '*charge*.'" Walker's *Crit. Exam.*, &c., vol. iii. p. 246.

Being so father'd and so husbanded?
Tell me your counsels; I will not disclose 'em:
I have made strong proof of my constancy,
Giving myself a voluntary wound
Here, in the thigh: can I bear that with patience,
And not my husband's secrets?
Bru. O ye gods,
Render me worthy of this noble wife! [*Knocking within.*
Hark, hark! one knocks: Portia, go in awhile;
And by and by thy bosom shall partake
The secrets of my heart:
All my engagements I will construe to thee,
All the charáctery of my sad brows:—
Leave me with haste. [*Exit Portia.*]—Lucius, who's that knocks?

Re-enter LUCIUS *with* LIGARIUS.

Luc. Here is a sick man that would speak with you.
Bru. Caius Ligarius, that Metellus spake of.—
Boy, stand aside.—Caius Ligarius,—how!
Lig. Vouchsafe good-morrow from a feeble tongue.
Bru. O what a time have you chose out, brave Caius,
To wear a kerchief! Would you were not sick!
Lig. I am not sick, if Brutus have in hand
Any exploit worthy the name of honour.
Bru. Such an exploit have I in hand, Ligarius,
Had you a healthful ear to hear of it.
Lig. By all the gods that Romans bow before,
I here discard my sickness! Soul of Rome!
Brave son, deriv'd from honourable loins!
Thou, like an exorcist, hast conjur'd up
My mortifièd spirit. Now bid me run,
And I will strive with things impossible;
Yea, get the better of them. What's to do?
Bru. A piece of work that will make sick men whole.
Lig. But are not some whole that we must make sick?
Bru. That must we also. What it is, my Caius,
I shall unfold to thee, as we are going
To whom it must be done.

Lig. Set on your foot;
And, with a heart new-fir'd, I follow you,
To do I know not what: but it sufficeth
That Brutus leads me on.
Bru. Follow me, then. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II. *The same. A hall in* CÆSAR'S *palace.*

Thunder and lightning. Enter CÆSAR, *in his nightgown.*

Cæs. Nor heaven nor earth have been at peace to-night:
Thrice hath Calphurnia in her sleep cried out,
"Help, ho! they murder Cæsar!"—Who's within?

Enter a Servant.

Serv. My lord?
Cæs. Go bid the priests do present sacrifice,
And bring me their opinions of success.
Serv. I will, my lord. [*Exit.*

Enter CALPHURNIA.

Cal. What mean you, Cæsar? think you to walk forth?
You shall not stir out of your house to-day.
Cæs. Cæsar shall forth: the things that threaten'd[45] me
Ne'er look'd but on my back; when they shall see
The face of Cæsar, they are vanishèd.
Cal. Cæsar, I never stood on ceremonies,
Yet now they fright me. There is one within,
Besides the things that we have heard and seen,
Recounts most horrid sights seen by the watch.
A lioness hath whelpèd in the streets;
And graves have yawn'd, and yielded up their dead;
Fierce fiery warriors fought upon the clouds,
In ranks and squadrons and right form of war,
Which drizzled blood upon the Capitol;

(45) *threaten'd*] "Qu. '*threaten*'? see context." Walker's *Crit. Exam.*, &c., vol. iii. p. 246.

The noise of battle hurtled in the air,
Horses did neigh, and dying men did groan;
And ghosts did shriek and squeal about the streets.[46]
O Cæsar, these things are beyond all use,
And I do fear them!

Cæs. What can be avoided
Whose end is purpos'd by the mighty gods?
Yet Cæsar shall go forth; for these predictions
Are to the world in general as to Cæsar.

Cal. When beggars die, there are no comets seen;
The heavens themselves blaze forth the death of princes.

Cæs. Cowards die many times before their deaths;
The valiant never taste of death but once.
Of all the wonders that I yet have heard,
It seems to me most strange that men should fear;
Seeing that death, a necessary end,
Will come when it will come.

Re-enter Servant.

What say the augurers?

Serv. They would not have you to stir forth to-day.
Plucking the entrails of an offering forth,
They could not find a heart within the beast.

Cæs. The gods do this in shame of cowardice:
Cæsar should be a beast without a heart,
If he should stay at home to-day for fear.

(46) *Fierce fiery warriors fought upon the clouds,*
In ranks and squadrons and right form of war,
Which drizzled blood upon the Capitol;
The noise of battle hurtled in the air,
Horses did neigh, and dying men did groan;
And ghosts did shriek and squeal about the streets.]

In the first line I have substituted "*fought*" for the reading of the folio "fight," which is shown by what follows ("drizzl*ed* blood," &c.) to be an error, since we cannot suppose that here the poet used "*fight*" as a past tense. In the fifth line the folio has "*Horses* do *neigh*," &c., which the editor of the second folio properly corrected. ("The tenses," says Mr. Knight, "we have no doubt, are purposely confounded, in the vague terror of the speaker"!).—1865. Here the reading "*fought*," which was originally proposed by me, has been adopted by Mr. Grant White and the Cambridge Editors (*Globe Shakespeare*): but Mr. Craik adheres to, and most weakly defends, the corruption "fight."

No, Cæsar shall not: danger knows full well
That Cæsar is more dangerous than he:
We are two lions[47] litter'd in one day,
And I the elder and more terrible:—
And Cæsar shall go forth.
Cal. Alas, my lord,
Your wisdom is consum'd in confidence.
Do not go forth to-day: call it my fear
That keeps you in the house, and not your own.
We'll send Mark Antony to the senate-house;
And he shall say you are not well to-day:
Let me, upon my knee, prevail in this.
Cæs. Mark Antony shall say I am not well;
And, for thy humour, I will stay at home.

Enter DECIUS.

Here's Decius Brutus, he shall tell them so.
Dec. Cæsar, all hail! good morrow, worthy Cæsar:
I come to fetch you to the senate-house.
Cæs. And you are come in very happy time,
To bear my greeting to the senators,
And tell them that I will not come to-day:
Cannot, is false; and that I dare not, falser:
I will not come to-day,—tell them so, Decius.
Cal. Say he is sick.
Cæs. Shall Cæsar send a lie?
Have I in conquest stretch'd mine arm so far
To be afeard to tell graybeards the truth?
Decius, go tell them Cæsar will not come.
Dec. Most mighty Cæsar, let me know some cause,
Lest I be laugh'd at when I tell them so.
Cæs. The cause is in my will,—I will not come;
That is enough to satisfy the senate.
But, for your private satisfaction,
Because I love you, I will let you know,—

(47) *We are two lions*] So Upton (and Mr. Collier's Ms. Corrector).—The folio has "*We* heare *two Lyons*."—Theobald printed "*We* were *two lions*."

Calphurnia here, my wife, stays me at home:
She dreamt to-night she saw my statua,[48]
Which, like a fountain with an hundred spouts,
Did run pure blood; and many lusty Romans
Came smiling, and did bathe their hands in it:
And these
Does she apply for warnings and portents
Of evils imminent;[49] and on her knee
Hath begg'd that I will stay at home to-day.

Dec. This dream is all amiss interpreted;
It was a vision fair and fortunate:
Your statue spouting blood in many pipes,
In which so many smiling Romans bath'd,
Signifies that from you great Rome shall suck
Reviving blood; and that great men shall press
For tinctures, stains, relics, and cognizance'.
This by Calphurnia's dream is signified.

Cæs. And this way have you well expounded it.

Dec. I have, when you have heard what I can say:
And know it now,—the senate have concluded
To give, this day, a crown to mighty Cæsar.
If you shall send them word you will not come,
Their minds may change. Besides, it were a mock

(48) *statua,*] The folio has "statue."—See note 102 on *The Sec. Part of King Henry VI.* vol. v. p. 164.—Since the volume just referred to was published, Mr. Arrowsmith (*Shakespeare's Editors and Commentators*, p. 4) has shown that Heywood in his *Troja Britannica* always prints "statue" with a diæresis ("statuë"). But in so doing Heywood, I believe, was singular. And it by no means follows that where the word was to stand as a trisyllable, Shakespeare did not write "*statua*;" a form which, both in his days and long after, was common, not only in verse, but in the most vulgar prose. Nor will any one venture to assert that the folio has preserved to us the very spelling of Shakespeare,—made up as that folio undoubtedly was, partly from playhouse transcripts, partly from printed copies, and presenting throughout the greatest inconsistency of spelling (*e.g.* "vilde" and "*vile*," "conster" and "*construe*," "bankerout" and "*bankrupt*," &c. &c.).

(49) *And these*
Does she apply for warnings and portents
Of evils imminent;]

This passage seems almost to defy any satisfactory arrangement.—The folio has "And *euils imminent;*" which was corrected by Hanmer.

Apt to be render'd, for some one to say,
"Break up the senate till another time,
When Cæsar's wife shall meet with better dreams."
If Cæsar hide himself, shall they not whisper,
"Lo, Cæsar is afraid"?
Pardon me, Cæsar; for my dear dear love
To your proceeding bids me tell you this;
And reason to my love is liable.

Cæs. How foolish do your fears seem now, Calphurnia!
I am ashamèd I did yield to them.—
Give me my robe, for I will go:—

Enter PUBLIUS, BRUTUS, LIGARIUS, METELLUS, CASCA, TREBONIUS, *and* CINNA.

And look where Publius is come to fetch me.

Pub. Good morrow, Cæsar.

Cæs. Welcome, Publius.—
What, Brutus, are you stirr'd so early too?—
Good morrow, Casca.—Caius Ligarius,
Cæsar was ne'er so much your enemy
As that same ague which hath made you lean.—
What is't o'clock?

Bru. Cæsar, 'tis strucken eight.

Cæs. I thank you for your pains and courtesy.

Enter ANTONY.

See! Antony, that revels long o' nights,
Is notwithstanding up.—Good morrow, Antony.

Ant. So to most noble Cæsar.

Cæs. Bid them prepare within:—
I am to blame to be thus waited for.—
Now, Cinna:—now, Metellus:—what, Trebonius!
I have an hour's talk in store for you;
Remember that you call on me to-day:
Be near me, that I may remember you.

Treb. Cæsar, I will:—[*aside*] and so near will I be,
That your best friends shall wish I had been further.

Cæs. Good friends, go in, and taste some wine with me;
And we, like friends, will straightway go together.
Bru. [*aside*] That every like is not the same, O Cæsar,
The heart of Brutus yearns to think upon! [*Exeunt.*

SCENE III. *The same. A street near the Capitol.*

Enter ARTEMIDORUS, *reading a paper.*

Art. "Cæsar, beware of Brutus;[50] take heed of Cassius; come not near Casca; have an eye to Cinna; trust not Trebonius; mark well Metellus Cimber: Decius Brutus loves thee not: thou hast wronged Caius Ligarius. There is but one mind in all these men, and it is bent against Cæsar. If thou beest not immortal, look about you: security gives way to conspiracy. The mighty gods defend thee! Thy lover, ARTEMIDORUS."

Here will I stand till Cæsar pass along,
And as a suitor will I give him this.
My heart laments that virtue cannot live
Out of the teeth of emulation.
If thou read this, O Cæsar, thou mayst live;
If not, the Fates with traitors do contrive. [*Exit.*

SCENE IV. *The same. Another part of the same street, before the house of* BRUTUS.

Enter PORTIA *and* LUCIUS.

Por. I prithee, boy, run to the senate-house;
Stay not to answer me, but get thee gone:
Why dost thou stay?
Luc. To know my errand, madam.
Por. I would have had thee there, and here again,
Ere I can tell thee what thou shouldst do there.—

(50) "*Cæsar, beware of Brutus,*" &c.] Walker (*Crit. Exam.*, &c., vol. i. p. 12) endeavours to arrange this "paper" as verse; unsuccessfully, I think.

[*Aside*] O constancy, be strong upon my side,
Set a huge mountain 'tween my heart and tongue!
I have a man's mind, but a woman's might.
How hard it is for women to keep counsel!—
Art thou here yet?

Luc. Madam, what should I do?

Run to the Capitol, and nothing else?
And so return to you, and nothing else?

Por. Yes, bring me word, boy, if thy lord look well,
For he went sickly forth: and take good note
What Cæsar doth, what suitors press to him.
Hark, boy! what noise is that?

Luc. I hear none, madam.

Por. Prithee, listen well:
I heard a bustling rumour, like a fray,
And the wind brings it from the Capitol.

Luc. Sooth, madam, I hear nothing.

Enter Soothsayer.[51]

Por. Come hither, fellow: which way hast thou been?

Sooth. At mine own house, good lady.

Por. What is't o'clock?

Sooth. About the ninth hour, lady.

Por. Is Cæsar yet gone to the Capitol?

Sooth. Madam, not yet: I go to take my stand,
To see him pass on to the Capitol.

Por. Thou hast some suit to Cæsar, hast thou not?

Sooth. That I have, lady: if it will please Cæsar
To be so good to Cæsar as to hear me,
I shall beseech him to befriend himself.

Por. Why, know'st thou any harm's intended towards him?

Sooth. None that I know will be, much that I fear may chance.[52]

(51) Enter *Soothsayer.*] Here Rowe altered "Soothsayer" to "*Artemidorus.*"—"The introduction of the Soothsayer here is unnecessary, and, I think, improper. All that he is made to say should be given to Artemidorus; who is seen and accosted by Portia in his passage from his first stand to one more convenient." TYRWHITT.

(52) *may chance.*] An interpolation?

Good morrow to you.—Here the street is narrow:
The throng that follows Cæsar at the heels,
Of senators, of prætors, common suitors,
Will crowd a feeble man almost to death:
I'll get me to a place more void, and there
Speak to great Cæsar as he comes along. [*Exit.*

Por. I must go in.—[*Aside*] Ay me, how weak a thing
The heart of woman is! O Brutus,
The heavens speed thee in thine enterprise!—
Sure, the boy heard me.—Brutus hath a suit
That Cæsar will not grant.—O, I grow faint.—
Run, Lucius, and commend me to my lord;
Say I am merry: come to me again,
And bring me word what he doth say to thee.

[*Exeunt severally.*

ACT III.

SCENE I. *Rome. Before the Capitol; the* Senate *sitting.*

A crowd of people in the street leading to the Capitol; among them ARTEMIDORUS *and the* Soothsayer. *Flourish. Enter* CÆSAR, BRUTUS, CASSIUS, CASCA, DECIUS, METELLUS, TREBONIUS, CINNA, ANTONY, LEPIDUS, POPILIUS, PUBLIUS, *and others.*

Cæs. The ides of March are come.
Sooth. Ay, Cæsar; but not gone.
Art. Hail, Cæsar! read this schedule.
Dec. Trebonius doth desire you to o'er-read,
At your best leisure, this his humble suit.
Art. O Cæsar, read mine first; for mine's a suit
That touches Cæsar nearer: read it, great Cæsar.
Cæs. What touches us ourself, shall be last serv'd.[53]
Art. Delay not, Cæsar; read it instantly.
Cæs. What, is the fellow mad?
Pub. Sirrah, give place.

[53] *What touches us ourself, shall be last serv'd.*] Is surely right, though Mr. Craik follows Mr. Collier's Ms. Corrector in reading

"That *touches us? Ourself shall be last serv'd.*"

Cass. What, urge you your petitions in the street?
Come to the Capitol.

CÆSAR *enters the Capitol, the rest following. All the* Senators *rise.*

Pop. I wish your enterprise to-day may thrive.
Cass. What enterprise, Popilius?
Pop. Fare you well. [*Advances to Cæsar.*
Bru. What said Popilius Lena?
Cass. He wish'd to-day our enterprise might thrive.
I fear our purpose is discoverèd.
Bru. Look, how he makes to Cæsar: mark him.
Cass. Casca,
Be sudden, for we fear prevention.—
Brutus, what shall be done? If this be known,
Cassius or Cæsar never shall turn back,
For I will slay myself.(54)
Bru. Cassius, be constant:
Popilius Lena speaks not of our purpose;(55)
For, look, he smiles, and Cæsar doth not change.
Cass. Trebonius knows his time; for, look you, Brutus,
He draws Mark Antony out of the way.
[*Exeunt Antony and Trebonius. Cæsar and the Senators take their seats.*

(54) *Cassius or Cæsar never shall turn back,*
For I will slay myself.]

Malone's conjecture, "*Cassius* on *Cæsar never shall turn back*," &c., is adopted (very inconsiderately, I think) both by Mr. Craik and by Mr. Grant White; who probably had forgotten that "*turn*" was formerly not uncommon in the sense of "*return*." (See Glossary, in *turn*.)—"The editor [Malone] believes that Shakespeare wrote

'Cassius *on* Cæsar never shall turn back,'

and says, the next line strongly supports this conjecture. He must mean, it is presumed, in the Irish way; as a mere English reader would conclude that the next line totally destroys it. . . . Cassius says, if the plot be discovered, at all events either he or Cæsar shall never return alive; for, if the latter cannot be killed, he is determined to slay himself. The sense is as plain, as the alternative is just and necessary, or the proposed reading ignorant and absurd." RITSON.

(55) *our purpose;*] The folio has "*our* purposes;" which words, indeed, have occurred earlier in the play, p. 133; but the plural is surely an error here, since only a few lines above Cassius has said, "I fear *our purpose* is discoverèd." (See *ante*, notes 8, 9.)

Dec. Where is Metellus Cimber? Let him go,
And presently prefer his suit to Cæsar.
Bru. He is address'd: press near and second him.
Cin. Casca, you are the first that rears your hand.
Casca. Are we all ready?[56]
Cæs. What is now amiss
That Cæsar and his senate must redress?
Met. Most high, most mighty, and most puissant Cæsar,
Metellus Cimber throws before thy seat
An humble heart,— [*Kneeling.*
Cæs. I must prevent thee, Cimber.
These couchings[57] and these lowly courtesies
Might fire the blood of ordinary men,
And turn pre-ordinance and first decree
Into the law[58] of children. Be not fond,
To think that Cæsar bears such rebel blood
That will be thaw'd from the true quality
With that which melteth fools; I mean, sweet words,
Low-crookèd[59] curt'sies, and base spaniel-fawning.
Thy brother by decree is banishèd:
If thou dost bend, and pray, and fawn for him,
I spurn thee like a cur out of my way.
Know, Cæsar doth not wrong; nor without cause
Will he be satisfied.

([56]) *Are we all ready?*] In the folio these words stand as the commencement of the next speech.—Ritson saw the impropriety of their being uttered by Cæsar; and proposed making them a portion of the preceding speech.—With Mr. Collier's Ms. Corrector, I have transferred them to Casca, in whose mouth they form a very natural rejoinder to what Cinna has just said.

([57]) *couchings*] Hanmer and Mr. Collier's Ms. Corrector substitute "crouchings;" an alteration which, according to Mr. Craik, "does not admit of a doubt."—But Mr. Singer well observes; "*Couching* had the same meaning as *crouching;* thus Huloet: *cowche*, like a dogge; Procumbo, Prosterno." *Shakespeare Vindicated*, &c., p. 246. And compare "Issachar is a strong ass *couching* down between two burdens." *Genesis* xlix. 14.

([58]) *law*] So Johnson and Mr. Collier's Ms. Corrector.—The folio has "lane."

([59]) *Low-crookèd*] Mr. Collier's Ms. Corrector reads "*Low*-crouched;" which Mr. Craik adopts.—But hear Mr. Singer again; "Low-*crooked* is the same as low-*crouched;* for Huloet has *crooke*-backed or *crowche*-backed, and to *crook* was to *bow*." *Shakespeare Vindicated*, &c., p. 246.

Met. Is there no voice more worthy than my own,[60]
To sound more sweetly in great Cæsar's ear
For the repealing of my banish'd brother?

Bru. I kiss thy hand, but not in flattery, Cæsar;

(60) *If thou dost bend, and pray, and fawn for him,*
I spurn thee like a cur out of my way.
Know, Cæsar doth not wrong; nor without cause
Will he be satisfied.
Met. *Is there no voice more worthy than my own,* &c.]

"I remember," says Ben Jonson in his *Discoveries*, "the players have often mentioned it as an honour to Shakespeare, that in his writing (whatsoever he penned) he never blotted out a line. My answer hath been, Would he had blotted a thousand! Which they thought a malevolent speech. I had not told posterity this, but for their ignorance, who chose that circumstance to commend their friend by, wherein he most faulted; and to justify mine own candour; for I loved the man, and do honour his memory, on this side idolatry, as much as any. He was (indeed) honest, and of an open and free nature; had an excellent phantasy, brave notions, and gentle expressions; wherein he flowed with that facility, that sometimes it was necessary he should be stopped: *Sufflaminandus erat*, as Augustus said of Haterius. His wit was in his own power: would the rule of it had been so too! Many times he fell into those things could not escape laughter: as when he said in the person of Cæsar, one speaking to him, 'Cæsar, thou dost me wrong,' he replied, 'Cæsar did never wrong but with just cause,' and such like; which were ridiculous. But he redeemed his vices with his virtues. There was ever more in him to be praised than to be pardoned." *Works*, vol. ix. p. 175, ed. Gifford. Again, in *The Induction* to *The Staple of News*, Jonson makes *Prologue* say, "Cry you mercy, *you never did wrong but with just cause.*" *Works*, vol. v. p. 162,—where Gifford observes: "The attacks on Jonson for this quotation, which are multiplied beyond credibility, are founded on two charges, first, that he has falsified the passage; and secondly, that he was actuated by malignity in adverting to it at all. I cannot believe that the passage is 'quoted (as Steevens says) unfaithfully.' It is sufficient to look at it in the printed copy, to be convinced that it never came, in this form, from the pen of Shakespeare. One of the conspirators, Metellus Cimber by name, kneels at the feet of Cæsar, with this short address,

'Metellus Cimber throws before thy seat
An humble heart.'

And what is Cæsar's reply?

'Know Cæsar *doth not wrong*, nor without cause
Will he be satisfied.'

How satisfied, and of what? Here is no congruity, and the poetry is as mean as the sense. In Jonson it stands thus;

'*Met.* Cæsar, *thou dost me wrong.*
Cæs. Cæsar *did never wrong* but with just cause.'

Here is, at least, a reference to something. The fact seems to be that

Desiring thee that Publius Cimber may
Have an immediate freedom of repeal.

Cæs. What, Brutus!

Cass. Pardon, Cæsar; Cæsar, pardon:
As low as to thy foot doth Cassius fall,

this verse, which closely borders upon absurdity without being absolutely absurd, escaped the poet in the heat of composition, and being unluckily one of those quaint slips which are readily remembered, became a jocular and familiar phrase for reproving, as here, the perverse and unreasonable expectations of the male or female gossips of the day. To suppose, with Steevens and Malone, that Jonson derived all his knowledge of Shakespeare from his printed works, is not a little ridiculous: those gentlemen choose to forget that he passed his life among playhouses and players, and that he must have frequently seen *Julius Cæsar* on the stage. There he undoubtedly heard the expression which he has quoted. He tells us himself that, till he was past the age of forty, he could repeat every thing that he had written. His memory therefore was most retentive, and as his veracity was never called in question, but by the duumvirate just mentioned, I cannot but believe that he has faithfully given the words as they were uttered. When the *Staple of News* was written, cannot be told, but it was acted in 1625, nine years after Shakespeare's death; it seems, however, not to have been published till 1641, when the author himself had long been dead; though the title-page bears date 1631. *Julius Cæsar* was printed in 1623; but it does not necessarily follow from this, that Jonson consulted the players' copy. He had no occasion to look into it for what he already knew; and if he had opened it at all, the probability is, that he would have paid no attention to their botchery (for theirs I am persuaded it was), when the genuine words were already so familiar to him. He wrote and spoke at a time when he might easily have been put to shame, if his quotation had been unfaithful." Let me add (for it may escape the reader) that Gifford supposes Shakespeare to have written thus;

> "If thou dost bend, and pray, and fawn for him,
> I spurn thee like a cur out of my way.
> *Met.* Cæsar, thou dost me wrong.
> *Cæs.* Cæsar did never wrong but with just cause.
> *Met.* Is there no voice more worthy than my own," &c.—

In *The Parthenon* for August 2, 1862, p. 442, the late Mr. W. W. Williams writes thus; "In an earlier part of the scene [*i.e.* the first scene of the third act of *Measure for Measure*, vol. i. p. 499, Claudio] had expressed to the Duke his readiness to die; and the latter, overhearing the subsequent dialogue between Claudio and Isabella, recommends him, not to allow any false hopes to shake his previous determination;

> 'Do not *satisfy* your resolution with hopes that are fallible.'

The obvious drift of these words is to the effect that Claudio should not *unsettle* his resolution by encouraging expectations of reprieve. The word 'satisfy' does not, either etymologically or according to known usage, convey this meaning, and hence the perplexity occasioned by the text. But does not Shakespeare so employ it elsewhere? If I am not

To beg enfranchisement for Publius Cimber.

Cæs. I could be well mov'd, if I were as you;
If I could pray to move, prayers would move me:
But I am constant as the northern star,
Of whose true-fix'd and resting quality

mistaken, he does, and in a remarkable instance. In 'Julius Cæsar,' act iii. sc. 1, upon Cæsar's taking his seat in the Capitol, Metellus Cimber kneels before him, petitioning for the recall of his brother Publius from banishment. Cæsar replies to his supplication by a somewhat ostentatious display of his own firmness of character. He does not

> 'bear such rebel blood
> That will be thaw'd from the true quality
> With that which melteth fools;'

and he concludes with,

> 'Know Cæsar doth not wrong; nor without cause
> Will he be *satisfied*.'

Mr. Craik, in his Commentary on this play, observes that the words 'nor without cause will he be satisfied' have 'an especially suspicious look,' and his difficulty appears to lie in the word 'satisfied.' But Cæsar's speeches are declarative of his determination not to remit the sentence on Publius Cimber, or suffer his resolution to be shaken or unsettled without adequate cause. Accordingly, he responds to the intercession of Cassius by vaunting that he is 'constant as the northern star,' 'unshak'd by motion;' and winds up with

> 'I was constant Cimber should be banish'd,
> And constant do remain to keep him so.'

The whole speech to Cassius is a running commentary on the last words addressed to Metellus Cimber. Upon comparing the passage in 'Measure for Measure' with this in 'Julius Cæsar,' we find the same word apparently in the same sense, and translatable only by the same modern equivalent. What precise shade of meaning Shakespeare may have attached to it is another matter; but we must pause before tampering with either passage, when each is so confirmatory of the other."—Again, in *The Parthenon* for Nov. 1, 1862, p. 849, the same critic,—after citing from *All's well that ends well*, act v. sc. 3,

> "But when I had . . . inform'd her fully
> I could not answer in that course of honour
> As she had made the overture, she cease'd,
> In heavy *satisfaction*, and would never
> Receive the ring again,"—

observes; "Note the expression 'heavy satisfaction.' In 'The Parthenon' of Aug. 2, I ventured to vindicate the old text in the case of the words 'satisfy' and 'satisfied,' as found respectively in 'Measure for Measure' and 'Julius Cæsar.' The present passage is entirely confirmatory of my opinion, then expressed, that Shakespeare occasionally employed the word 'satisfy' in some such signification as to *disturb* or *unsettle*."—With all my respect for the acuteness of the late Mr. Williams, I must confess that his present remarks by no means "*satisfy*" me.

There is no fellow in the firmament.
The skies are painted with unnumber'd sparks,
They are all fire, and every one doth shine;
But there's but one in all doth hold his place:
So in the world,—'tis furnish'd well with men,
And men are flesh and blood, and apprehensive;
Yet in the number I do know but one
That unassailable holds on his rank,
Unshak'd of motion: and that I am he,
Let me a little show it, even in this,—
That I was constant Cimber should be banish'd,
And constant do remain to keep him so.

Cin. O Cæsar,—

Cæs. Hence! wilt thou lift up Olympus?

Dec. Great Cæsar,—

Cæs. Doth not Brutus bootless kneel?

Casca. Speak, hands, for me!

[*Casca stabs Cæsar in the neck. Cæsar catches hold of his arm. He is then stabbed by several other Conspirators, and last by Marcus Brutus.*

*Cæs. Et tu, Brute?**—Then fall, Cæsar!

[*Dies. The Senators and People retire in confusion.*

* *Et tu, Brute?*] After quoting Suetonius in Holland's version, and Plutarch in North's translation, Malone observes; "Neither of these writers, therefore, we see, furnished Shakespeare with this exclamation. His authority appears to have been a line in the old play entitled *The True Tragedie of Richarde Duke of Yorke*, &c., printed in 1600 [1595], on which he formed his *Third Part of King Henry VI.*;

'*Et tu, Brute?* Wilt thou stab Cæsar too?'
[p. 176, Shake. Soc. reprint.]

This line Shakespeare rejected when he wrote the piece above mentioned; but it appears it had made an impression on his memory. The same line is also found in *Acolastus his Afterwitte*, a poem, by S. Nicholson, printed in 1600;

'*Et tu, Brute?* Wilt thou stab Cæsar too?
Thou art my friend, and wilt not see me wrong'd.'

So in Cæsar's Legend, *Mirror for Magistrates*, 1587;

'O this, quoth I, is violence: then Cassius pierc'd my breast;
And Brutus thou, my sonne, quoth I, whom erst I loved best.'

The Latin words probably appeared originally in the old Latin play on this subject [written by Dr. Eedes, and acted at Christ-Church, Oxford, in 1582]."

Cin. Liberty! Freedom! Tyranny is dead!—
Run hence, proclaim, cry it about the streets.
Cass. Some to the common pulpits, and cry out,
"Liberty, freedom, and enfranchisement!"
Bru. People, and senators, be not affrighted;
Fly not; stand still:—ambition's debt is paid.
Casca. Go to the pulpit, Brutus.
Dec. And Cassius too.
Bru. Where's Publius?
Cin. Here, quite confounded with this mutiny.
Met. Stand fast together, lest some friend of Cæsar's
Should chance—
Bru. Talk not of standing.—Publius, good cheer;
There is no harm intended to your person,
Nor to no Roman else: so tell them, Publius.
Cass. And leave us, Publius; lest that the people,
Rushing on us, should do your age some mischief.
Bru. Do so:—and let no man abide this deed,
But we the doers.

Re-enter TREBONIUS.

Cass. Where's Antony?
Tre. Fled to his house amaz'd:
Men, wives, and children stare, cry out, and run
As it were doomsday.
Bru. Fates, we will know your pleasures:—
That we shall die, we know; 'tis but the time,
And drawing days out, that men stand upon.
Cass.[61] Why, he that cuts off twenty years of life
Cuts off so many years of fearing death.
Bru. Grant that, and then is death a benefit:
So are we Cæsar's friends, that have abridg'd
His time of fearing death.—Stoop, Romans, stoop,
And let us bathe our hands in Cæsar's blood
Up to the elbows, and besmear our swords:
Then walk we forth, even to the market-place,

([61]) Cass.] The folio has "Cask."

And, waving our red weapons o'er our heads,
Let's all cry, "Peace, freedom, and liberty!"

Cass. Stoop, then, and wash.—How many ages hence
Shall this our lofty scene be acted o'er[62]
In states[63] unborn and accents yet unknown!

Bru. How many times shall Cæsar bleed in sport,
That now on Pompey's basis lies[64] along
No worthier than the dust!

Cass. So oft as that shall be,
So often shall the knot of us be call'd
The men that gave their country liberty.

Dec. What, shall we forth?

Cass. Ay, every man away:
Brutus shall lead; and we will grace his heels
With the most boldest and best hearts of Rome.

Bru. Soft! who comes here?

Enter a Servant.

A friend of Antony's.

Serv. Thus, Brutus, did my master bid me kneel;
Thus did Mark Antony bid me fall down;
And, being prostrate, thus he bade me say:—
Brutus is noble, wise, valiant, and honest;
Cæsar was mighty, bold, royal, and loving:
Say I love Brutus, and I honour him;
Say I fear'd Cæsar, honour'd him, and lov'd him.
If Brutus will vouchsafe that Antony
May safely come to him, and be resolv'd
How Cæsar hath deserv'd to lie in death,
Mark Antony shall not love Cæsar dead
So well as Brutus living; but will follow
The fortunes and affairs of noble Brutus
Thorough the hazards of this untrod state
With all true faith. So says my master Antony.

(62) *o'er*] The folio has "ouer."—"The flow requires '*o'er*.' *Over* for *o'er* is a frequent error in the folio." Walker's *Crit. Exam.*, &c., vol. iii. p. 247.

(63) *states*] So the second folio.—The first folio has "State."

(64) *lies*] So the second folio.—The first folio has "lye."

Bru. Thy master is a wise and valiant Roman;
I never thought him worse.
Tell him, so please him come unto this place,
He shall be satisfied; and, by my honour,
Depart untouch'd.
Serv. I'll fetch him presently. [*Exit.*
Bru. I know that we shall have him well to friend.
Cass. I wish we may: but yet have I a mind
That fears him much; and my misgiving still
Falls shrewdly to the purpose.
Bru. But here comes Antony.

Re-enter ANTONY.

Welcome, Mark Antony.
Ant. O mighty Cæsar! dost thou lie so low?
Are all thy conquests, glories, triumphs, spoils,
Shrunk to this little measure? Fare thee well.—
I know not, gentlemen, what you intend,
Who else must be let blood, who else is rank:
If I myself, there is no hour so fit
As Cæsar's death's hour; nor no instrument
Of half that worth as those your swords, made rich
With the most noble blood of all this world.
I do beseech ye, if you bear me hard,
Now, whilst your purpled hands do reek and smoke,
Fulfil your pleasure. Live a thousand years,
I shall not find myself so apt to die:
No place will please me so, no mean of death,
As here by Cæsar, and by you cut off,
The choice and master spirits of this age.
Bru. O Antony, beg not your death of us.
Though now we must appear bloody and cruel,
As, by our hands and this our present act,
You see we do; yet see you but our hands,
And this the bleeding business they have done:
Our hearts you see not,—they are pitiful;
And pity to the general wrong of Rome—
As fire drives out fire, so pity pity—

Hath done this deed on Cæsar. For your part,
To you our swords have leaden points, Mark Antony,
Our arms no strength of malice; and our hearts,[65]
Of brothers' temper, do receive you in
With all kind love, good thoughts, and reverence.

Cass. Your voice shall be as strong as any man's
In the disposing of new dignities.

Bru. Only be patient till we have appeas'd
The multitude, beside themselves with fear,
And then we will deliver you the cause,
Why I, that did love Cæsar when I struck him,
Have thus proceeded.

Ant. I doubt not of your wisdom.
Let each man render me his bloody hand:
First, Marcus Brutus, will I shake with you;—
Next, Caius Cassius, do I take your hand;—
Now, Decius Brutus, yours;—now yours, Metellus;
Yours, Cinna;—and, my valiant Casca, yours;—
Though last, not least in love, yours, good Trebonius.
Gentlemen all,—alas, what shall I say?
My credit now stands on such slippery ground,
That one of two bad ways you must conceit me,
Either a coward or a flatterer.—
That I did love thee, Cæsar, O, 'tis true:
If, then, thy spirit look upon us now,
Shall it not grieve thee dearer than thy death,
To see thy Antony making his peace,

(65) *For your part,*
To you our swords have leaden points, Mark Antony,
Our arms no strength of malice; and our hearts,]

The folio has

"..... *Marke Antony:*
Our Armes in *strength of malice,*" &c.

I give Capell's reading, as preferable to any other yet proposed.—Mr. Collier's Ms. Corrector, without altering the punctuation, changes "*malice*" to a word which no way resembles it in the *ductus literarum*, "welcome;" and which to my thinking (though Mr. Craik eagerly adopts it) makes almost nonsense.—Mr. Singer proposes "amity" for "*malice,*" and Dr. Badham (*Cambridge Essays*, vol. for 1856, p. 287) conjectures "*Our arms* unstring their *malice,*" &c.

Shaking the bloody fingers of thy foes,
Most noble! in the presence of thy corse?
Had I as many eyes as thou hast wounds,
Weeping as fast as they stream forth thy blood,
It would become me better than to close
In terms of friendship with thine enemies.
Pardon me, Julius!—Here wast thou bay'd, brave hart;
Here didst thou fall; and here thy hunters stand,
Sign'd in thy spoil, and crimson'd in thy lethe.—(66)
O world, thou wast the forest to this hart;
And this, indeed, O world, the heart of thee.—
How like a deer, strucken by many princes,
Dost thou here lie!

Cass. Mark Antony,—

Ant. Pardon me, Caius Cassius:
The enemies of Cæsar shall say this;
Then, in a friend, it is cold modesty.

Cass. I blame you not for praising Cæsar so;
But what compáct mean you to have with us?
Will you be prick'd in number of our friends;
Or shall we on, and not depend on you?

Ant. Therefore I took your hands; but was, indeed,
Sway'd from the point, by looking down on Cæsar.
Friends am I with you all, and love you all;
Upon this hope, that you shall give me reasons
Why and wherein Cæsar was dangerous.

Bru. Or else were this a savage spectacle:
Our reasons are so full of good regard,
That were you, Antony, the son of Cæsar,
You should be satisfied.

Ant. That's all I seek:
And am moreover suitor that I may

(66) *lethe.*—] Spelt in the folio "*Lethes.*"—Capell, *Gloss.* sub "*Lethe,*" says that here it is "a term us'd by hunters, to signify—the blood shed by a deer at its fall, with which it is still a custom to mark those who come in at the death." According to Steevens, "*Lethe* is used by many of the old translators of novels for *death.*" And Nares, *Gloss.* sub "*Lethe,*" observes that the word when used, as it is here, in the sense of *death*, "must be formed from *lethum*, not *lethē.*"—But Theobald and Mr. Collier's Ms. Corrector read "death."

Produce his body to the market-place;
And in the pulpit, as becomes a friend,
Speak in the order of his funeral.

Bru. You shall, Mark Antony.

Cass. Brutus, a word with you.
[*Aside to Bru.*] You know not what you do: do not consent
That Antony speak in his funeral:
Know you how much the people may be mov'd
By that which he will utter?

Bru. [*aside to Cass.*] By your pardon;—
I will myself into the pulpit first,
And show the reason of our Cæsar's death:
What Antony shall speak, I will protest
He speaks by leave and by permission;
And that we are contented Cæsar shall
Have all due[67] rites and lawful ceremonies.
It shall advantage more than do us wrong.

Cass. [*aside to Bru.*] I know not what may fall; I like it not.

Bru. Mark Antony, here, take you Cæsar's body.
You shall not in your funeral speech blame us,
But speak all good you can devise of Cæsar;
And say you do't by our permission;
Else shall you not have any hand at all
About his funeral: and you shall speak
In the same pulpit whereto I am going,
After my speech is ended.

Ant. Be it so;
I do desire no more.

Bru. Prepare the body, then, and follow us.

[*Exeunt all except Antony.*

Ant. O, pardon me, thou bleeding piece of earth,
That I am meek and gentle with these butchers!
Thou art the ruins of the noblest man
That ever livèd in the tide of times.

(67) *due*] The folio has "true."—"Read '*due*' [with Pope and Mr. Collier's Ms. Corrector]." Walker's *Crit. Exam.*, &c., vol. ii. p. 239.

Woe to the hands[68] that shed this costly blood!
Over thy wounds now do I prophesy,—
Which, like dumb mouths, do ope their ruby lips,
To beg the voice and utterance of my tongue,—
A curse shall light upon the minds of men;[69]
Domestic fury and fierce civil strife
Shall cumber all the parts of Italy;
Blood and destruction shall be so in use,
And dreadful objects so familiar,
That mothers shall but smile when they behold
Their infants quarter'd with the hands of war;
All pity chok'd with custom of fell deeds:
And Cæsar's spirit, ranging for revenge,
With Até by his side come hot from hell,
Shall in these confines with a monarch's voice
Cry "Havoc," and let slip the dogs of war;
That this foul deed shall smell above the earth
With carrion men, groaning for burial.

Enter a Servant.

You serve Octavius Cæsar, do you not?

Serv. I do, Mark Antony.

Ant. Cæsar did write for him to come to Rome.

Serv. He did receive his letters, and is coming;

(68) *Woe to the hands*] The folio has "*Woe to the* hand." But Antony has previously (p. 153) said to the conspirators,

"Now, whilst your purpled *hands* do reek," &c.

(69) *the minds of men;*] The folio has "*the* limbes *of men;*" which is defended by Capell, Steevens, and Malone; Steevens citing from Phaer's *Æneid* "*limmes of men*," as if the words were not easily to be found in a hundred other books.—Hanmer reads "*the* kind *of men;*" Warburton, "*the* line *of men;*" and Mr. Collier's Ms. Corrector, "*the* loins *of men*" (a most vile alteration, which nevertheless is adopted with high praise by Mr. Craik, who tells us that "the *loins* of men means, OF COURSE, the generations of men").—Johnson's conjecture is "*the* lives *of men;*" Walker's (*Crit. Exam.*, &c., vol. iii. p. 247), "*the* times *of men;*" Mr. Staunton's, "*the* tombs *of men;*" and Mr. Grant White's, "*the* sons *of men.*"—I give, at the suggestion of Mr. Swynfen Jervis, "*the minds of men;*" a reading which suits the context excellently: and "limbes" was a not unlikely mistake for "*mindes.*" In an earlier passage of the play, p. 122, where Cassius complains that "our fathers' *minds* are dead," the folio has "*mindes.*"

And bid me say to you by word of mouth—
O Cæsar!— [*Seeing the body.*

Ant. Thy heart is big, get thee apart and weep.
Passion, I see, is catching; for[70] mine eyes,
Seeing those beads of sorrow stand in thine,
Begin[71] to water. Is thy master coming?

Serv. He lies to-night within seven leagues of Rome.

Ant. Post back with speed, and tell him what hath chanc'd:
Here is a mourning Rome, a dangerous Rome,
No Rome of safety for Octavius yet;
Hie hence, and tell him so. Yet, stay awhile;
Thou shalt not back till I have borne this corse
Into the market-place: there shall I try,
In my oration, how the people take
The cruel issue of these bloody men;
According to the which, thou shalt discourse
To young Octavius of the state of things.
Lend me your hand. [*Exeunt with Cæsar's body.*

SCENE II. *The same. The Forum.*

Enter BRUTUS *and* CASSIUS, *and a throng of* Citizens.

Citizens. We will be satisfied; let us be satisfied.

Bru. Then follow me, and give me audience, friends.—
Cassius, go you into the other street,
And part the numbers.—
Those that will hear me speak, let 'em stay here;
Those that will follow Cassius, go with him;
And public reasons shall be renderèd
Of Cæsar's death.

First Cit. I will hear Brutus speak.

Sec. Cit. I will hear Cassius; and compare their reasons,
When severally we hear them renderèd.

[*Exit Cassius, with some of the Citizens. Brutus goes into the rostrum.*

[70] *for*] So the second folio.—The first folio has "from."
[71] *Begin*] The folio has "Began" (a manifest error).

Third Cit. The noble Brutus is ascended: silence!

Bru. Be patient till the last.

Romans, countrymen, and lovers! hear me for my cause; and be silent, that you may hear: believe me for mine honour; and have respect to mine honour, that you may believe: censure me in your wisdom; and awake your senses, that you may the better judge. If there be any in this assembly, any dear friend of Cæsar's, to him I say, that Brutus' love to Cæsar was no less than his. If, then, that friend demand why Brutus rose against Cæsar, this is my answer,—Not that I loved Cæsar less, but that I loved Rome more. Had you rather Cæsar were living, and die all slaves, than that Cæsar were dead, to live all free men? As Cæsar loved me, I weep for him; as he was fortunate, I rejoice at it; as he was valiant, I honour him: but, as he was ambitious, I slew him: there is tears for his love; joy for his fortune; honour for his valour; and death for his ambition. Who is here so base that would be a bondman? If any, speak; for him have I offended. Who is here so rude that would not be a Roman? If any, speak; for him have I offended. Who is here so vile that will not love his country? If any, speak; for him have I offended. I pause for a reply.

Citizens. None, Brutus, none.

Bru. Then none have I offended. I have done no more to Cæsar than you shall do to Brutus. The question of his death is enrolled in the Capitol; his glory not extenuated, wherein he was worthy; nor his offences enforced, for which he suffered death. Here comes his body, mourned by Mark

Enter ANTONY *and others, with* CÆSAR'S *body.*

Antony: who, though he had no hand in his death, shall receive the benefit of his dying, a place in the commonwealth; as which of you shall not? With this I depart,—that, as I slew my best lover for the good of Rome, I have the same dagger for myself, when it shall please my country to need my death.

Citizens. Live, Brutus! live, live!

First Cit. Bring him with triumph home unto his house.

Sec. Cit. Give him a statue with his ancestors.
Third Cit. Let him be Cæsar.
Fourth Cit. Cæsar's better parts
Shall now[72] be crown'd in Brutus.
First Cit. We'll bring him to his house with shouts and clamours.
Bru. My countrymen,—
Sec. Cit. Peace, silence! Brutus speaks.
First Cit. Peace, ho!
Bru. Good countrymen, let me depart alone,
And, for my sake, stay here with Antony:
Do grace to Cæsar's corpse, and grace his speech
Tending to Cæsar's glory;[73] which Mark Antony,
By our permission, is allow'd to make.
I do entreat you, not a man depart,
Save I alone, till Antony have spoke. [*Exit.*
First Cit. Stay, ho! and let us hear Mark Antony.
Third Cit. Let him go up into the public chair;
We'll hear him.—Noble Antony, go up.
Ant. For Brutus' sake, I am beholding to you. [*Goes up.*
Fourth Cit. What does he say of Brutus?
Third Cit. He says, for Brutus' sake,
He finds himself beholding to us all.
Fourth Cit. 'Twere best he speak no harm of Brutus here.
First Cit. This Cæsar was a tyrant.
Third Cit. Nay, that's certain:
We are bless'd that Rome is rid of him.
Sec. Cit. Peace! let us hear what Antony can say.
Ant. You gentle Romans,—
Citizens. Peace, ho! let us hear him.
Ant. Friends, Romans, countrymen, lend me your ears;
I come to bury Cæsar, not to praise him.
The evil that men do lives after them;
The good is oft interrèd with their bones;

(72) *now*] Added by Pope.
(73) *Cæsar's glory;*] The folio has "*Cæsars* Glories."—Corrected by Walker, *Crit. Exam.*, &c., vol. i. p. 250.—The author's Ms. most probably had "*Glorie:*" in the previous page, Brutus speaks of "his [Cæsar's] *glory* not extenuated."

So let it be with Cæsar. The noble Brutus
Hath told you Cæsar was ambitious:
If it were so, it was a grievous fault;
And grievously hath Cæsar answer'd it.
Here, under leave of Brutus and the rest,—
For Brutus is an honourable man;
So are they all, all honourable men,—
Come I to speak in Cæsar's funeral.
He was my friend, faithful and just to me:
But Brutus says he was ambitious;
And Brutus is an honourable man.
He hath brought many captives home to Rome,
Whose ransoms did the general coffers fill:
Did this in Cæsar seem ambitious?
When that the poor have cried, Cæsar hath wept:
Ambition should be made of sterner stuff:
Yet Brutus says he was ambitious;
And Brutus is an honourable man.
You all did see that on the Lupercal
I thrice presented him a kingly crown,
Which he did thrice refuse: was this ambition?
Yet Brutus says he was ambitious;
And, sure, he is an honourable man.
I speak not to disprove what Brutus spoke,
But here I am to speak what I do know.
You all did love him once,—not without cause:
What cause withholds you, then, to mourn for him?
O judgment, thou art fled to brutish beasts,
And men have lost their reason!—Bear with me;
My heart is in the coffin there with Cæsar,
And I must pause till it come back to me.

First Cit. Methinks there is much reason in his sayings.

Sec. Cit. If thou consider rightly of the matter,
Cæsar has had great wrong.

Third Cit. Has he not, masters?[74]
I fear there will a worse come in his place.

(74) *Has he not, masters?*] The folio has merely "*Ha's hee Masters?*" —"Perhaps we should read 'Has he, *my* masters?'" Walker's *Crit. Exam.*, &c., vol. ii. p. 259.—The "*not*" is the addition of Mr. Craik.

Fourth Cit. Mark'd ye his words? He would not take the crown;
Therefore 'tis certain he was not ambitious.

First Cit. If it be found so, some will dear abide it.

Sec. Cit. Poor soul! his eyes are red as fire with weeping.

Third Cit. There's not a nobler man in Rome than Antony.

Fourth Cit. Now mark him, he begins again to speak.

Ant. But yesterday the word of Cæsar might
Have stood against the world: now lies he there,
And none so poor to do him reverence.
O masters, if I were dispos'd to stir
Your hearts and minds to mutiny and rage,
I should do Brutus wrong, and Cassius wrong,
Who, you all know, are honourable men:
I will not do them wrong; I rather choose
To wrong the dead, to wrong myself, and you,
Than I will wrong such honourable men.
But here's a parchment with the seal of Cæsar,—
I found it in his closet,—'tis his will:
Let but the commons hear this testament,—
Which, pardon me, I do not mean to read,—
And they would go and kiss dead Cæsar's wounds,
And dip their napkins in his sacred blood;
Yea, beg a hair of him for memory,
And, dying, mention it within their wills,
Bequeathing it, as a rich legacy,
Unto their issue.

Fourth Cit. We'll hear the will: read it, Mark Antony.

Citizens. The will, the will! we will hear Cæsar's will.

Ant. Have patience, gentle friends, I must not read it;
It is not meet you know how Cæsar lov'd you.
You are not wood, you are not stones, but men;
And, being men, hearing the will of Cæsar,
It will inflame you, it will make you mad:
'Tis good you know not that you are his heirs;
For, if you should, O, what would come of it!

Fourth Cit. Read the will; we'll hear it, Antony;
You shall read us the will,—Cæsar's will.

Ant. Will you be patient? will you stay awhile?
I have o'ershot myself to tell you of it:
I fear I wrong the honourable men
Whose daggers have stabb'd Cæsar; I do fear it.
Fourth Cit. They were traitors: honourable men!
Citizens. The will! the testament!
Sec. Cit. They were villains, murderers: the will! read the will.
Ant. You will compel me, then, to read the will?
Then make a ring about the corpse of Cæsar,
And let me show you him that made the will.
Shall I descend? and will you give me leave?
Citizens. Come down.
Sec. Cit. Descend.
Third Cit. You shall have leave. [*Antony comes down.*
Fourth Cit. A ring; stand round.
First Cit. Stand from the hearse, stand from the body.
Sec. Cit. Room for Antony,—most noble Antony.
Ant. Nay, press not so upon me; stand far' off.
Citizens. Stand back; room; bear back.
Ant. If you have tears, prepare to shed them now.
You all do know this mantle: I remember
The first time ever Cæsar put it on;
'Twas on a summer's evening, in his tent,
That day he overcame the Nervii:—
Look, in this place ran Cassius' dagger through:
See what a rent the envious Casca made:
Through this the well-belovèd Brutus stabb'd;
And, as he pluck'd his cursèd steel away,
Mark how the blood of Cæsar follow'd it,
As rushing out of doors, to be resolv'd
If Brutus so unkindly knock'd, or no;
For Brutus, as you know, was Cæsar's angel:
Judge, O you gods, how dearly Cæsar lov'd him!
This was the most unkindest cut of all;
For when the noble Cæsar saw him stab,
Ingratitude, more strong than traitors' arms,
Quite vanquish'd him: then burst his mighty heart;
And, in his mantle muffling up his face,

Even at the base of Pompey's statua,[75]
Which all the while ran blood, great Cæsar fell.
O what a fall was there, my countrymen!
Then I, and you, and all of us fell down,
Whilst bloody treason flourish'd over us.
O, now you weep; and, I perceive, you feel
The dint of pity: these are gracious drops.
Kind souls, what, weep you when you but behold
Our Cæsar's vesture wounded? Look you here,
Here is himself, marr'd, as you see, with traitors.

First Cit. O piteous spectacle!

Sec. Cit. O noble Cæsar!

Third Cit. O woful day!

Fourth Cit. O traitors, villains!

First Cit. O most bloody sight!

Sec. Cit. We will be revenged.

Citizens. Revenge,—about,—seek,—burn,—fire,—kill,—slay,—let not a traitor live!

Ant. Stay, countrymen.

First Cit. Peace there! hear the noble Antony.

Sec. Cit. We'll hear him, we'll follow him, we'll die with him.

Ant. Good friends, sweet friends, let me not stir you up
To such a sudden flood of mutiny.
They that have done this deed are honourable;—
What private griefs they have, alas, I know not,
That made them do't;—they're wise and honourable,
And will, no doubt, with reasons answer you.
I come not, friends, to steal away your hearts:
I am no orator, as Brutus is;
But, as you know me all, a plain blunt man,
That love my friend; and that they know full well
That gave me public leave to speak of him:
For I have neither wit,[76] nor words, nor worth,
Action, nor utterance, nor the power of speech,

(75) *statua,*] See note 48.

(76) *wit,*] The folio has "writ" (which more than one editor has retained,—"writ" meaning "penned or premeditated oration"!).—The correction was made in the second folio.

To stir men's blood: I only speak right on;
I tell you that which you yourselves do know;
Show you sweet Cæsar's wounds, poor poor dumb mouths,
And bid them speak for me: but were I Brutus,
And Brutus Antony, there were an Antony
Would ruffle up your spirits, and put a tongue
In every wound of Cæsar, that should move
The stones of Rome to rise and mutiny.

Citizens. We'll mutiny.

First Cit. We'll burn the house of Brutus.

Third Cit. Away, then! come, seek the conspirators.

Ant. Yet hear me, countrymen; yet hear me speak.

Citizens. Peace, ho! hear Antony,—most noble Antony.

Ant. Why, friends, you go to do you know not what:
Wherein hath Cæsar thus deserv'd your loves?
Alas, you know not,—I must tell you, then:—
You have forgot the will I told you of.

Citizens. Most true; the will:—let's stay and hear the will.

Ant. Here is the will, and under Cæsar's seal:—
To every Roman citizen he gives,
To every several man, seventy-five drachmas.

Sec. Cit. Most noble Cæsar!—we'll revenge his death.

Third Cit. O royal Cæsar!

Ant. Hear me with patience.

Citizens. Peace, ho!

Ant. Moreover, he hath left you all his walks,
His private arbours, and new-planted orchards,
On this side Tiber; he hath left them you,
And to your heirs for ever,—common pleasures,
To walk abroad, and recreate yourselves.
Here was a Cæsar! when comes such another?

First Cit. Never, never.—Come, away, away!
We'll burn his body in the holy place,
And with the brands fire the traitors' houses.
Take up the body.

Sec. Cit. Go fetch fire.

Third Cit. Pluck down benches.

Fourth Cit. Pluck down forms, windows, any thing.

[*Exeunt Citizens with the body.*

Ant. Now let it work:—mischief, thou art afoot,
Take thou[77] what course thou wilt!

Enter a Servant.

How now, fellow!

Serv. Sir, Octavius is already come to Rome.

Ant. Where is he?

Serv. He and Lepidus[78] are at Cæsar's house.

Ant. And thither will I straight to visit him:
He comes upon a wish. Fortune is merry,
And in this mood will give us any thing.

Serv. I heard 'em[79] say, Brutus and Cassius
Are rid like madmen through the gates of Rome.

Ant. Belike they had some notice of the people
How I had mov'd them. Bring me to Octavius. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE III. *The same. A street.*

Enter CINNA *the poet.*

Cin. I dreamt to-night that I did feast with Cæsar,
And things unlucky charge my fantasy:[80]

(77) *thou*] Mr. Craik proposes "now;" an alteration quite unnecessary, and even objectionable, on account of the immediately preceding and following "*now.*"

(78) *He and Lepidus*] "Perhaps, 'He and *Lord* Lepidus.'" Walker's *Crit. Exam.*, &c., vol. ii. p. 264.

(79) *'em*] The folio has "him."

(80) *I dreamt to-night that I did feast with Cæsar,*
And things unlucky charge my fantasy:]

In the second line the folio has "vnluckily;" which Warburton altered to "*unlucky.*"—Mr. Collier's Ms. Corrector substitutes "unlikely;" of which Mr. Collier approves, because "Why should Cinna consider it unlucky to dream of feasting with Cæsar?" Steevens has given the reason, *ad l.:* "I learn," he says, "from an old black-letter treatise on Fortune-telling, &c., that to dream 'of being at *banquets*, betokeneth misfortune, &c.'"—1865. "Undoubtedly '*unlucky.*'" Walker's *Crit. Exam.*, &c., vol. iii. p. 247.—Mr. Craik approves and adopts the Ms. Corrector's reading; while Mr. Staunton pronounces it to be "certainly wrong."

I have no will to wander forth of doors,
Yet something leads me forth.

Enter Citizens.

First Cit. What is your name?

Sec. Cit. Whither are you going?

Third Cit. Where do you dwell?

Fourth Cit. Are you a married man or a bachelor?

Sec. Cit. Answer every man directly.

First Cit. Ay, and briefly.

Fourth Cit. Ay, and wisely.

Third Cit. Ay, and truly, you were best.

Cin. What is my name? Whither am I going? Where do I dwell? Am I a married man or a bachelor? Then, to answer every man directly and briefly, wisely and truly:—wisely I say, I am a bachelor.

Sec. Cit. That's as much as to say, they are fools that marry:—you'll bear me a bang for that, I fear. Proceed; directly.

Cin. Directly, I am going to Cæsar's funeral.

First Cit. As a friend or an enemy?

Cin. As a friend.

Sec. Cit. That matter is answered directly.

Fourth Cit. For your dwelling,—briefly.

Cin. Briefly, I dwell by the Capitol.

Third Cit. Your name, sir, truly.

Cin. Truly, my name is Cinna.

First Cit. Tear him to pieces; he's a conspirator.

Cin. I am Cinna the poet, I am Cinna the poet.

Fourth Cit. Tear him for his bad verses, tear him for his bad verses.

Cin. I am not Cinna the conspirator.

Fourth Cit. It is no matter, his name's Cinna; pluck but his name out of his heart, and turn him going.

Third Cit. Tear him, tear him! Come, brands, ho! firebrands: to Brutus', to Cassius'; burn all: some to Decius' house, and some to Casca's; some to Ligarius': away, go!

[*Exeunt.*

ACT IV.

SCENE I. *Rome. A room in* ANTONY'S *house.*

ANTONY, OCTAVIUS, *and* LEPIDUS, *seated at a table.*

Ant. These many, then, shall die; their names are prick'd.
Oct. Your brother too must die; consent you, Lepidus?
Lep. I do consent,—
Oct. Prick him down, Antony.
Lep. Upon condition Publius shall not live,
Who is your sister's son, Mark Antony.
Ant. He shall not live; look, with a spot I damn him.
But, Lepidus, go you to Cæsar's house;
Fetch the will hither, and we shall determine
How to cut off some charge in legacies.
Lep. What, shall I find you here?
Oct. Or here, or at
The Capitol. [*Exit Lepidus.*
Ant. This is a slight unmeritable man,
Meet to be sent on errands: is it fit,
The threefold world divided, he should stand
One of the three to share it?
Oct. So you thought him;
And took his voice who should be prick'd to die,
In our black sentence and proscription.
Ant. Octavius, I have seen more days than you:
And though we lay these honours on this man,
To ease ourselves of divers slanderous loads,
He shall but bear them as the ass bears gold,
To groan and sweat under the business,
Either led or driven, as we point the way;
And having brought our treasure where we will,
Then take we down his load, and turn him off,
Like to the empty ass, to shake his ears,
And graze in commons.
Oct. You may do your will:
But he's a tried and valiant soldier.

Ant. So is my horse, Octavius; and for that
I do appoint him store of provender:
It is a creature that I teach to fight,
To wind, to stop, to run directly on,—
His corporal motion govern'd by my spirit.
And, in some taste, is Lepidus but so;
He must be taught, and train'd, and bid go forth;—
A barren-spirited fellow; one that feeds
On abject orts and imitations,
Which,[81] out of use and stal'd by other men,
Begin his fashion: do not talk of him
But as a property. And now, Octavius,

(81) *one that feeds*
On abject orts and imitations,
Which, &c.]

The folio has "*On* Obiects, Arts, *and Imitations*," &c.—I adopt Theobald's correction, "*On abject orts*," &c.,—"*i.e.* on the scraps and fragments of things rejected and despised by others,"—a correction which Capell (*Notes*, &c., vol. i. P. ii. p. 110) calls "decisive" on account of the preceding "*feeds*," and which at least is strongly supported by that word. (Shakespeare elsewhere has

"The fractions of her faith, *orts* of her love," &c.
Troilus and Cressida, vol. vi. p. 111.

"It is some poor fragment, some slender *ort* of his remainder," &c. *Timon of Athens*, p. 78 of the present vol.

"Let him have time a beggar's *orts* to crave," &c.
Lucrece.)—

Steevens, who brought back the old reading, first asserts that "objects" means "*speculative knowledge*," and that "arts" means "*mechanic operations*;" and then adds, "*objects*, however, may mean things *objected* or thrown out to him:" but of what follows,—

"*and imitations,*
Which, out of use," &c.—

he prudently takes no notice, for it is quite sufficient to prove that his explanations are wrong.—Malone too adheres to the original text: "*objects*," he says, "means, in Shakespeare's language, whatever is presented to the eye [which it generally means in *every body's language*]. So, in *Timon of Athens*, 'Swear against *objects*,'" &c.—Mr. Collier and Mr. Knight also retain the lection of the folio; Mr. Collier, without any remark; and Mr. Knight, with a note, in which, after declaring that the whole difficulty of the passage has been created by the modern editors putting a semicolon, instead of a comma, after "*imitations*," he proceeds thus; "It is marvellous that the editors have not seen that Lepidus is called barren, because, a mere follower of others, he feeds

Listen great things:—Brutus and Cassius
Are levying powers: we must straight make head:
Therefore let our alliance be combin'd,
Our best friends made, and our best means stretch'd out;[82]
And let us presently go sit in council,
How covert matters may be best disclos'd,
And open perils surest answerèd.

Oct. Let us do so: for we are at the stake,
And bay'd about with many enemies;
And some that smile have in their hearts, I fear,
Millions of mischiefs. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II. *Before* BRUTUS' *tent, in the camp near Sardis.*

Drum. Enter BRUTUS, LUCILIUS, TITINIUS, *and* Soldiers; PINDARUS *meeting them;* LUCIUS *at some distance.*

Bru. Stand, ho!
Lucil. Give the word, ho! and stand.
Bru. What now, Lucilius! is Cassius near?
Lucil. He is at hand; and Pindarus is come

'On objects, arts, and imitations,
Which, *out of use, and stal'd by other men,*
Begin his fashion.'"

And can Mr. Knight seriously believe that the substitution of a comma for a semicolon materially affects the sense of the passage, or renders it a whit more intelligible?—Mr. Grant White (*Shakespeare's Scholar*, &c., p. 398) would read

"*one that feeds*
On abject arts *and imitations*," &c.:

but "*abject* arts," I apprehend, could only mean "*abject* artifices;" and that meaning does not suit the context.—1865. Mr. Grant White now (in his edition of *Shakespeare*) adheres to the folio, dropping all mention of his conjecture.—Mr. Staunton and the Cambridge Editors (*Globe Shakespeare*) print

"*one that feeds*
On abjects, *orts, and imitations*," &c.—

Mr. Craik is quite satisfied with Mr. Knight's comma, "which slight change makes every thing plain and easy."

(82) *Our best friends made, and our best means stretch'd out;*] So the second folio.—In the first folio the line stands mutilated thus, "*Our best Friends made, our meanes stretcht.*"

To do you salutation from his master.

[*Pindarus gives a letter to Brutus.*

Bru. He greets me well.—Your master, Pindarus,
In his own change, or by ill officers,
Hath given me some worthy cause to which
Things done, undone: but, if he be at hand,
I shall be satisfied.

Pin. I do not doubt
But that my noble master will appear
Such as he is, full of regard and honour.

Bru. He is not doubted.—A word, Lucilius;
How he receiv'd you, let me be resolv'd.

Lucil. With courtesy and with respect enough;
But not with such familiar instances,
Nor with such free and friendly conference,
As he hath us'd of old.

Bru. Thou hast describ'd
A hot friend cooling: ever note, Lucilius,
When love begins to sicken and decay,
It useth an enforcèd ceremony.
There are no tricks in plain and simple faith:
But hollow men, like horses hot at hand,
Make gallant show and promise of their mettle;
But when they should endure the bloody spur,
They fall their crests, and, like deceitful jades,
Sink in the trial. Comes his army on?

Lucil. They mean this night in Sardis to be quarter'd;
The greater part, the horse in general,
Are come with Cassius. [*March within.*

Bru. Hark! he is arriv'd:—
March gently on to meet him.

Enter CASSIUS *and* Soldiers.

Cass. Stand, ho!

Bru. Stand, ho! Speak the word along.

Within. Stand!

Within. Stand!

Within. Stand!

Cass. Most noble brother, you have done me wrong.

Bru. Judge me, you gods! wrong I mine enemies?
And if not so, how should I wrong a brother?
Cass. Brutus, this sober form of yours hides wrongs;
And when you do them—
Bru. Cassius, be content;
Speak your griefs softly,—I do know you well:—
Before the eyes of both our armies here,
Which should perceive nothing but love from us,
Let us not wrangle: bid them move away;
Then in my tent, Cassius, enlarge your griefs,
And I will give you audience.
Cass. Pindarus,
Bid our commanders lead their charges off,
A little from this ground.
Bru. Lucius, do you the like;[83] and let no man
Come to our tent till we have done our conference.
Lucilius and Titinius guard the door. [*Exeunt.*[84]

(83) *Lucius, do you the like*, &c.] "The original text is

> 'Lucillius, do you the like, and let no man
> Come to our Tent, till we haue done our Conference.
> Let Lucius and Titinius guard our doore.'

To cure the prosody in the first line, Steevens and other modern editors strike out the *you*. It is strange that no one should have been struck with the absurdity of such an association as *Lucius* and *Titinius* for the guarding of the door—an officer of rank and a servant boy—the boy, too, being named first. The function of Lucius was to carry messages. As Cassius sends *his* servant Pindarus with a message to his division of the force, Brutus sends his servant Lucius with a similar message to his division. Nothing can be clearer than that *Lucilius* in the first line is a misprint for *Lucius*, and *Lucius* in the third a misprint for *Lucilius*. Or the error may have been in the copy; and the insertion of the *Let* was probably an attempt of the printer, or editor, to save the prosody of that line, as the omission of the *you* is of the modern editors to save that of the other. The present restoration sets everything to rights. At the close of the conference we have Brutus, in p. 178, again addressing himself to Lucilius and Titinius, who had evidently kept together all the time it lasted. Lucius (who in the original text is commonly called the *Boy*) and Titinius are nowhere mentioned together." CRAIK,—who omits to notice that the "our *doore*" of the folio was long ago properly altered to "*the door;*" the "our" having been repeated by mistake from the preceding line.

(84) [Exeunt. SCENE III., &c.]
The folio has

SCENE III. *Within the tent of* BRUTUS.

Enter BRUTUS *and* CASSIUS.

Cass. That you have wrong'd me doth appear in this,—
You have condemn'd and noted Lucius Pella
For taking bribes here of the Sardians;
Wherein my letters, praying on his side,
Because I knew the man, were slighted off.(85)

Bru. You wrong'd yourself to write in such a case.

Cass. In such a time as this it is not meet
That every nice offence should bear his comment.

Bru. And(86) let me tell you, Cassius, you yourself
Are much condemn'd to have an itching palm;
To sell and mart your offices for gold
To undeservers.

Cass. I an itching palm!
You know that you are Brutus that speaks this,
Or, by the gods, this speech were else your last.

Bru. The name of Cassius honours this corruption,
And chastisement doth therefore hide his head.

"Exeunt.

Manet Brutus and Cassius:"—

on which Mr. Knight remarks; "In the Shakespearean theatre Brutus and Cassius evidently retired to the secondary stage." But the "*Manet*" of the folio shows, I think, that Mr. Knight is mistaken, and that here the audience were to *suppose* (as they frequently had to *suppose*) a change of scene.

(85) *slighted off.*] Mr. Craik—who mentions that some of the modern editors print "slighted *of*," and that "at a date considerably later than Shakespeare we have still *slighted over* (for to treat or perform carelessly)"—seems to be at a loss for an example of *slight* used with *off*. Here is one;

> "Braue Shalcan Bohor, all this while
> Our eye has followed yours, and seene it smile
> (As twere in scorne) of what these men could doe,
> Which made vs *slight* them *off*," &c.
>
> Dekker's *If it be not good, the Diuel is in it*, 1612, sig. E 2.

(86) *And*] Inserted by Capell.—An earlier insertion was "Yet."—Walker (*Shakespeare's Versification*, &c., p. 135) "feels all but certain" that this line is mutilated in the first syllable.

Cass. Chastisement!

Bru. Remember March, the ides of March remember:
Did not great Julius bleed for justice' sake?
What villain touch'd his body, that did stab,
And not for justice? What, shall one of us,
That struck the foremost man of all this world
But for supporting robbers, shall we now
Contaminate our fingers with base bribes,
And sell the mighty space of our large honours
For so much trash as may be grasped thus?—
I had rather be a dog, and bay the moon,
Than such a Roman.

Cass. Brutus, bay not me,—[87]
I'll not endure it: you forget yourself,
To hedge me in; I am a soldier, I,
Older in practice, abler than yourself
To make conditions.

Bru. Go to; you are not, Cassius.

Cass. I am.

Bru. I say you are not.

Cass. Urge me no more, I shall forget myself;
Have mind upon your health, tempt me no further.

Bru. Away, slight man!

Cass. Is't possible?

Bru. Hear me, for I will speak.
Must I give way and room to your rash choler?
Shall I be frighted when a madman stares?

Cass. O ye gods, ye gods! must I endure all this?

Bru. All this! ay, more: fret till your proud heart break;
Go show your slaves how choleric you are,

(87) *I had rather be a dog, and bay the moon,*
Than such a Roman.
Cas. *Brutus, bay not me,*—]

The folio has "*Brutus*, baite *not me;*" which, though corrected by Theobald, is retained by Malone in direct opposition to common sense; for the veriest child might perceive that the author intended Cassius to echo the word used by Brutus. Here, with a view to such a repetition, the editor of the second folio printed "—— *and* baite *the Moone*," &c.: but assuredly the error lies, not in the first speech, but in the second (where "baite" grew out of "*baie*").

And make your bondmen tremble. Must I budge?
Must I observe you? must I stand and crouch
Under your testy humour? By the gods,
You shall digest the venom of your spleen,
Though it do split you; for, from this day forth,
I'll use you for my mirth, yea, for my laughter,
When you are waspish.

Cass. Is it come to this?

Bru. You say you are a better soldier:
Let it appear so; make your vaunting true,
And it shall please me well: for mine own part,
I shall be glad to learn of abler men.[88]

Cass. You wrong me every way; you wrong me, Brutus;
I said, an elder soldier, not a better:
Did I say "better"?

Bru. If you did, I care not.

Cass. When Cæsar liv'd he durst not thus have mov'd me.

Bru. Peace, peace! you durst not so have tempted him.

Cass. I durst not!

Bru. No.

Cass. What, durst not tempt him!

Bru. For your life you durst not.

Cass. Do not presume too much upon my love;
I may do that I shall be sorry for.

Bru. You have done that you should be sorry for.
There is no terror, Cassius, in your threats;
For I am arm'd so strong in honesty,
That they pass by me as the idle wind,
Which I respect not. I did send to you
For certain sums of gold, which you denied me;—
For I can raise no money by vile means:
By heaven, I had rather coin my heart,
And drop my blood for drachmas, than to wring

(88) *abler men.*] So Mr. Collier's Ms. Corrector (and compare what Cassius has said a little before,

"Older in practice, *abler* than yourself
To make conditions").—

The folio has "Noble *men.*"

From the hard hands of peasants their vile trash
By any indirection;—I did send
To you for gold to pay my legions,
Which you denied me: was that done like Cassius?
Should I have answer'd Caius Cassius so?
When Marcus Brutus grows so covetous,
To lock such rascal counters from his friends,
Be ready, gods, with all your thunderbolts,
Dash him to pieces!

Cass. I denied you not.

Bru. You did.

Cass. I did not:—he was but a fool that brought
My answer back.—Brutus hath riv'd my heart:
A friend should bear his friend's infirmities,
But Brutus makes mine greater than they are.

Bru. I do not, till you practise them on me.

Cass. You love me not.

Bru. I do not like your faults,

Cass. A friendly eye could never see such faults.

Bru. A flatterer's would not, though they do[89] appear
As huge as high Olympus.

Cass. Come, Antony, and young Octavius, come,
Revenge yourselves alone on Cassius,
For Cassius is a-weary of the world;
Hated by one he loves; brav'd by his brother;
Check'd like a bondman; all his faults observ'd,
Set in a note-book, learn'd, and conn'd by rote,
To cast into my teeth. O, I could weep
My spirit from mine eyes!—There is my dagger,
And here my naked breast; within, a heart
Dearer than Plutus'[90] mine, richer than gold:
If that thou be'st a Roman, take it forth;
I, that denied thee gold, will give my heart:
Strike, as thou didst at Cæsar; for, I know,

(89) *do*] Mr. Collier's Ms. Corrector reads "did,"—and rightly perhaps; for "*do*" may have been repeated by mistake from the line but one above.

(90) *Plutus'*] The folio has "Pluto's."—See note 103 on *Troilus and Cressida*.

When thou didst hate him worst, thou lov'dst him better
Than ever thou lov'dst Cassius.
Bru. Sheathe your dagger:
Be angry when you will, it shall have scope;
Do what you will, dishonour shall be humour.
O Cassius, you are yokèd with a lamb
That carries anger as the flint bears fire;
Who, much enforcèd, shows a hasty spark,
And straight is cold again.
Cass. Hath Cassius liv'd
To be but mirth and laughter to his Brutus,
When grief, and blood ill-temper'd, vexeth him?
Bru. When I spoke that, I was ill-temper'd too.
Cass. Do you confess so much? Give me your hand.
Bru. And my heart too.
Cass. O Brutus,—
Bru. What's the matter?
Cass. Have not you love enough to bear with me,
When that rash humour which my mother gave me
Makes me forgetful?
Bru. Yes, Cassius; and, from henceforth,
When you are over-earnest with your Brutus,
He'll think your mother chides, and leave you so.
Poet. [*within*] Let me go in to see the generals;
There is some grudge between 'em, 'tis not meet
They be alone.
Lucil. [*within*] You shall not come to them.
Poet. [*within*] Nothing but death shall stay me.

Enter Poet, *followed by* LUCILIUS *and* TITINIUS.

Cass. How now! what's the matter?
Poet. For shame, you generals! what do you mean?
Love, and be friends, as two such men should be;
For I have seen more years, I'm sure, than ye.
Cass. Ha, ha! how vilely doth this cynic rhyme!
Bru. Get you hence, sirrah; saucy fellow, hence!
Cass. Bear with him, Brutus; 'tis his fashion.
Bru. I'll know his humour, when he knows his time:

What should the wars do with these jigging fools?—
Companion, hence!

Cass. Away, away, be gone! [*Exit Poet.*

Bru. Lucilius and Titinius, bid the commanders
Prepare to lodge their companies to-night.

Cass. And come yourselves, and bring Messala with you
Immediately to us. [*Exeunt Lucilius and Titinius.*

Bru. Lucius, a bowl of wine!

Cass. I did not think you could have been so angry.

Bru. O Cassius, I am sick of many griefs.

Cass. Of your philosophy you make no use,
If you give place to accidental evils.

Bru. No man bears sorrow better:—Portia is dead.

Cass. Ha! Portia!

Bru. She is dead.

Cass. How scap'd I killing when I cross'd you so?—
O insupportable and touching loss!—
Upon what sickness?

Bru. Impatient of my absence,
And grief that young Octavius with Mark Antony
Have made themselves so strong;—for with her death
That tidings came;—with this she fell distract,
And, her attendants absent, swallow'd fire.

Cass. And died so?

Bru. Even so.

Cass. O ye immortal gods!

Enter LUCIUS, *with wine and taper.*

Bru. Speak no more of her.—Give me a bowl of wine.—
In this I bury all unkindness, Cassius. [*Drinks.*

Cass. My heart is thirsty for that noble pledge.—
Fill, Lucius, till the wine o'erswell the cup;
I cannot drink too much of Brutus' love. [*Drinks.*

Bru. Come in, Titinius! [*Exit Lucius.*

Re-enter TITINIUS, *with* MESSALA.

Welcome, good Messala.—
Now sit we close about this taper here,

And call in question our necessities.
Cass. Portia, art thou gone?
Bru. No more, I pray you.—
Messala, I have here received letters,
That young Octavius and Mark Antony
Come down upon us with a mighty power,
Bending their expedition toward Philippi.
Mes. Myself have letters of the selfsame tenour.
Bru. With what addition?
Mes. That by proscription and bills of outlawry,
Octavius, Antony, and Lepidus,
Have put to death an hundred senators.
Bru. Therein our letters do not well agree;
Mine speak of seventy senators that died
By their proscriptions, Cicero being one.
Cass. Cicero one!
Mes. Cicero is dead,
And by that order of proscription.—
Had you your letters from your wife, my lord?
Bru. No, Messala.
Mes. Nor nothing in your letters writ of her?
Bru. Nothing, Messala.
Mes. That, methinks, is strange.
Bru. Why ask you? hear you aught of her in yours?
Mes. No, my lord.
Bru. Now, as you are a Roman, tell me true.
Mes. Then like a Roman bear the truth I tell:
For certain she is dead, and by strange manner.
Bru. Why, farewell, Portia.—We must die, Messala:
With meditating that she must die once,
I have the patience to endure it now.
Mes. Even so great men great losses should endure.
Cass. I have as much of this in art as you,
But yet my nature could not bear it so.
Bru. Well, to our work alive. What do you think
Of marching to Philippi presently?
Cass. I do not think it good.
Bru. Your reason?
Cass. This it is:—

'Tis better that the enemy seek us:
So shall he waste his means, weary his soldiers,
Doing himself offence; whilst we, lying still,
Are full of rest, defence, and nimbleness.

Bru. Good reasons must, of force, give place to better.
The people 'twixt Philippi and this ground
Do stand but in a forc'd affection;
For they have grudg'd us contribution:
The enemy, marching along by them,
By them shall make a fuller number up,
Come on refresh'd, new-aided,[91] and encourag'd;
From which advantage shall we cut him off,

([91]) *new-aided,*] The folio has "*new* added."—The emendation "*new-aided*" occurred both to Mr. Singer (see *Shakespeare Vindicated*, &c., p. 247) and to myself (see *A Few Notes*, &c., p. 116); nor do I think it the less certain because a critic in *Blackwood's Magazine* for Oct. 1853, p. 459, is pleased to declare that "no change is necessary."—Mr. Collier's Ms. Corrector substitutes strangely "*new*-hearted."—1865. Mr. Collier, in the second edition of his *Shakespeare*, adopts the Ms. Corrector's reading, "*new*-hearted;" and remarks, "'New-*aided*,' which is the Rev. Mr. Dyce's emendation, is only saying the same thing over again that appears in the line just above,

'By them shall make a fuller number up.'

'New-hearted' is a strong and expressive compound, and, as Mr. Craik observes (*Engl. of Shakesp.*, p. 260), 'the very sort of word that one would expect to find where it stands, in association with *refresh'd* and *encourag'd*.'"

1. The word substituted here by the Ms. Corrector, "hearted," bears not the most distant resemblance, either in spelling or in sound, to the original word "added;" from which the word substituted by me, "*aided*," differs only in a single letter.

2. Mr. Collier declares that "'new-*aided*' is only saying the same thing over again that appears in the line just above:" but how came it to escape him that

"new-hearted, and encourag'd,"

are synonymous terms?—

"To HEART. To encourage; to hearten."
Todd's *Johnson's Dictionary.*

3. Mr. Craik's note on the passage would seem to show that he was not aware of my conjecture, "new-*aided*;" though the reader would be apt to conclude, from what Mr. Collier says above, that it was known to Mr. Craik, and had been condemned by him; in which case, let me add (without any disrespect to Mr. Craik), I should not have thought the worse of it.

If at Philippi we do face him there,
These people at our back.
Cass. Hear me, good brother.
Bru. Under your pardon.—You must note beside,
That we have tried the utmost of our friends,
Our legions are brim-full, our cause is ripe:
The enemy increaseth every day;
We, at the height, are ready to decline.
There is a tide in the affairs of men,
Which, taken at the flood, leads on to fortune;
Omitted, all the voyage of their life
Is bound in shallows and in miseries.
On such a full sea are we now afloat;
And we must take the current when it serves,
Or lose our ventures.
Cass. Then, with your will, go on;
We'll along ourselves, and meet them at Philippi.
Bru. The deep of night is crept upon our talk,
And nature must obey necessity;
Which we will niggard with a little rest.
There is no more to say?
Cass. No more. Good night:
Early to-morrow will we rise, and hence.
Bru. Lucius, my gown!—Farewell,[92] good Messala:—
Good night, Titinius:—noble, noble Cassius,
Good night, and good repose.
Cass. O my dear brother!
This was an ill beginning of the night:
Never come such division 'tween our souls!
Let it not, Brutus.
Bru. Every thing is well.
Cass. Good night, my lord.
Bru. Good night, good brother.
Tit., Mes. Good night, Lord Brutus.
Bru. Farewell, every one.
[*Exeunt Cassius, Titinius, and Messala.*

(92) *Farewell,*] "Perhaps '*Fare you well.*'" Walker's *Shakespeare's Versification, &c.*, p. 141.—Hanmer prints "Now, *farewell.*"

Re-enter LUCIUS, *with the gown.*

Give me the gown. Where is thy instrument?

Luc. Here in the tent.

Bru. What, thou speak'st drowsily?
Poor knave, I blame thee not; thou art o'er-watch'd.
Call Claudius[98] and some other of my men;
I'll have them sleep on cushions in my tent.

Luc. Varro and Claudius!

Enter VARRO *and* CLAUDIUS.

Var. Calls my lord?

Bru. I pray you, sirs, lie in my tent and sleep;
It may be I shall raise you by and by
On business to my brother Cassius.

Var. So please you, we will stand and watch your pleasure.

Bru. I will not have it so: lie down, good sirs;
It may be I shall otherwise bethink me.—
Look, Lucius, here's the book I sought for so;
I put it in the pocket of my gown.

[*Varro and Claudius lie down.*

Luc. I was sure your lordship did not give it me.

Bru. Bear with me, good boy, I am much forgetful.
Canst thou hold up thy heavy eyes awhile,
And touch thy instrument a strain or two?

Luc. Ay, my lord, an't please you.

Bru. It does, my boy:
I trouble thee too much, but thou art willing.

Luc. It is my duty, sir.

Bru. I should not urge thy duty past thy might;
I know young bloods look for a time of rest.

Luc. I have slept, my lord, already.

(98) *Claudius*] Here the folio has "Claudio;" and in the next speech and stage-direction "Varrus *and* Claudio." See note 6.—"'*Varrus*,' as the folio calls Brutus's attendant in *Julius Cæsar*, iv. 3,—vulg. '*Varro*,'—is, if this form be the right one, '*Varus*;' of course, not *the* Varus. I rather think, however, that '*Varro*' is the true reading." Walker's *Crit. Exam.*, &c., vol. ii. p. 323.

Bru. It was well done; and thou shalt sleep again;
I will not hold thee long: if I do live,
I will be good to thee.

[*Music, and a song, towards the end of which Lucius falls asleep.*

This is a sleepy tune:—O murderous slumber,
Lay'st thou thy leaden mace upon my boy,
That plays thee music?—Gentle knave, good night;
I will not do thee so much wrong to wake thee:
If thou dost nod, thou break'st thy instrument;
I'll take it from thee; and, good boy, good night.—
Let me see, let me see;—is not the leaf turn'd down
Where I left reading? Here it is, I think.

Enter the Ghost of CÆSAR.

How ill this taper burns!—Ha! who comes here?
I think it is the weakness of mine eyes
That shapes this monstrous apparition.
It comes upon me.—Art thou any thing?
Art thou some god, some angel, or some devil,
That mak'st my blood cold, and my hair to stare?
Speak to me what thou art.

Ghost. Thy evil spirit, Brutus.

Bru. Why com'st thou?

Ghost. To tell thee thou shalt see me at Philippi.

Bru. Well;
Then I shall see thee again?

Ghost. Ay, at Philippi.

Bru. Why, I will see thee at Philippi, then. [*Exit Ghost.*
Now I have taken heart thou vanishest:
Ill spirit, I would hold more talk with thee.—
Boy, Lucius!—Varro! Claudius![94]—Sirs, awake!—
Claudius!

Luc. The strings, my lord, are false.

Bru. He thinks he still is at his instrument.—
Lucius, awake!

(94) *Varro! Claudius!*] Here again the folio has "Varrus, Claudio;" and in the fourth speech of Brutus after this "Claudio."

Luc. My lord?

Bru. Didst thou dream, Lucius, that thou so criedst out?

Luc. My lord, I do not know that I did cry.

Bru. Yes, that thou didst: didst thou see any thing?

Luc. Nothing, my lord.

Bru. Sleep again, Lucius.—Sirrah Claudius!—
[*To Var.*] Fellow thou, awake!

Var. My lord?

Clau. My lord?

Bru. Why did you so cry out, sirs, in your sleep?

Var., Clau. Did we, my lord?

Bru. Ay: saw you any thing?

Var. No, my lord, I saw nothing.

Clau. Nor I, my lord.

Bru. Go and commend me to my brother Cassius;
Bid him set on his powers betimes before,
And we will follow.

Var., Clau. It shall be done, my lord. [*Exeunt.*

ACT V.

SCENE I. *The plains of Philippi.*

Enter OCTAVIUS, ANTONY, *and their* Army.

Oct. Now, Antony, our hopes are answerèd:
You said the enemy would not come down,
But keep the hills and upper regions:
It proves not so; their battles are at hand;
They mean to warn us at Philippi here,
Answering before we do demand of them.

Ant. Tut, I am in their bosoms, and I know
Wherefore they do it: they could be content
To visit other places; and come down
With fearful bravery, thinking by this face
To fasten in our thoughts that they have courage;
But 'tis not so.

Enter a Messenger.

Mess. Prepare you, generals:
The enemy comes on in gallant show;
Their bloody sign of battle is hung out,
And something to be done immediately.

Ant. Octavius, lead your battle softly on,
Upon the left hand of the even field.

Oct. Upon the right hand I; keep thou[95] the left.

Ant. Why do you cross me in this exigent?

Oct. I do not cross you; but I will do so. [*March.*

Drum. *Enter* BRUTUS, CASSIUS, *and their* Army; LUCILIUS, TITINIUS, MESSALA, *and others.*

Bru. They stand, and would have parley.

Cass. Stand fast, Titinius: we must out and talk.

Oct. Mark Antony, shall we give sign of battle?

Ant. No, Cæsar, we will answer on their charge.
Make forth; the generals would have some words.

Oct. Stir not until the signal.

Bru. Words before blows:—is it so, countrymen?

Oct. Not that we love words better, as you do.

Bru. Good words are better than bad strokes, Octavius.

Ant. In your bad strokes, Brutus, you give good words;
Witness the hole you made in Cæsar's heart,
Crying, "Long live! hail, Cæsar!"

Cass. Antony,
The posture of your blows are yet unknown;[96]
But for your words, they rob the Hybla bees,
And leave them honeyless.

Ant. Not stingless too.

Bru. O, yes, and soundless too;
For you have stol'n their buzzing, Antony,
And very wisely threat before you sting.

[95] *thou*] "The tenour of the conversation evidently requires us to read 'you.'" RITSON.—"'*You*' seems to be required. See context. Qu." Walker's *Crit. Exam.*, &c., vol. iii. p. 249.

[96] *The posture of your blows are yet unknown;*] See note 116 on *Love's Labour's Lost.*

Ant. Villains, you did not so, when your vile daggers
Hack'd one another in the sides of Cæsar:
You show'd your teeth like apes, and fawn'd like hounds,
And bow'd like bondmen, kissing Cæsar's feet;
Whilst damnèd Casca, like a cur, behind
Struck Cæsar on the neck. O flatterers![97]

Cass. Flatterers!—Now, Brutus, thank yourself:
This tongue had not offended so to-day,
If Cassius might have rul'd.

Oct. Come, come, the cause: if arguing make us sweat,
The proof of it will turn to redder drops.
Look,—
I draw a sword against conspirators;
When think you that the sword goes up again?—
Never, till Cæsar's three-and-thirty wounds
Be well aveng'd; or till another Cæsar
Have added slaughter to the sword of traitors.[98]

Bru. Cæsar, thou canst not die by traitors' hands,
Unless thou bring'st them with thee.

Oct. So I hope;
I was not born to die on Brutus' sword.

[97] *O flatterers!* &c.] "The old copies corruptly read 'O *you* Flatterers;' an error which Malone was the first to restore, to the ruin of the metre." W. N. Lettsom (note on Walker's *Shakespeare's Versification*, &c., p. 135).—Mr. Craik, however, is quite satisfied with the old reading: he informs us that in this line "there is the common prosodical irregularity of a superfluous short syllable."—Walker (*ubi supra*, p. 136) says, "We ought to [read and] arrange;

'—— O flatterers!
Cassius. Flatterers!
Now, Brutus, thank yourself;'

a six-syllable line."

[98] *Never, till Cæsar's three-and-thirty wounds*
Be well aveng'd; or till another Cæsar
Have added slaughter to the sword of traitors.]

Here Theobald altered "*three-and-thirty*" to "*three-and-*twenty."—Ritson advocates the old reading, observing that Fletcher and [. . . .?] have fallen into a similar mistake in their *Noble Gentleman*, where they speak of "Cæsar's *two-and-thirty* wounds."—In the last line Mr. Collier's Ms. Corrector reads "—— *to the* word *of traitors*,"—a most unhappy alteration. Surely, Octavius means—"or till you, traitors, have added the crime of slaying me (another Cæsar) to that of having murdered Julius."

Bru. O, if thou wert the noblest of thy strain,
Young man, thou couldst not die more honourable.

Cass. A peevish schoolboy, worthless of such honour,
Join'd with a masker and a reveller!

Ant. Old Cassius still!

Oct. Come, Antony; away!—
Defiance, traitors, hurl we in your teeth:
If you dare fight to-day, come to the field;
If not, when you have stomachs.

[*Exeunt Octavius, Antony, and their Army.*

Cass. Why, now, blow wind, swell billow, and swim bark!
The storm is up, and all is on the hazard.

Bru. Ho,
Lucilius! hark; a word with you.

Lucil. My lord?

[*Brutus and Lucilius converse apart.*

Cass. Messala,—

Mes. What says my general?

Cass. Messala,
This is my birth-day; as this very day
Was Cassius born. Give me thy hand, Messala:
Be thou my witness that, against my will,
As Pompey was, am I[99] compell'd to set
Upon one battle all our liberties.
You know that I held Epicurus strong,
And his opinion: now I change my mind,
And partly credit things that do presage.
Coming from Sardis, on our former[100] ensign
Two mighty eagles fell; and there they perch'd,
Gorging and feeding from our soldiers' hands;
Who to Philippi here consorted us:
This morning are they fled away and gone;
And in their steads do ravens, crows, and kites,
Fly o'er our heads, and downward look on us,

([99]) *am I*] "'*I am*'?" Walker's *Crit. Exam.*, &c., vol. ii. p. 247.

([100]) *former*] Rowe substituted "foremost;" and Mr. Collier's Ms. Corrector gives "forward."—"'*Former*' is right; and the meaning 'our *fore* ensign.' So, in Adlyngton's *Apuleius*, 1596 [originally printed in 1566]: 'First hee instructed me to sit at the table vpon my taile, and howe I should leape and daunce, holding vp my *former* feete.'" RITSON.

As we were sickly prey: their shadows seem
A canopy most fatal, under which
Our army lies, ready to give up the ghost.
Mes. Believe not so.
Cass. I but believe it partly;
For I am fresh of spirit, and resolv'd
To meet all perils very constantly.
Bru. Even so, Lucilius.
Cass. Now, most noble Brutus,
The gods to-day stand friendly, that we may,
Lovers in peace, lead on our days to age!
But, since th' affairs of men rest still incertain,
Let's reason with the worst that may befall.
If we do lose this battle, then is this
The very last time we shall speak together:
What are you, then, determinèd to do?
Bru. Even by the rule of that philosophy
By which I did blame Cato for the death
Which he did give himself:—I know not how,[101]
But I do find it cowardly and vile,
For fear of what might fall, so to prevent
The time of life:[102]—arming myself with patience
To stay the providence of some[103] high powers
That govern us below.
Cass. Then, if we lose this battle,
You are contented to be led in triumph
Thorough the streets of Rome?

([101]) *Even by the rule of that philosophy*
By which I did blame Cato for the death
Which he did give himself:—I know not how, &c.]

According to Mr. Craik, "The construction plainly is, 'I know not how it is, but I do find it, by the rule of that philosophy, &c., cowardly and vile," &c.—But qy.?

([102]) *The time of life.*] "By '*time*' is meant the full and complete time, the period." MALONE.—"The expression, '*time of life*,' for duration of life, occurs again in 'Henry IV.' Part ii. Act v. Sc. 2,

'O, gentlemen, *the time of life* is short;'

a fact Mr. Craik must have forgotten when he adopted the specious modernization, '*term* of life,' from Capell." STAUNTON.

([103]) *some*] Mr. Collier's Ms. Corrector reads "those;" which Mr. Craik inconsiderately adopts.

Bru. No, Cassius, no: think not, thou noble Roman,
That ever Brutus will go bound to Rome;
He bears too great a mind. But this same day
Must end that work the ides of March begun;
And whether we shall meet again I know not.
Therefore our everlasting farewell take:—
For ever, and for ever, farewell, Cassius!
If we do meet again, why, we shall smile;
If not, why, then, this parting was well made.

Cass. For ever, and for ever, farewell, Brutus!
If we do meet again, we'll smile indeed;
If not, 'tis true this parting was well made.

Bru. Why, then, lead on.—O, that a man might know
The end of this day's business ere it come!
But it sufficeth that the day will end,
And then the end is known.—Come, ho! away! [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II. *The same. The field of battle.*

Alarums. Enter BRUTUS *and* MESSALA.

Bru. Ride, ride, Messala, ride, and give these bills
Unto the legions on the other side:
Let them set on at once; for I perceive
But cold demeanour in Octavius'[104] wing,
And sudden push gives them the overthrow.
Ride, ride, Messala: let them all come down. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE III. *The same. Another part of the field.*

Alarums. Enter CASSIUS *and* TITINIUS.

Cass. O, look, Titinius, look, the villains fly!
Myself have to mine own turn'd enemy:
This ensign here of mine was turning back;
I slew the coward, and did take it from him.

([104]) *Octavius'*] The folio has "Octauio's." See note 6.

Tit. O Cassius, Brutus gave the word too early;
Who, having some advantage on Octavius,
Took it too eagerly: his soldiers fell to spoil,
Whilst we by Antony are all enclos'd.

Enter PINDARUS.

Pin. Fly further off, my lord, fly further off;
Mark Antony is in your tents, my lord:
Fly, therefore, noble Cassius, fly far' off.

Cass. This hill is far enough.—Look, look, Titinius;
Are those my tents where I perceive the fire?

Tit. They are, my lord.

Cass. Titinius, if thou lov'st me,
Mount thou my horse, and hide thy spurs in him,
Till he have brought thee up to yonder troops,
And here again; that I may rest assur'd
Whether yond troops are friend or enemy.

Tit. I will be here again, even with a thought. [*Exit.*

Cass. Go, Pindarus, get higher on that hill;
My sight was ever thick; regard Titinius,
And tell me what thou not'st about the field.—
[*Pindarus goes up.*[105]
This day I breathèd first: time is come round,
And where I did begin, there shall I end;
My life is run his compass.—Sirrah, what news?

Pin. [*above*] O my lord!

Cass. What news?

Pin. [*above*] Titinius is enclosèd round about
With horsemen, that make to him on the spur;—
Yet he spurs on.—Now they are almost on him;—
Now, Titinius!—
Now some light: O, he lights too: he's ta'en; [*Shout*] and, hark!
They shout for joy.

Cass. Come down, behold no more.—

(105) [Pindarus goes up.] Here the folio has no stage-direction; but to the next speech of Pindarus it prefixes "*Above,*"—which proves that, when this play was originally acted, Pindarus took his station on the upper-stage.

O, coward that I am, to live so long,
To see my best friend ta'en before my face!

PINDARUS *descends.*

Come hither, sirrah:
In Parthia did I take thee prisoner;
And then I swore thee, saving of thy life,
That whatsoever I did bid thee do,
Thou shouldst attempt it. Come now, keep thine oath;
Now be a freeman; and, with this good sword,
That ran through Cæsar's bowels, search this bosom.
Stand not to answer: here, take thou the hilts;
And, when my face is cover'd, as 'tis now,
Guide thou the sword.—Cæsar, thou art reveng'd,
Even with the sword that kill'd thee. [*Dies.*

Pin. So, I am free; yet would not so have been,
Durst I have done my will. O Cassius!
Far from this country Pindarus shall run,
Where never Roman shall take note of him. [*Exit.*

Re-enter TITINIUS *with* MESSALA.

Mes. It is but change, Titinius; for Octavius
Is overthrown by noble Brutus' power,
As Cassius' legions are by Antony.

Tit. These tidings will well comfort Cassius.

Mes. Where did you leave him?

Tit. All disconsolate,
With Pindarus his bondsman, on this hill.

Mes. Is not that he that lies upon the ground?

Tit. He lies not like the living. O my heart!

Mes. Is not that he?

Tit. No, this was he, Messala,
But Cassius is no more.—O setting sun,
As in thy red rays thou dost sink to night,
So in his red blood Cassius' day is set,—
The sun of Rome is set! Our day is gone;
Clouds, dews, and dangers come; our deeds are done!
Mistrust of my success hath done this deed.

Mes. Mistrust of good success hath done this deed.
O hateful Error, Melancholy's child,
Why dost thou show to the apt thoughts of men
The things that are not? O Error, soon conceiv'd,
Thou never com'st unto a happy birth,
But kill'st the mother that engender'd thee!

Tit. What, Pindarus! where art thou, Pindarus?

Mes. Seek him, Titinius, whilst I go to meet
The noble Brutus, thrusting this report
Into his ears: I may say, thrusting it;
For piercing steel, and darts envenomèd,
Shall be as welcome to the ears of Brutus
As tidings of this sight.

Tit. Hie you, Messala,
And I will seek for Pindarus the while. [*Exit Messala.*
Why didst thou send me forth, brave Cassius?
Did I not meet thy friends? and did not they
Put on my brows this wreath of victory,
And bid me give it thee? Didst thou not hear their shouts?
Alas, thou hast misconstru'd every thing!
But, hold thee, take this garland on thy brow;[106]
Thy Brutus bid me give it thee, and I
Will do his bidding.—Brutus, come apace,
And see how I regarded Caius Cassius.—
By your leave, gods:—this is a Roman's part:
Come, Cassius' sword, and find Titinius' heart. [*Dies.*

Alarums. Re-enter MESSALA, *with* BRUTUS, *young* CATO, STRATO, VOLUMNIUS, *and* LUCILIUS.

Bru. Where, where, Messala, doth his body lie?

Mes. Lo, yonder; and Titinius mourning it.

Bru. Titinius' face is upward.

(106) *But, hold thee, take this garland on thy brow;*] Mr. Craik tells us that "'*But, hold thee,*' is equivalent to our modern 'But hold,' or 'but stop';" a very erroneous interpretation. It is equivalent to "But, have thou, receive thou:" see note 4 on *Measure for Measure*, vol. i. p. 460, and note 27 on the present play: compare too, in *The Winter's Tale*, vol. iii. p. 484, the words of Camillo when he gives money to Autolycus; "though the pennyworth on his side be the worst, yet *hold thee*, there's some boot."

Cato. He is slain.

Bru. O Julius Cæsar, thou art mighty yet!
Thy spirit walks abroad, and turns our swords
In our own proper entrails. [*Low alarums.*

Cato. Brave Titinius!
Look, whêr he have not crown'd dead Cassius!

Bru. Are yet two Romans living such as these?—
Thou last of all the Romans, fare thee well![107]
It is impossible that ever Rome
Should breed thy fellow.—Friends, I owe more tears
To this dead man than you shall see me pay.—
I shall find time, Cassius, I shall find time.—
Come, therefore, and to Thassos send his body:
His funerals shall not be in our camp,
Lest it discomfort us.[108]—Lucilius, come;—

(107) *Thou last of all the Romans, fare thee well!*] So Rowe.—The folio has "The *last*," &c.,—the Ms. most probably having had the contraction "$\overset{u}{y}$," which the compositor mistook for "$\overset{e}{y}$."—If ever a critic showed himself puzzleheaded, Malone has done so in his note on this passage. To say nothing of his monstrous assertion that "*Thou* last," &c., "was not the phraseology of Shakespeare's age,"—he defends the old reading by citing from North's *Plutarch*; "So, when he [Brutus] was come thither, after he had lamented the death of Cassius, calling him THE *last of all the Romans, being impossible that Rome should ever bredde againe so noble and valiant a man as he*, he caused his bodie to be buried," &c. But, as Steevens remarks, "the passage cited from Plutarch can have no weight on the present occasion. The biographer is only *relating* what Brutus *had said*. In the text Brutus is the *speaker*, and is *addressing himself, propria persona*, to Cassius."—And see note 168 on *The Third Part of King Henry VI.*

(108) *Come, therefore, and to Thassos send his body:*
His funerals shall not be in our camp,
Lest it discomfort us.]

Here Theobald was the first to substitute "*Thassos*" for the "Tharsus" of the folio.—The more correct form of the name is *Thasos*: but, as Steevens observes, "it is *Thassos* in Sir Thomas North's translation [of *Plutarch*]:"—where the words are; "and sent it to the citie of *Thassos*, fearing lest *his funerals* within the campe should cause great disorder." p. 1076, ed. 1579. This forbids our altering "*funerals*" (*i.e.* obsequies) in the text to "funeral" (though Walker prefers here the latter, *Crit. Exam.*, &c., vol. iii. p. 249); and compare *Titus Andronicus*, act i. sc. 1,

"and wise Laertes' son
Did graciously plead for his *funerals*."

The Warres of Cyrus King of Persia, &c., 1594, sig. G 3,

And come, young Cato;—let us to the field.—
Labeo and Flavius,[109] set our battles on:—
'Tis three o'clock; and, Romans, yet ere night
We shall try fortune in a second fight. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE IV. *The same. Another part of the field.*

Alarums. Enter fighting, Soldiers *of both armies; then* BRUTUS, *young* CATO, LUCILIUS, *and others.*

Bru. Yet, countrymen, O, yet hold up your heads!
Cato. What bastard doth not? Who will go with me?
I will proclaim my name about the field:—
I am the son of Marcus Cato, ho!
A foe to tyrants, and my country's friend;
I am the son of Marcus Cato, ho! [*Charges the enemy.*
Bru. And I am Brutus, Marcus Brutus, I;
Brutus, my country's friend; know me for Brutus!
[*Exit, charging the enemy. Young Cato is overpowered, and falls.*
Lucil. O young and noble Cato, art thou down?
Why, now thou diest as bravely as Titinius;
And mayst be honour'd, being Cato's son.
First Sold. Yield, or thou diest.
Lucil. Only I yield to die:
There is so much that thou wilt kill me straight;
[*Offering money.*
Kill Brutus, and be honour'd in his death.
First Sold. We must not.—A noble prisoner!

"We rescued him [*i.e.* the dead body of Abradates], and
brought him to your grace,
Here to receiue such worthie *funerals*
As fits the honour of so great a lord."

and Beaumont and Fletcher's *Valentinian*, act v. sc. 2,

"an hundred piles
Already to my *funerals* are flaming."

(109) *Labeo and Flavius,*] The folio has "Labio *and* Flauio." See note 6.

Sec. Sold. Room, ho! Tell Antony, Brutus is ta'en.
First Sold. I'll tell the[110] news:—here comes the general.

Enter ANTONY.

Brutus is ta'en, Brutus is ta'en, my lord.
Ant. Where is he?
Lucil. Safe, Antony; Brutus is safe enough:
I dare assure thee that no enemy
Shall ever take alive the noble Brutus:
The gods defend him from so great a shame!
When you do find him, or alive or dead,
He will be found like Brutus, like himself.
Ant. This is not Brutus, friend; but, I assure you,
A prize no less in worth: keep this man safe,
Give him all kindness: I had rather have
Such men my friends than enemies. Go on,
And see whêr Brutus be alive or dead;
And bring us word unto Octavius' tent
How every thing is chanc'd. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE V. *The same. Another part of the field.*

Enter BRUTUS, DARDANIUS, CLITUS, STRATO, *and* VOLUMNIUS.

Bru. Come, poor remains of friends, rest on this rock.
Cli. Statilius show'd the torch-light; but, my lord,
He came not back: he is or ta'en or slain.
Bru. Sit thee down, Clitus: slaying is the word;
It is a deed in fashion. Hark thee, Clitus. [*Whispers him.*
Cli. What, I, my lord? No, not for all the world.
Bru. Peace, then, no words.
Cli. I'll rather kill myself.
Bru. Hark thee, Dardanius. [*Whispers him.*
Dar. Shall I do such a deed?
Cli. O Dardanius!
Dar. O Clitus!

(110) *the*] The folio has "thee."

Cli. What ill request did Brutus make to thee?
Dar. To kill him, Clitus. Look, he meditates.
Cli. Now is that noble vessel full of grief,
That it runs over even at his eyes.
Bru. Come hither, good Volumnius; list a word.
Vol. What says my lord?
Bru. Why, this, Volumnius:
The ghost of Cæsar hath appear'd to me
Two several times by night,—at Sardis once,
And, this last night, here in Philippi fields:
I know my hour is come.
Vol. Not so, my lord.
Bru. Nay, I am sure it is, Volumnius.
Thou seest the world, Volumnius, how it goes;
Our enemies have beat us to the pit: [*Low alarums.*
It is more worthy to leap in ourselves,
Than tarry till they push us. Good Volumnius,
Thou know'st that we two went to school together:
Even for that our love of old, I prithee,
Hold thou my sword-hilts, whilst I run on it.[111]
Vol. That's not an office for a friend, my lord.
[*Alarums still.*
Cli. Fly, fly, my lord; there is no tarrying here.
Bru. Farewell to you;—and you;—and you, Volumnius.—
Strato, thou hast been all this while asleep;
Farewell to thee too, Strato.—Countrymen,
My heart doth joy, that yet, in all my life,
I found no man but he was true to me.
I shall have glory by this losing day,
More than Octavius and Mark Antony
By this vile conquest[112] shall attain unto.

[111] *sword-hilts, whilst I run on it.*] In the third folio "*sword-hilts*" is altered to "Swords hilt;" without regard to the older phraseology.—Compare in p. 191.

[112] *by this losing day,*
. . . . . .
By this vile conquest]

"Qy. '*By* their *vile conquest*'? The repetition seems awkward and un-Shakesperian." Walker's *Crit. Exam.*, &c., vol. i. p. 302.

So, fare you well at once; for Brutus' tongue
Hath almost ended his life's history:
Night hangs upon mine eyes; my bones would rest,
That have but labour'd to attain this hour.
[*Alarums. Cry within,* "Fly, fly, fly!"
Cli. Fly, my lord, fly.
Bru. Hence! I will follow.[118]
[*Exeunt Clitus, Dardanius, and Volumnius.*
I prithee, Strato, stay thou by thy lord:
Thou art a fellow of a good respect;
Thy life hath had some smatch of honour in it:
Hold, then, my sword, and turn away thy face,
While I do run upon it. Wilt thou, Strato?
Stra. Give me your hand first: fare you well, my lord.
Bru. Farewell, good Strato.—Cæsar, now be still:
I kill'd not thee with half so good a will.
[*He runs on his sword, and dies.*

Alarums. Retreat. Enter OCTAVIUS, ANTONY, MESSALA, LUCILIUS, *and* Army.

Oct. What man is that?
Mes. My master's man.—Strato, where is thy master?
Stra. Free from the bondage you are in, Messala:
The conquerors can but make a fire of him;
For Brutus only overcame himself,
And no man else hath honour by his death.
Lucil. So Brutus should be found,—I thank thee, Brutus,
That thou hast prov'd Lucilius' saying true.
Oct. All that serv'd Brutus, I will entertain them.—
Fellow, wilt thou bestow thy time with me?
Stra. Ay, if Messala will prefer me to you.
Oct. Do so, good Messala.
Mes. How died my master, Strato?
Stra. I held the sword, and he did run on it.
Mes. Octavius, then take him to follow thee,
That did the latest service to my master.

(118) *follow*] Pope added "thee."

Ant. This was the noblest Roman of them all:
All the conspirators, save only he,
Did that they did in envy of great Cæsar;
He only, in a general-honest thought,
And common good to all,[114] made one of them.
His life was gentle; and the elements
So mix'd in him, that Nature might stand up
And say to all the world, "This was a man!"

Oct. According to his virtue let us use him,
With all respect and rites of burial.
Within my tent his bones to-night shall lie,
Most like a soldier, order'd honourably.—
So, call the field to rest: and let's away,
To part the glories of this happy day. [*Exeunt.*

(114) *He only, in a general-honest thought,*
And common good to all,]

Mr. Collier's Ms. Corrector reads

"*He only, in a* generous *honest thought*
Of *common good to all;*"

which Mr. Craik adopts.

MACBETH.

MACBETH.

FIRST printed in the folio of 1623.—Dr. Simon Forman in his *Ms. Diary* (*Mus. Ashmol. Oxon.*) has given an elaborate account of this tragedy, which he saw "at the Globe, 1610, the 20th of April, Saturday." Malone thinks that it was originally performed in 1606, because in act ii. sc. 1, the Porter says, "Here's a farmer that hanged himself on the expectation of plenty," and "here's an equivocator that could swear in both the scales against either scale, who committed treason enough for God's sake, yet could not equivocate to heaven,"—the former passage, he conceives, alluding to the state of the corn-market in 1606, the latter to Garnet's avowed equivocation and gross perjury at his trial (for the Gunpowder Treason) on March 28th of that year. See *Life of Shakespeare*, p. 407 sqq. Mr. Collier believes that *Macbeth* was not a new play when Forman saw it acted, because "the words,

'some I see
That twofold balls and treble sceptres carry,'

would have had little point, if we suppose them to have been delivered after the king who bore the balls and sceptres had been more than seven years on the throne. James was proclaimed King of Great Britain and Ireland on the 24th of October 1604; and we may perhaps conclude that Shakespeare wrote *Macbeth* in the year 1605, and that it was first acted at the Globe, when it was opened for the summer season, in the spring of 1606." *Introd. to Macbeth.* —Farmer conjectures, very improbably, that the tragedy might have been suggested to Shakespeare by an interlude which was played at Oxford before King James in 1605: see the notes appended to *Macbeth* in the *Variorum Shakespeare*.—Holinshed, it is plain, furnished all the materials for *Macbeth*.

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

DUNCAN, king of Scotland.
MALCOLM, DONALBAIN, } his sons.
MACBETH, BANQUO, } generals of the King's army.
MACDUFF, LENNOX, ROSS, MENTEITH, ANGUS, CAITHNESS, } noblemen of Scotland.
FLEANCE, son to Banquo.
SIWARD, earl of Northumberland, general of the English forces.
Young SIWARD, his son.
SEYTON, an officer attending on Macbeth.
Boy, son to Macduff.
An English Doctor.
A Scotch Doctor.
A Sergeant.
A Porter.
An Old Man.

Lady MACBETH.
Lady MACDUFF.
Gentlewoman attending on Lady Macbeth.

Lords, Gentlemen, Officers, Soldiers, Murderers, Attendants, and Messengers.

Hecate.
Three Witches.
Apparitions.

SCENE—*In the end of the fourth act in England; through the rest of the play in Scotland.*

MACBETH.

ACT I.

SCENE I. *An open place.*

Thunder and lightning. Enter three Witches.

First Witch. When shall we three meet again
In thunder, lightning, or[1] in rain?
Sec. Witch. When the hurlyburly's done,
When the battle's lost and won.
Third Witch. That will be ere the set of sun.
First Witch. Where the place?
Sec. Witch. Upon the heath.
Third Witch. There to meet with Macbeth.
First Witch. I come, Graymalkin!
Sec. Witch. Paddock calls:—anon!
All. Fair is foul,[2] and foul is fair:
Hover through the fog and filthy air. [*Exeunt.*

(1) *or*] "Read, with Hanmer, 'and.'" W. N. LETTSOM.

(2) First Witch. *I come, Graymalkin!*
Sec. Witch. *Paddock calls:—anon!*
All. *Fair is foul,* &c.]

The folio has

"1. I come, Gray-Malkin.
All. Padock calls anon: faire is foule," &c.

but surely it is evident that the author intended only the concluding couplet to be spoken in chorus.

SCENE II. *A camp near Forres.*

Alarums within. Enter DUNCAN, MALCOLM, DONALBAIN, LENNOX, *with* Attendants, *meeting a bleeding* Sergeant.

Dun. What bloody man is that? He can report,
As seemeth by his plight, of the revolt
The newest state.
Mal. This is the sergeant,
Who, like a good and hardy soldier, fought
'Gainst my captivity.—Hail, brave friend!
Say to the king thy knowledge of the broil[3]
As thou didst leave it.
Serg. Doubtful it stood;
As two spent swimmers, that do cling together
And choke their art. The merciless Macdonwald—
Worthy to be a rebel, for, to that,
The multiplying villanies of nature
Do swarm upon him—from the western isles
Of kerns and gallowglasses is supplied;[4]
And fortune, on his damnèd quarrel smiling,
Show'd like a rebel's whore: but all's too weak:[5]
For brave Macbeth,—well he deserves that name,—
Disdaining fortune, with his brandish'd steel,

(3) *Say to the king thy knowledge of the broil*] The folio has "*Say to the King*, the *knowledge*," &c.—Corrected by Walker, *Crit. Exam.*, &c., vol. ii. p. 232.

(4) *gallowglasses is supplied;*] So the second folio.—The first folio has "*Gallow*grosses," &c.—"Read, with Pope, '—— was *supplied:*' the corruption was caused by '*Do*' just above." W. N. LETTSOM.

(5) *And fortune, on his damnèd quarrel smiling,*
Show'd like a rebel's whore: but all's too weak:]

The folio has "—— *on his damned* Quarry *smiling*," &c.; but, long before Mr. Collier's Ms. Corrector was heard of, most of the editors had agreed that "*quarrel*" is the genuine reading.—"The word *quarrel*," observes Steevens, "occurs in Holinshed's relation of this very fact, and may be regarded as a sufficient proof of its having been the term here employed by Shakespeare: 'Out of the westerne Iles there came vnto him [Makdowald] a great multitude of people, offering themselues to

Which smok'd with bloody execution,
Like valour's minion,
Carv'd out his passage till he fac'd the slave;
And ne'er shook hands,(6) nor bade farewell to him,
Till he unseam'd him from the nave to the chaps,
And fix'd his head upon our battlements.

Dun. O valiant cousin! worthy gentleman!

Serg. As whence the sun gins his reflection

assist him in that rebellious *quarell.*' *Hist. of Scotland*, p. 265, ed. 1808." —"Again in this play [p. 274]," says Malone,

"'and the chance of goodness
Be like our warranted *quarrel!*'

Here we have *warranted quarrel*, the exact opposite of *damned quarrel.*"

On this passage Boswell has a note, which would almost seem to have been written in ridicule of the commentators: he suggests that here "quarry" may mean "arrow," and that there may be no more objection to the expression, "Fortune smiling on a warrior's quarry [*i.e.* arrow]," than to "Fortune smiling on a warrior's *sword.*"—Mr. Knight, who retains "quarry" in the sense of *prey*, says; "the 'damned quarry' is the doomed army of kernes and gallowglasses, who, although fortune deceitfully smiled on them, fled before the sword of Macbeth, and became his *quarry*—his prey." How, on earth, could "*his*" mean *Macbeth's?* surely it must have escaped Mr. Knight that *the name of Macbeth has not yet been mentioned in this scene!*—Mr. Singer (*Shakespeare Vindicated*, &c., p. 250) is also a defender of the old lection; "The epithet '*damned*' is inapplicable to *quarrel* in the sense which it here bears of condemned [which sense I am convinced it does *not* bear here]. Mr. Collier himself says that *quarry* 'gives an obvious and striking meaning much more forcible than *quarrel.*'" The note by Mr. Collier *ad l.* to which Mr. Singer approvingly refers is; "*His damned quarry*, i.e. His army doomed, or damned, to become the 'quarry' or *prey* of his enemies,"—as forced an explanation as well can be; for "*his quarry*" could only signify—HIS OWN *quarry* or *prey*. (Indeed, a defence of "quarry" is nothing new: according to Heath, in his *Revisal*, 1765, here "it means the slaughter and depredations made by the rebel. THUS in the same play [p. 277],

'to relate the manner,
Were, on the *quarry* of these murder'd deer,
To add the death of you.'"

Now, *if the two passages are to be considered a parallel*, and "his *quarry*' means "the slaughter and depredations made by the rebel," must we not understand "the *quarry* of these murder'd deer" to mean "the quarry made by these murder'd deer"?)—1865. "Read, with Pope, '—— *but all too weak.*'" W. N. LETTSOM.

(6) *And ne'er shook hands,*] The folio has "Which *new'r shooke hands;*" the "Which" being evidently repeated, by a mistake of the scribe or compositor, from the commencement of the third line above.

Shipwrecking storms and direful thunders break;[7]
So from that spring, whence comfort seem'd to come,
Discomfort swells.[8] Mark, king of Scotland, mark:
No sooner justice had, with valour arm'd,
Compell'd these skipping kerns to trust their heels,
But the Norweyan lord, surveying vantage,
With furbish'd arms and new supplies of men,
Began a fresh assault.

Dun. Dismay'd not this
Our captains, Macbeth and Banquo?[9]

Serg. Yes;
As sparrows eagles, or the hare the lion.
If I say sooth, I must report they were
As cannons overcharg'd with double cracks;
So they

(7) *thunders break;*] So Pope.—In the folio both the sense and metre are imperfect,—the line ending with the word "*thunders.*"—The editor of the second folio printed "*Thunders* breaking."—"Perhaps, '*burst*' would be better [than '*break*']. (Or was the word '*threat*'?)" Walker's *Crit. Exam.*, &c., vol. iii. p. 250.

(8) *So from that spring, whence comfort seemed to come,*
Discomfort swells.]

"I have not disturbed the text here, as the sense does not absolutely require it; though Dr. Thirlby prescribes a very ingenious and easy correction;

> '*So from that spring, whence comfort seem'd come,*
> *Discomfort* well'd.'" THEOBALD.—

Hence Capell printed "*Discomfort* wells."—See note 78 on *The First Part of King Henry IV.*

(9) *Our captains, Macbeth and Banquo?*] Here "*captains*" was probably to be pronouncd "*capitains:*" see note 146 on *The Third Part of King Henry VI.*—Mr. W. N. Lettsom has just pointed out to me the following passages;

> "I sent for you, and, *captain*, draw near."
> Beaumont and Fletcher's *Faithful Friends*, iii. 3,—*Works*, vol. iv. p. 262, ed. Dyce.

> "I hear another tune, good *captain*."
> Fletcher's *Island Princess*, ii. 3,—*Works*, vol. vii. p. 443, ed. Dyce.

> "Sirrah, how dare you name a *captain*?"
> Shirley's *Gamester*, iv. 1,—*Works*, vol. iii. p. 246, ed. Gifford and Dyce.

Doubly[10] redoubled strokes upon the foe:
Except they meant to bathe in reeking wounds,
Or memorize another Golgotha,
I cannot tell:—
But I am faint, my gashes cry for help.

Dun. So well thy words become thee as thy wounds;
They smack of honour both.—Go get him surgeons.
[*Exit Sergeant, attended.*
Who comes here?

Mal. The worthy thane of Ross.

Len. What haste looks through his eyes![11] So should he look
That seems to speak things strange.[12]

Enter Ross.[13]

Ross. God save the king!

Dun. Whence cam'st thou, worthy thane?

Ross. From Fife, great king;
Where the Norweyan banners flout the sky
And fan our people cold. Norway himself,
With terrible numbers,
Assisted by that most disloyal traitor
The thane of Cawdor, began[14] a dismal conflict;
Till that Bellona's bridegroom, lapp'd in proof,
Confronted him with self-comparisons,
Point against point rebellious, arm 'gainst arm,
Curbing his lavish spirit: and, to conclude,
The victory fell on us.

Dun. Great happiness!

(10) *Doubly*] "I suspect that '*Doubly*' is an interpolation." Walker's *Crit. Exam.*, &c., vol. iii. p. 250.

(11) *What haste looks through his eyes!*] The folio has "*What* a *haste*," &c.—But the second folio omits the "a," and no doubt rightly. See note 23 on *Julius Cæsar*.

(12) *That seems to speak things strange.*] Johnson would alter "*seems*" to "teems;" and Mr. Collier's Ms. Corrector reads "comes:" but the old text certainly admits of Heath's interpretation—"That appears to be upon the point of speaking things strange."

(13) Enter Ross.] The folio has "Enter Rosse *and Angus*,"—by mistake, it would appear.

(14) *began*] Perhaps "gan."

Ross. That now
Sweno, the Norways' king, craves composition;
Nor would we deign him burial of his men
Till he disbursèd, at Saint Colme's-inch,
Ten thousand dollars to our general use.

Dun. No more that thane of Cawdor shall deceive
Our bosom interest:—go pronounce his present death,
And with his former title greet Macbeth.

Ross. I'll see it done.

Dun. What he hath lost noble Macbeth hath won.

[*Exeunt.*

SCENE III. *A heath.*

Thunder. Enter the three Witches.

First Witch. Where hast thou been, sister?

Sec. Witch. Killing swine.

Third Witch. Sister, where thou?

First Witch. A sailor's wife had chestnuts in her lap,
And mounch'd, and mounch'd, and mounch'd:—"Give me,"
quoth I:
"Aroint thee, witch!" the rump-fed ronyon cries.
Her husband's to Aleppo gone, master o' the Tiger:
But in a sieve I'll thither sail,
And, like a rat without a tail,
I'll do, I'll do, and I'll do.

Sec. Witch. I'll give thee a wind.

First Witch. Thou art kind.

Third Witch. And I another.

First Witch. I myself have all the other;
And the very ports they blow,
All the quarters that they know
I' the shipman's card.[15]

(15) *And the very ports they blow,*
. . . . . .
I' the shipman's card.]

Here "*ports they blow*" is explained *ports they blow upon*.—Pope sub-

I will drain him dry as hay:
Sleep shall neither night nor day
Hang upon his pent-house lid;
He shall live a man forbid:
Weary seven-nights nine times nine
Shall he dwindle, peak, and pine:
Though his bark cannot be lost,
Yet it shall be tempest-tost.—
Look what I have.

Sec. Witch. Show me, show me.

First Witch. Here I have a pilot's thumb,
Wreck'd as homeward he did come. [*Drum within.*

Third Witch. A drum, a drum!
Macbeth doth come.

All. The weird sisters, hand in hand,
Posters of the sea and land,
Thus do go about, about:
Thrice to thine, and thrice to mine,
And thrice again, to make up nine:—
Peace!—the charm's wound up.

Enter MACBETH *and* BANQUO; Soldiers *at some distance.*

Macb. So foul and fair a day I have not seen.

Ban. How far is't call'd to Forres?[16]—What are these
So wither'd, and so wild in their attire,

stituted "points" for "*ports*" (Sir William Davenant, in his alteration of *Macbeth*, having given

"And then from every port they blow,
From all the *points* that seamen know").—

To the second line Mr. Collier's Ms. Corrector adds, for the sake of a rhyme, "to show;" and Mr. Collier says, "we may feel sure that we thus recover two words Shakespeare wrote, but which had dropped out in the press,"—forgetting, I presume, that in other four places of this scene we have lines without any rhyme;

"I'll do, I'll do, and I'll do."

"Look what I have.
Sec. Witch. Show me, show me."

"Thus do go about, about."

"Peace!—the charm's wound up."

(16) *Forres?*] The folio has "Soris?"

That look not like th' inhabitants o' th' earth,
And yet are on't?—Live you? or are you aught
That man may question? You seem to understand me,
By each at once her chappy finger laying
Upon her skinny lips:—you should be women,
And yet your beards forbid me to interpret
That you are so.

Macb. Speak, if you can;—what are you?

First Witch. All hail, Macbeth! hail to thee, thane of Glamis!

Sec. Witch. All hail, Macbeth! hail to thee, thane of Cawdor!

Third Witch. All hail, Macbeth, that shalt be king hereafter!

Ban. Good sir, why do you start; and seem to fear
Things that do sound so fair?—I' the name of truth,
Are ye fantastical, or that indeed
Which outwardly ye show? My noble partner
You greet with present grace, and great prediction
Of noble having and of royal hope,
That he seems rapt withal:—to me you speak not:
If you can look into the seeds of time,
And say which grain will grow, and which will not,
Speak, then, to me, who neither beg nor fear
Your favours nor your hate.

First Witch. Hail!

Sec. Witch. Hail!

Third Witch. Hail!

First Witch. Lesser than Macbeth, and greater.

Sec. Witch. Not so happy, yet much happier.

Third Witch. Thou shalt get kings, though thou be none:
So, all hail, Macbeth and Banquo!

First Witch. Banquo and Macbeth, all hail![17]

Macb. Stay, you imperfect speakers, tell me more:
By Sinel's death I know I'm thane of Glamis;

[17] *So, all hail, Macbeth and Banquo!*
First Witch. *Banquo and Macbeth, all hail!*]

"These two verses should be pronounced by 1, 2, 3, in chorus." W. N. LETTSOM.

But how of Cawdor? the thane of Cawdor lives,
A prosperous gentleman; and to be king
Stands not within the prospect of belief,
No more than to be Cawdor. Say from whence
You owe this strange intelligence? or why
Upon this blasted heath you stop our way
With such prophetic greeting? Speak, I charge you.
[*Witches vanish.*

Ban. The earth hath bubbles, as the water has,
And these are of them:—whither are they vanish'd?

Macb. Into the air; and what seem'd corporal melted
As breath into the wind.—Would they had stay'd!

Ban. Were such things here as we do speak about?
Or have we eaten on the insane root
That takes the reason prisoner?

Macb. Your children shall be kings.

Ban. You shall be king.

Macb. And thane of Cawdor too,—went it not so?

Ban. To the selfsame tune and words.—Who's here?

Enter ROSS *and* ANGUS.

Ross. The king hath happily receiv'd, Macbeth,
The news of thy success: and when he reads
Thy personal venture in the rebels' fight,
His wonders and his praises do contend
Which should be thine or his: silenc'd with that,
In viewing o'er the rest o' the selfsame day,
He finds thee in the stout Norweyan ranks,
Nothing afeard of what thyself didst make,
Strange images of death. As thick as hail
Came post with post;[18] and every one did bear

(18) *As thick as hail*
Came post with post;]

The folio has

"*as thick as* Tale
Can *post with post;*"

and "Tale" has not wanted several defenders. The latest of them, Mr. Singer, remarks (*Shakespeare Vindicated*, &c., p. 251); "Rowe was right in correcting the obvious misprint *can* to *came*, but wrong in disturbing

Thy praises in his kingdom's great defence,
And pour'd them down before him.
Ang. We are sent
To give thee, from our royal master, thanks;
Only to herald thee into his sight,
Not pay thee.[19]

the old undoubted word *tale:* 'as thick as tale' is as quick as they could be told or numbered. Shakespeare [as Steevens had already observed] has the word *thick* for quick twice, and Baret in v. 'Crebritas literarum, the often sending, or *thicke* coming of letters.'" But was such an expression as "*thick as* tale" ever employed by any writer whatsoever? Now, "*thick as hail*" is of the commonest occurrence;

> "Out of the towne came quarries *thicke as haile.*"
> Drayton's *Battaile of Agincourt*, p. 20, ed. 1627.

> "Curse, ban, and breath out damned orisons,
> *As thicke as haile-stones* for[e] the springs approach."
> *First Part of the Troublesome Raigne of King John*, sig. F. 4, ed. 1622.

> "The English archers shoot *as thick as haile.*"
> Harington's *Orlando Furioso*, B. xvi. st. 51.

> "Rayning down bullets from a stormy cloud,
> *As thick as hail*, upon their armies proud."
> Sylvester's *Du Bartas,—Fourth Day of the First Week*, p. 38, ed. 1641.

> "More *thick* they fall *then haile*," &c.
> *A Herringe Tayle*, &c., 1598, sig. C 2.

> "Darts *thick as haile* their backs behinde did smite."
> Niccols's *King Arthur,—A Winter Night's Vision*, &c. (Contin. of *A Mir. for Mag.*), 1610, p. 583.

"χάλαζα . . . hail . . . words poured forth hastily and vehemently are termed χάλαζαι." Maltby's *Greek Gradus*, ed. 8vo, 1830. "χαλαζεστής, *hurling abuse as thick as hail.*" Liddell and Scott's *Greek Lex.*

(Mr. Collier informs us that his Ms. Corrector, though he changes "Can" to "*Came*," leaves "tale" unaltered. And what then? This is not the only corrupted word in *Macbeth* which he has passed over: we are told that, in act ii. sc. 1, "no change is made [by the Ms. Corrector] in 'Tarquin's ravishing *sides*,' *as if that expression were not objectionable.*")

1865. Both Mr. Staunton and Mr. Grant White retain the old reading here; the former editor declaring that "Rowe most unwarrantably changed '*tale*' to '*hail*;' the latter that "'*hail*' is equally absurd and extravagant."

> (19) *Only to herald thee into his sight,*
> *Not pay thee.*]

> "Qy. 'Only to herald thee *to's* (or *in's*) sight, not pay thee'?"
> Walker's *Crit. Exam.*, &c., vol. iii. p. 251.

Ross. And, for an earnest of a greater honour,
He bade me, from him, call thee thane of Cawdor:
In which addition, hail, most worthy thane!
For it is thine.

Ban. [*aside*] What, can the devil speak true?

Macb. The thane of Cawdor lives: why do you dress me
In borrow'd robes?

Ang. Who was the thane lives yet;
But under heavy judgment bears that life
Which he deserves to lose. Whether he was combin'd
With those of Norway, or did line the rebel
With hidden help and vantage, or that with both
He labour'd in his country's wreck, I know not;
But treasons capital, confess'd and prov'd,
Have overthrown him.

Macb. [*aside*] Glamis, and thane of Cawdor!
The greatest is behind.—[*To Ross and Ang.*] Thanks for your pains.—
[*Aside to Ban.*] Do you not hope your children shall be kings,
When those that gave the thane of Cawdor to me
Promis'd no less to them?

Ban. [*aside to Macb.*] That, trusted home,
Might yet enkindle you unto the crown,
Besides the thane of Cawdor. But 'tis strange:
And oftentimes, to win us to our harm,
The instruments of darkness tell us truths;
Win us with honest trifles, to betray 's
In deepest consequence.—
Cousins, a word, I pray you.

Macb. [*aside*] Two truths are told,
As happy prologues to the swelling act
Of the imperial theme.—I thank you, gentlemen.—
[*Aside*] This supernatural soliciting
Cannot be ill; cannot be good:—if ill,
Why hath it given me earnest of success,
Commencing in a truth? I am thane of Cawdor:
If good, why do I yield to that suggestion
Whose horrid image doth unfix my hair,

And make my seated heart knock at my ribs,
Against the use of nature? Present fears
Are less than horrible imaginings:
My thought, whose murder yet is but fantastical,
Shakes so my single state of man, that function
Is smother'd in surmise; and nothing is
But what is not.

Ban. Look, how our partner's rapt.

Macb. [*aside*] If chance will have me king, why, chance may crown me,
Without my stir.

Ban. New honours come upon him,
Like our strange garments, cleave not to their mould
But with the aid of use.

Macb. [*aside*] Come what come may,
Time and the hour runs through the roughest day.[20]

Ban. Worthy Macbeth, we stay upon your leisure.

Macb. Give me your favour:—my dull brain was wrought
With things forgotten. Kind gentlemen, your pains
Are register'd where every day I turn
The leaf to read them.—Let us toward the king.—
[*Aside to Ban.*] Think upon what hath chanc'd; and, at more time,
The interim having weigh'd it, let us speak
Our free hearts each to other.

Ban. [*aside to Macb.*] Very gladly.

Macb. [*aside to Ban.*] Till then, enough.—Come, friends.

[*Exeunt.*

(20) *Time and the hour*] The commentators have illustrated this expression from English authors. It is not unfrequent in Italian;

> "Ma perch' e' fugge *il tempo, e così l' ora,*
> La nostra storia ci convien seguire."
> Pulci, *Morg. Mag.* C. XV. last stanza.

> "Ferminsi in un momento *il tempo e l' ore.*"
> Michelagnolo, *Son.* XIX.

> "Aspettar vuol ch' occasion gli dia,
> Come dar gli potrebbe, *il tempo e l' hora.*"
> Dolce, *Prime Imprese del Conte Orlando,*
> C. XVII. p. 145, ed. 1572.

SCENE IV. *Forres. A room in the palace.*

Flourish. Enter DUNCAN, MALCOLM, DONALBAIN, LENNOX, *and* Attendants.

Dun. Is execution done on Cawdor? Are not[21]
Those in commission yet return'd?
Mal. My liege,
They are not yet come back. But I have spoke
With one that saw him die: who did report,
That very frankly he confess'd his treasons;
Implor'd your highness' pardon; and set forth
A deep repentance: nothing in his life
Became him like the leaving it; he died
As one that had been studied in his death
To throw away the dearest thing he ow'd,
As 'twere a careless trifle.
Dun. There's no art
To find the mind's construction in the face:
He was a gentleman on whom I built
An absolute trust.

Enter MACBETH, BANQUO, ROSS, *and* ANGUS.

O worthiest cousin!
The sin of my ingratitude even now
Was heavy on me: thou'rt so far before,
That swiftest wing of recompense is slow
To overtake thee. Would thou hadst less deserv'd,
That the proportion both of thanks and payment
Might have been mine! only I've left to say,
More is thy due than more than all can pay.
Macb. The service and the loyalty I owe,
In doing it, pays itself. Your highness' part
Is to receive our duties; and our duties
Are to your throne and state children and servants;

(21) *Are not*] So the second folio.—The first folio has "Or *not*."

Which do but what they should by doing every thing
Safe toward your love and honour.
Dun. Welcome hither:
I have begun to plant thee, and will labour
To make thee full of growing.—Noble Banquo,
That hast no less deserv'd, nor must be known
No less to have done so; let me infold thee
And hold thee to my heart.
Ban. There if I grow,
The harvest is your own.
Dun. My plenteous joys,
Wanton in fulness, seek to hide themselves
In drops of sorrow.—Sons, kinsmen, thanes,[22]
And you whose places are the nearest, know,
We will establish our estate upon
Our eldest, Malcolm; whom we name hereafter
The Prince of Cumberland: which honour must
Not unaccompanied invest him only,
But signs of nobleness, like stars, shall shine
On all deservers.—From hence to Inverness,
And bind us further to you.
Macb. The rest is labour, which is not us'd for you:[23]
I'll be myself the harbinger, and make joyful
The hearing of my wife with your approach:
So, humbly take my leave.
Dun. My worthy Cawdor!
Macb. [*aside*] The Prince of Cumberland! that is a step,
On which I must fall down, or else o'erleap,
For in my way it lies. Stars, hide your fires;
Let not light see my black and deep desires:

[22] *In drops of sorrow.—Sons, kinsmen, thanes,*] Walker (*Shakespeare's Versification*, &c., p. 28) calls this line "suspicious."

[23] *And bind us further to you.*
Macb. *The rest is labour, which is not us'd for you*, &c.]
"Arrange
'And bind us further to you.
Macb. The rest is labour,
Which is not us'd for you:
I'll be,' &c."
Walker's *Crit. Exam.*, &c., vol. iii. p. 252.

The eye wink at the hand; yet let that be,
Which the eye fears, when it is done, to see. [*Exit.*

Dun. True, worthy Banquo,—he is full so valiant;
And in his commendations I am fed,—
It is a banquet to me. Let's after him,
Whose care is gone before to bid us welcome:
It is a peerless kinsman. [*Flourish. Exeunt.*

SCENE V. *Inverness. A room in* MACBETH'S *castle.*

Enter Lady MACBETH, *reading a letter.*

Lady M. "They met me in the day of success; and I have learned by the perfectest report, they have more in them than mortal knowledge. When I burned in desire to question them further, they made themselves air, into which they vanished. Whiles I stood rapt in the wonder of it, came missives from the king, who all-hailed me 'Thane of Cawdor;' by which title, before, these weird sisters saluted me, and referred me to the coming on of time, with 'Hail, king that shalt be!' This have I thought good to deliver thee, my dearest partner of greatness, that thou mightst not lose the dues of rejoicing, by being ignorant of what greatness is promised thee. Lay it to thy heart, and farewell."

Glamis thou art, and Cawdor; and shalt be
What thou art promis'd: yet do I fear thy nature;
It is too full o' the milk of human kindness
To catch the nearest way: thou wouldst be great;
Art not without ambition; but without
The illness should attend it: what thou wouldst highly,
That wouldst thou holily; wouldst not play false,
And yet wouldst wrongly win: thou'dst have, great Glamis,
That which cries "Thus thou must do, if thou have it;
And that which rather thou dost fear to do
Than wishest should be undone." Hie thee hither,
That I may pour my spirits in thine ear;
And chastise with the valour of my tongue
All that impedes thee from the golden round,
Which fate and metaphysical aid doth seem
To have thee crown'd withal.

Enter an Attendant.

What is your tidings?

Atten. The king comes here to-night.

Lady M. Thou'rt mad to say it:
Is not thy master with him? who, were't so,
Would have inform'd for preparation.

Atten. So please you, it is true:—our thane is coming:
One of my fellows had the speed of him;
Who, almost dead for breath, had scarcely more
Than would make up his message.

Lady M. Give him tending;
He brings great news. [*Exit Attendant.*
The raven himself is hoarse
That croaks the fatal entrance of Duncan
Under my battlements. Come, you spirits[24]
That tend on mortal thoughts, unsex me here;
And fill me, from the crown to the toe, top-full
Of direst cruelty! make thick my blood,
Stop up th' access and passage to remorse,
That no compunctious visitings of nature
Shake my fell purpose, nor keep peace between
Th' effect and it![25] Come to my woman's breasts,
And take my milk for gall, you murdering ministers,
Wherever in your sightless substances
You wait on nature's mischief! Come, thick night,
And pall thee in the dunnest smoke of hell,

[24] *The raven himself is hoarse*
That croaks the fatal entrance of Duncan
Under my battlements. Come, you spirits]

The reader may understand this, with Johnson, to mean, that the raven, "whose harsh voice is accustomed to predict calamities, could not *croak the entrance* of Duncan but in a note of unwonted harshness," or, with Fuseli, that "*the raven himself* is spent, is *hoarse* by croaking," &c.: but let him treat with due contempt the following explanation of a modern critic, quoted by Mr. Halliwell (approvingly!); "The *informant* of Duncan's approach to the place where he is to die, is the *raven* that croaks his fatal entrance; and *being scarcely able to speak his message*, is termed a raven of *unusual hoarseness*, or one more than commonly ominous of death."—Sir William Davenant (in his alteration of *Macbeth*) printed "*Come*, all *you spirits*," &c.; Steevens, "*Come*, come, *you spirits*."

[25] *and it!*] The folio has "*and* hit."—Corrected in the third folio.

That my keen knife see not the wound it makes,
Nor heaven peep through the blanket of the dark,[26]
To cry "Hold, hold!"

Enter MACBETH.

Great Glamis! worthy Cawdor!
Greater than both, by the all-hail hereafter!
Thy letters have transported me beyond
This ignorant present, and I feel now[27]
The future in the instant.

Macb. My dear'st love,
Duncan comes here to-night.

Lady M. And when goes hence?

Macb. To-morrow, as he purposes.

Lady M. O, never
Shall sun that morrow see!
Your face, my thane, is as a book where men
May read strange matters:—to beguile the time,
Look like the time; bear welcome in your eye,
Your hand, your tongue: look like the innocent flower,
But be the serpent under't. He that's coming
Must be provided for: and you shall put
This night's great business into my dispatch;
Which shall to all our nights and days to come
Give solely sovereign sway and masterdom.

Macb. We will speak further.

(26) *Nor heaven peep through the blanket of the dark,*] Mr. Collier's Ms. Corrector substitutes "—— *the* blankness *of the dark.*" Nor is he the only one who has unnecessarily meddled with the passage; for Coleridge proposed "—— *the* blank height *of the dark,*" &c.; a conjecture which appeared in the first ed. of his *Table-Talk* (ii. 296), but which, on my urging its absurdity to the editor, was omitted in the second edition of that valuable miscellany.

(27) *This ignorant present, and I feel now*] On the modern alteration, "*This ignorant present* time, *and I feel now*," Steevens remarks; "The sense does not require the word *time*,"—which is true,—"and it is too much for the measure,"—which is nonsense.—"Here," says Walker, "I suspect, a word has dropt out; an accident which seems to have happened not unfrequently in the Folio *Macbeth*." *Shakespeare's Versification*, &c., p. 157.—Mr. W. N. Lettsom would read "—— *and I feel* e'en *now*."

Lady M. Only look up clear;
To alter favour ever is to fear:
Leave all the rest to me. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE VI. *The same. Before* MACBETH'S *castle.*

Hautboys. Servants *of* MACBETH *attending, with torches. Enter* DUNCAN, MALCOLM, DONALBAIN, BANQUO, LENNOX, MACDUFF, ROSS, ANGUS, *and* Attendants.

Dun. This castle hath a pleasant seat; the air
Nimbly and sweetly recommends itself
Unto our gentle senses.
Ban. This[28] guest of summer,
The temple-haunting martlet,[29] does approve,
By his lov'd mansionry, that the heavens' breath
Smells wooingly here:[30] no jutty, frieze,
Buttress, nor coign of vantage, but this bird
Hath made his pendent bed and procreant cradle:
Where they most[31] breed and haunt, I have observ'd
The air is delicate.

Enter Lady MACBETH.

Dun. See, see, our honour'd hostess!—
The love that follows us sometime is our trouble,
Which still we thank as love. Herein I teach you
How you shall bid God ild us for your pains,
And thank us for your trouble.
Lady M. All our service
In every point twice done, and then done double,
Were poor and single business to contend
Against those honours deep and broad wherewith
Your majesty loads our house: for those of old,

(28) *This*] "Read '*The*.' 'This' was repeated by mistake from the beginning of the preceding speech." W. N. LETTSOM.
(29) *martlet,*] The folio has "Barlet."
(30) *Smells wooingly here*, &c.] This line seems to be mutilated. Hanmer prints "*Smells* sweet and *wooingly*," &c.
(31) *most*] The folio has "must."

And the late dignities heap'd up to them,
We rest your hermits.
Dun. Where's the thane of Cawdor?
We cours'd him at the heels, and had a purpose
To be his purveyor: but he rides well;
And his great love, sharp as his spur, hath holp him
To his home before us. Fair and noble hostess,
We are your guest to-night.
Lady M. Your servants ever
Have theirs, themselves, and what is theirs, in compt,
To make their audit at your highness' pleasure,
Still to return your own.
Dun. Give me your hand;
Conduct me to mine host: we love him highly,
And shall continue our graces towards him.
By your leave, hostess. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE VII. *The same. A lobby in* MACBETH'S *castle.*

Hautboys and torches. Enter, and pass over, a Sewer, *and divers* Servants *with dishes and service. Then enter* MACBETH.

Macb. If it were done when 'tis done, then 'twere well
It were done quickly: if th' assassination
Could trammel up the consequence, and catch,
With his surcease, success; that but this blow
Might be the be-all and the end-all here,
But here, upon this bank and shoal[32] of time,
We'd jump the life to come. But in these cases
We still have judgment here; that we but teach
Bloody instructions, which, being taught, return
To plague th' inventor: this[33] even-handed justice
Commends th' ingredients of our poison'd chalice
To our own lips. He's here in double trust:
First, as I am his kinsman and his subject,

([32]) *shoal*] So Theobald.—The folio has "Schoole."
([33]) *this*] Mason would read "thus;" and so Mr. Collier's Ms. Corrector.

Strong both against the deed; then, as his host,
Who should against his murderer shut the door,
Nor bear the knife myself. Besides, this Duncan
Hath borne his faculties so meek, hath been
So clear in his great office, that his virtues
Will plead like angels, trumpet-tongu'd, against
The deep damnation of his taking-off;
And pity, like a naked new-born babe,
Striding the blast, or heaven's cherubin, hors'd
Upon the sightless couriers of the air,
Shall blow the horrid deed in every eye,
That tears shall drown the wind.—I have no spur
To prick the sides of my intent, but only
Vaulting ambition, which o'erleaps itself,
And falls on th' other.[34]

Enter Lady MACBETH.

How now! what news?

Lady M. He has almost supp'd: why have you left the chamber?

Macb. Hath he ask'd for me?

Lady M. Know you not he has?

Macb. We will proceed no further in this business:
He hath honour'd me of late; and I have bought
Golden opinions from all sorts of people,
Which would be worn now in their newest gloss,
Not cast aside so soon.

Lady M. Was the hope drunk
Wherein you dress'd yourself? hath it slept since?
And wakes it now, to look so green and pale
At what it did so freely? From this time
Such I account thy love. Art thou afeard
To be the same in thine own act and valour
As thou art in desire? Wouldst thou have that

(34) *And falls on th' other.*] So the folio exactly: but qy. ?—Hanmer printed "*And falls on th' other* side;" which Walker (*Crit. Exam.*, &c., vol. iii. p. 253) says is "evidently" right.—Steevens remarks that "they who plead for the admission of this supplement should consider that the plural of it, but two lines before, had occurred."

Which thou esteem'st the ornament of life,
And live a coward in thine own esteem,
Letting "I dare not" wait upon "I would,"
Like the poor cat i' th' adage?

Macb. Prithee, peace:
I dare do all that may become a man;
Who dares do more is none.[35]

Lady M. What beast was't then,[36]
That made you break this enterprise to me?
When you durst do it, then you were a man;
And, to be more than what you were, you would
Be so much more the man. Nor time nor place
Did then adhere, and yet you would make both:
They've made themselves, and that their fitness now
Does unmake you. I've given suck, and know
How tender 'tis to love the babe that milks me:
I would, while it was smiling in my face,
Have pluck'd my nipple from his boneless gums,
And dash'd the brains out, had I so sworn as you
Have done to this.[37]

(35) *Who dares do more is none.*] The folio has "*Who dares* no *more*," &c.—Mr. Hunter (*New Illust. of Shakespeare*, ii. 179) would retain "no," and transfer these words to Lady Macbeth: which I cannot but think as improper as the other alterations proposed by Mr. Hunter in the distribution of the dialogue throughout this scene.

(36) *What beast was't, then,*] Mr. Collier's Ms. Corrector substitutes "*What* boast *was't, then;*" on which an accomplished critic [Mr. John Forster] has remarked as follows; "The expression immediately preceding and eliciting Lady Macbeth's reproach is that in which Macbeth declares that he dares do all that may become *a man*, and that who dares do more *is none*. She instantly takes up that expression. If not an affair in which *a man* may engage, what *beast* was it, then, in himself or others, that made him break this enterprise to her? The force of the passage lies in that contrasted word, and its meaning is lost by the proposed substitution." *The Examiner*, Jan. 29, 1853. See too *Blackwood's Magazine* for Oct. 1853, p. 459.

(37) *And dash'd the brains out, had I so sworn as you*
Have done to this.]

"Is 'and dash'd *the* brains out' English? Read 'And dash'd the brains *on't* out,' &c., and arrange with the folio [which has

'And dasht the Braines out, had I so sworne
As you haue done to this']." W. N. LETTSOM.

Macb. If we should fail?
Lady M. We fail!
But screw your courage to the sticking-place,
And we'll not fail.[38] When Duncan is asleep,—
Whereto the rather shall his day's hard journey
Soundly invite him,—his two chamberlains
Will I with wine and wassail so convince,
That memory, the warder of the brain,

(38) *We fail!*
But screw your courage to the sticking-place,
And we'll not fail.]

Here the punctuation of the folio is "*We faile?*" which Mr. Collier retains, observing that "perhaps we may take it as some evidence of the ancient mode of delivering these two words interrogatively." But he forgets that in the folio the interrogation-point is frequently equivalent to an exclamation-point.—Mr. Knight gives the pointing which Steevens had suggested, "*We fail.*" He remarks; "the quiet self-possession of the punctuation we have adopted appears preferable to the original 'We fail?'" Now, *any kind of admission* on the part of Lady Macbeth that the attempt might prove unsuccessful is surely quite inconsistent with all that she has previously said, and all that she afterwards says, in the present scene. Her contemptuous exclamation "We fail!" is designed to check the very idea of failure as it rises in her husband's mind.

1865. In the second edition of his *Shakespeare*, 1858, Mr. Collier writes thus; "The Rev. Mr. Dyce, who is generally hyper-emphatic upon punctuation (the importance of which nobody disputes), strangely informs us here that 'there is in reality no difference' between a note of interrogation and a mark of admiration. He makes a difference between them in works he has himself edited—and rightly: at the end of his own notes he often places a mark of admiration, and at the end of the notes of rival critics a note of interrogation. See particularly the first play in his Beaumont and Fletcher, vol. i. pp. 58, 93, &c. What can he mean, too, by not putting a note of admiration after 'Oh God' in 'The Scornful Lady' (iii. 106), and by putting one after 'Lazarillo, thou art happy,' in 'The Woman-Hater' (i. 36)? Every editor, however careful, and Mr. Dyce is one of the most so, is liable to such mistakes. In the instance before us, we purposely place a note of interrogation after 'We fail,' following the precedent of old copies, and thinking it right to adhere to the practice."

Mr. Collier does not state fairly what I said about the pointing of the present passage. My words were; "Though Mr. Collier makes a distinction between Malone's punctuation and his own, there is in reality no difference: whether the words be pointed 'We fail!' or 'We fail?' (and I much prefer the former method), they can only be understood as an impatient and contemptuous repetition of Macbeth's 'We fail,'"—(*Remarks on Mr. Collier's and Mr. Knight's editions of Shakespeare*, p. 190),—in which quotation I am confident that the unprejudiced reader will discover nothing "strange."

Mr. Collier goes on to ask, "What I can mean by not putting a note

Shall be a fume, and the receipt of reason
A limbeck only: when in swinish sleep
Their drenchèd natures lie as in a death,
What cannot you and I perform upon
Th' unguarded Duncan? what not put upon
His spongy officers, who shall bear the guilt
Of our great quell?

Macb. Bring forth men-children only;
For thy undaunted mettle should compose
Nothing but males. Will it not be receiv'd,
When we have mark'd with blood those sleepy two
Of his own chamber, and us'd their very daggers,
That they have done't?

Lady M. Who dares receive it other,
As we shall make our griefs and clamour roar
Upon his death?

Macb. I'm settled, and bend up
Each corporal agent to this terrible feat.
Away, and mock the time with fairest show:
False face must hide what the false heart doth know.

[*Exeunt.*

of admiration after 'Oh God,' in the following passage of *The Scornful Lady?*"

> "*Mar.* For God's sake, sir, be private in this business;
> You have undone me else. *Oh, God, what have I done?*"

My answer is—that to have put a note of admiration after "Oh, God," would have been what printers call *stiff punctuation;*—the hemistich is half exclamatory, half interrogatory, and the interrogation-point at the end of the line is sufficient. Next, Mr. Collier wishes to know "why I put a note of admiration after 'Lazarillo, thou art happy,' in this passage of *The Woman-Hater?*"

"Laz. *Lazarillo, thou art happy!* thy carriage hath begot love, and that love hath brought forth fruits," &c. &c.

and I reply, that I did so (as, I believe, the preceding editors had done) to indicate the excessive self-gratulation of the speaker.

So much for what Mr. Collier terms my "mistakes" in punctuation; —"every editor is liable to such *mistakes*"! (Here unquestionably the note of admiration finds its proper place.)

ACT II.

SCENE I. *Inverness. Court of* MACBETH'S *castle.*

Enter BANQUO, *preceded by* FLEANCE *with a torch.*[39]

Ban. How goes the night, boy?

Fle. The moon is down; I have not heard the clock.

Ban. And she goes down at twelve.

Fle. I take't, 'tis later, sir.

Ban. Hold, take my sword:—there's husbandry in heaven,
Their candles are all out:—take thee that too.—
A heavy summons lies like lead upon me,
And yet I would not sleep:—merciful powers,
Restrain in me the cursèd thoughts that nature
Gives way to in repose!—Give me my sword.—
Who's there?

Enter MACBETH, *and a* Servant *with a torch.*

Macb. A friend.

Ban. What, sir, not yet at rest? The king's a-bed:
He hath been in unusual pleasure, and
Sent forth great largess to your officers:
This diamond he greets your wife withal,
By the name of most kind hostess; and shut up
In measureless content.[40]

(39) Enter BANQUO, preceded by FLEANCE with a torch.] The wording of the folio is "Enter Banquo, and Fleance, with a Torch before him;" and though, in the stage-directions of old plays, "a Torch" sometimes means *a torch-bearer* (as "a Trumpet" means *a trumpeter*), I agree with Mr. Collier that the usual modern alteration here, "Enter Banquo and Fleance, *and a Servant, with a torch before them,*" ought to be rejected. Mr. Collier observes, "Fleance carried the torch before his father. . . . When Macbeth [presently] enters with a servant, the 'servant with a torch' is expressly mentioned in the stage-direction of the folios, and Macbeth has to send a necessary message by him to Lady Macbeth—'Go, bid thy mistress,' &c."

(40) *Sent forth great largess to your officers:*
This diamond he greets your wife withal,
By the name of most kind hostess; and shut up
In measureless content.]

The folio has "—— *to your* Offices," &c.; a sheer misprint, though

Macb. Being unprepar'd,
Our will became the servant to defect;
Which else should free have wrought.
Ban. All's well.—
I dreamt last night of the three weird sisters:
To you they've show'd some truth.
Macb. I think not of them:
Yet, when we can entreat an hour to serve,
We would spend it in some words upon that business,
If you would grant the time.
Ban. At your kind'st leisure.
Macb. If you shall cleave to my consent,—when 'tis,
It shall make honour for you.
Ban. So I lose none
In seeking to augment it, but still keep
My bosom franchis'd, and allegiance clear,
I shall be counsell'd.
Macb. Good repose the while!
Ban. Thanks, sir: the like to you!
[*Exeunt Banquo and Fleance.*
Macb. Go bid thy mistress, when my drink is ready,
She strike upon the bell. Get thee to bed. [*Exit Servant.*
Is this a dagger which I see before me,
The handle toward my hand? Come, let me clutch thee:—
I have thee not, and yet I see thee still.
Art thou not, fatal vision, sensible
To feeling as to sight? or art thou but

defended by Steevens, Mr. Knight, and Mr. Collier.—Malone observes; "Mr. Steevens, who has introduced so many arbitrary alterations of Shakespeare's text, has here endeavoured to restore a palpable misprint from the old copy: '*officers*' means *servants* in this passage. So before, p. 225,

'what not put upon
His spongy *officers*,'

i.e. his chamberlains. So also in *The Taming of the Shrew*, vol. iii. p. 156, 'Is supper ready, &c., the serving-men in their new fustian, their white stockings, and every officer his wedding-garment on?'" (Here the second folio has "—— *and shut* it *up*," &c.; which, to my surprise, Mr. Hunter (*New Illust. of Shakespeare*, ii. 182) brings forward as the true lection, understanding "*shut* it *up*" to mean—shut up the diamond in its case.)

1865. Mr. W. N. Lettsom would read "—— as *shut up*," &c.

A dagger of the mind, a false creation,
Proceeding from the heat-oppressèd brain?
I see thee yet, in form as palpable
As this which now I draw.
Thou marshall'st me the way that I was going;
And such an instrument I was to use.
Mine eyes are made the fools o' th' other senses,
Or else worth all the rest: I see thee still;
And on thy blade and dudgeon gouts of blood,
Which was not so before.—There's no such thing:
It is the bloody business which informs
Thus to mine eyes.—Now o'er the one half-world
Nature seems dead, and wicked dreams abuse
The curtain'd sleep; now witchcraft celebrates[41]
Pale Hecate's offerings; and wither'd murder,
Alarum'd by his sentinel, the wolf,
Whose howl's his watch, thus with his stealthy pace,
With Tarquin's ravishing strides, towards his design
Moves like a ghost.—Thou sure and firm-set earth,
Hear not my steps, which way they walk, for fear[42]
Thy very stones prate of my whereabout,

([41]) *The curtain'd sleep; now witchcraft celebrates*] Here the folio omits "*now;*" an insertion first made by Davenant (in his alteration of *Macbeth*), and which I greatly prefer to the reading recommended by Steevens, Ritson, Walker, and Mr. Collier's Ms. Corrector,—"*The curtain'd* sleeper; *witchcraft celebrates;*" for I agree with Mr. Grant White that "*curtain'd* sleeper" is somewhat detrimental to the poetic sense; and I cannot forget that Milton, with an eye to the present passage, has written,

"steeds,
That draw the litter of close-*curtain'd sleep.*" *Comus*, v. 554.

([42]) *With Tarquin's ravishing strides, towards his design*
Moves like a ghost.—Thou sure and firm-set earth,
Hear not my steps, which way they walk, for fear]

The folio has

"*With Tarquins rauishing* sides, *towards his designe*
Moues like a Ghost. Thou sowre *and firme-set Earth*
Heare not my steps, which they may *walke, for feare.*"

Here Pope altered "sides" to "*strides,*" and proposed (in a note) the alteration of "sowre" to "*sure:*" Rowe altered "they may" to "*way they.*" (The two last emendations are also made by Mr. Collier's Ms. Corrector.)

And take the present horror from the time,
Which now suits with it.—Whiles I threat, he lives:
Words to the heat of deeds too cold breath gives.
[*A bell rings.*
I go, and it is done; the bell invites me.
Hear it not, Duncan; for it is a knell
That summons thee to heaven or to hell. [*Exit.*

Enter Lady MACBETH.

Lady M. That which hath made them drunk hath made me bold;
What hath quench'd them hath given me fire.—Hark!—Peace!
It was the owl that shriek'd, the fatal bellman,
Which gives the stern'st good-night.—He is about it:
The doors are open; and the surfeited grooms
Do mock their charge with snores: I've drugg'd their possets,
That death and nature do contend about them,
Whether they live or die.

Macb. [*within*] Who's there? what, ho!

Lady M. Alack, I am afraid they have awak'd,
And 'tis not done:—th' attempt, and not the deed,
Confounds us.[43]—Hark!—I laid their daggers ready;
He could not miss 'em.—Had he not resembled
My father as he slept, I had done't.—My husband!

Re-enter MACBETH.

Macb. I've done the deed.—Didst thou not hear a noise?

Lady M. I heard the owl scream and the crickets cry.
Did not you speak?

(43) *th' attempt, and not the deed,*
Confounds us.]

"This," says Mr. Hunter (*New Illust. of Shakespeare*, ii. 182), "is usually printed with a comma after 'attempt.' This is wrong. An unsuccessful attempt would produce to them infinite mischief—an attempt without the deed."—To me at least it is plain that here "*the attempt*" is put in strong opposition to "*the deed*," and that "*Confounds*" has no reference to future mischief, but solely to the perplexity and consternation of the moment.

Macb. When?
Lady M. Now.
Macb. As I descended?
Lady M. Ay.
Macb. Hark!—
Who lies i' the second chamber?
Lady M. Donalbain.
Macb. This is a sorry sight. [*Looking on his hands.*
Lady M. A foolish thought, to say a sorry sight.
Macb. There's one did laugh in's sleep, and one cried "Murder!"
That they did wake each other: I stood and heard them:
But they did say their prayers, and address'd them
Again to sleep.
Lady M. There are two lodg'd together.
Macb. One cried "God bless us!" and "Amen!" the other;
As they had seen me, with these hangman's hands,
Listening their fear:[44] I could not say "Amen!"
When they did say "God bless us!"
Lady M. Consider it not so deeply.
Macb. But wherefore could not I pronounce "Amen"?
I had most need of blessing, and "Amen"
Stuck in my throat.
Lady M. These deeds must not be thought
After these ways; so, it will make us mad.
Macb. Methought I heard a voice cry "Sleep no more!
Macbeth does murder sleep,"—the innocent sleep,
Sleep that knits up the ravell'd sleave of care,
The death of each day's life, sore labour's bath,
Balm of hurt minds, great nature's second course,
Chief nourisher in life's feast,—
Lady M. What do you mean?
Macb. Still it cried "Sleep no more!" to all the house:

(44) *As they had seen me, with these hangman's hands,*
Listening their fear:]

"I agree with Rowe, Capell, Walker, and Grant White, that '*Listening their fear*' should be taken with what goes before." W. N. LETTSOM.

"Glamis hath murder'd sleep, and therefore Cawdor
Shall sleep no more,—Macbeth shall sleep no more!"

Lady M. Who was it that thus cried? Why, worthy thane,
You do unbend your noble strength, to think
So brainsickly of things.—Go get some water,
And wash this filthy witness from your hand.—
Why did you bring these daggers from the place?
They must lie there: go carry them, and smear
The sleepy grooms with blood.

Macb. I'll go no more:
I am afraid to think what I have done;
Look on't again I dare not.

Lady M. Infirm of purpose!
Give me the daggers: the sleeping and the dead
Are but as pictures: 'tis the eye of childhood
That fears a painted devil. If he do bleed,
I'll gild the faces of the grooms withal;
For it must seem their guilt. [*Exit. Knocking within.*

Macb. Whence is that knocking?
How is't with me, when every noise appals me?
What hands are here? ha! they pluck out mine eyes!
Will all great Neptune's ocean wash this blood
Clean from my hand? No; this my hand will rather
The multitudinous seas incarnadine,
Making the green one red.

Re-enter Lady MACBETH.

Lady M. My hands are of your colour; but I shame
To wear a heart so white. [*Knocking within.*] I hear a knocking
At the south entry:—retire we to our chamber:
A little water clears us of this deed:
How easy is it, then! Your constancy
Hath left you unattended.—[*Knocking within.*] Hark! more knocking:
Get on your nightgown, lest occasion call us,
And show us to be watchers:—be not lost
So poorly in your thoughts.

Macb. To know my deed, 'twere best not know myself.
[*Knocking within.*
Wake Duncan with thy knocking! I would thou couldst!
[*Exeunt.*

Enter a Porter. *Knocking within.*

Porter. Here's a knocking indeed! If a man were porter of hell-gate, he should have old turning the key.—[*Knocking within.*] Knock, knock, knock! Who's there, i' the name of Beelzebub? Here's a farmer that hanged himself on the expectation of plenty: come in time; have napkins enow about you; here you'll sweat for't.—[*Knocking within.*] Knock, knock! Who's there, in the other devil's name? Faith, here's an equivocator that could swear in both the scales against either scale; who committed treason enough for God's sake, yet could not equivocate to heaven: O, come in, equivocator.—[*Knocking within.*] Knock, knock, knock! Who's there? Faith, here's an English tailor come hither, for stealing out of a French hose: come in tailor; here you may roast your goose.—[*Knocking within.*] Knock, knock; never at quiet! What are you?—But this place is too cold for hell. I'll devil-porter it no further: I had thought to have let in some of all professions, that go the primrose way to the everlasting bonfire.—[*Knocking within.*] Anon, anon! I pray you, remember the porter. [*Opens the gate.*

Enter MACDUFF *and* LENNOX.

Macd. Was it so late, friend, ere you went to bed,
That you do lie so late?

Port. Faith, sir, we were carousing till the second cock: and drink, sir, is a great provoker of three things.

Macd. What three things does drink especially provoke?

Port. Marry, sir, nose-painting, sleep, and urine. Lechery, sir, it provokes, and unprovokes; it provokes the desire, but it takes away the performance: therefore, much drink may be said to be an equivocator with lechery: it makes him, and it mars him; it sets him on, and it takes him off;

it persuades him, and disheartens him; makes him stand to, and not stand to; in conclusion, equivocates him in a sleep, and, giving him the lie, leaves him.

Macd. I believe drink gave thee the lie last night.

Port. That it did, sir, i' the very throat on me: but I requited him for his lie; and, I think, being too strong for him, though he took up my legs sometime, yet I made a shift to cast him.

Macd. Is thy master stirring?—
Our knocking has awak'd him; here he comes.

Re-enter MACBETH.

Len. Good morrow, noble sir.

Macb. Good morrow, both.

Macd. Is the king stirring, worthy thane?

Macb. Not yet.

Macd. He did command me to call timely on him:
I've almost slipp'd the hour.

Macb. I'll bring you to him.

Macd. I know this is a joyful trouble to you;
But yet 'tis one.

Macb. The labour we delight in physics pain.
This is the door.

Macd. I'll make so bold to call,
For 'tis my limited service. [*Exit.*

Len. Goes the king hence to-day?

Macb. He does: he did appoint so.

Len. The night has been unruly: where we lay,
Our chimneys were blown down; and, as they say,
Lamentings heard i' th' air; strange screams of death;
And prophesying, with accents terrible,
Of dire combustion and confus'd events
New hatch'd to the woful time: the obscure bird[45]
Clamour'd the livelong night: some say, the earth
Was feverous and did shake.

Macb. 'Twas a rough night.

([45]) *the obscure bird*] *i.e.* the bird that loves the dark.—Walker (*Crit. Exam.*, &c., vol. ii. p. 244) would read "*the* obscene *bird*."

Len. My young remembrance cannot parallel
A fellow to it.

Re-enter MACDUFF.

Macd. O horror, horror, horror! Tongue nor heart
Cannot conceive nor name thee!
Macb., Len. What's the matter?
Macd. Confusion now hath made his masterpiece!
Most sacrilegious murder hath broke ope
The Lord's anointed temple, and stole thence
The life o' the building!
Macb. What is't you say? the life?
Len. Mean you his majesty?
Macd. Approach the chamber, and destroy your sight
With a new Gorgon:—do not bid me speak;
See, and then speak yourselves. [*Exeunt Macb. and Len.*
Awake, awake!—
Ring the alarum-bell:—murder and treason!—
Banquo and Donalbain! Malcolm! awake!
Shake off this downy sleep, death's counterfeit,
And look on death itself! up, up, and see
The great doom's image! Malcolm! Banquo![46]
As from your graves rise up, and walk like sprites,
To countenance this horror! [*Alarum-bell rings.*

Re-enter Lady MACBETH.

Lady M. What's the business,[47]
That such a hideous trumpet calls to parley

([46]) *The great doom's image! Malcolm! Banquo!*] Mr. W. N. Lettsom proposes "—— *Banquo!* all!"—Hanmer did not scruple to substitute "Donalbain" for "*Banquo.*"

([47]) *To countenance this horror!* [Alarum-bell rings.
Re-enter Lady MACBETH.
Lady M. *What's the business,*]
The folio has
"*To countenance this horror.* Ring the Bell.
Bell rings. Enter Lady.
Lady. *What's the Businesse?*"
But Theobald saw that the words "Ring the bell" are a stage-direction:

The sleepers of the house? speak, speak!
Macd. O gentle lady,
'Tis not for you to hear what I can speak:
The repetition, in a woman's ear,
Would murder as it fell.

Re-enter BANQUO.

O Banquo, Banquo,
Our royal master's murder'd!
Lady M. Woe, alas!
What, in our house?
Ban. Too cruel any where.—
Dear Duff, I prithee, contradict thyself,
And say it is not so.

Re-enter MACBETH *and* LENNOX.[48]

Macb. Had I but died an hour before this chance,
I had liv'd a blessèd time; for, from this instant,
There's nothing serious in mortality:
All is but toys: renown and grace is dead;
The wine of life is drawn, and the mere lees
Is left this vault to brag of.

Enter MALCOLM *and* DONALBAIN.

Don. What is amiss?
Macb. You are, and do not know't:
The spring, the head, the fountain of your blood
Is stopp'd,—the very source of it is stopp'd.

"in proof of this," he adds, "we may observe that the hemistich ending Macduff's speech, and that beginning Lady Macbeth's, make up a complete verse."—The players, as Malone remarks, having mistaken "Ring the Bell" for a portion of Macduff's speech, inserted the stage-direction "*Bell rings.*"

(48) Re-enter MACBETH and LENNOX.] Here Mr. Collier observes; "The folio adds 'and Rosse' to this stage-direction; but Rosse has not been on the stage in this act, and he is employed in the next scene."—There seems an impropriety in his absence (as well as in that of Angus, —see p. 220) on the present occasion: but I do not see by what arrangement he can be introduced in this scene early enough to accompany Macbeth and Lennox to the chamber of the king.

Macd. Your royal father's murder'd.
Mal. O, by whom?
Len. Those of his chamber, as it seem'd, had done't:
Their hands and faces were all badg'd with blood;
So were their daggers, which, unwip'd, we found
Upon their pillows:
They star'd, and were distracted; no man's life
Was to be trusted with them.
Macb. O, yet I do repent me of my fury,
That I did kill them.
Macd. Wherefore did you so?
Macb. Who can be wise, amaz'd, temperate and furious,
Loyal and neutral, in a moment? No man:
The expedition of my violent love
Outrun the pauser, reason. Here lay Duncan,
His silver skin lac'd with his golden blood;
And his gash'd stabs look'd like a breach in nature
For ruin's wasteful entrance: there, the murderers,
Steep'd in the colours of their trade, their daggers
Unmannerly breech'd with gore: who could refrain,
That had a heart to love, and in that heart
Courage to make's love known?
Lady M. Help me hence, ho!
Macd. Look to the lady.
Mal. [*aside to Don.*] Why do we hold our tongues,
That most may claim this argument for ours?
Don. [*aside to Mal.*] What should be spoken here, where our fate,
Hid in an auger-hole, may rush, and seize us?
Let's away;
Our tears are not yet brew'd.
Mal. [*aside to Don.*] Nor our strong sorrow
Upon the foot of motion.
Ban. Look to the lady:—
[*Lady Macbeth is carried out.*
And when we have our naked frailties hid,
That suffer in exposure, let us meet,
And question this most bloody piece of work,
To know it further. Fears and scruples shake us:

In the great hand of God I stand; and thence
Against the undivulg'd pretence I fight
Of treasonous malice.
Macd. And so do I.
All. So all.
Macb. Let's briefly put on manly readiness,
And meet i' th' hall together.
All. Well contented.
[*Exeunt all except Malcolm and Donalbain.*
Mal. What will you do? Let's not consort with them:
To show an unfelt sorrow is an office
Which the false man does easy. I'll to England.
Don. To Ireland I; our separated fortune
Shall keep us both the safer: where we are,
There's daggers in men's smiles: the near in blood,
The nearer bloody.
Mal. This murderous shaft that's shot
Hath not yet lighted; and our safest way
Is to avoid the aim. Therefore, to horse;
And let us not be dainty of leave-taking,
But shift away: there's warrant in that theft
Which steals itself, when there's no mercy left. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II. *The same. Without* MACBETH'S *castle.*

Enter Ross *and an* Old Man.

Old M. Threescore and ten I can remember well:
Within the volume of which time I've seen
Hours dreadful and things strange; but this sore night
Hath trifled former knowings.
Ross. Ah, good father,
Thou seest, the heavens, as troubled with man's act,
Threaten his bloody stage:[49] by the clock 'tis day,

(49) *his bloody stage:*] "Perhaps '*this* bloody stage.'" Walker's *Crit. Exam.*, &c., vol. ii. p. 224.

And yet dark night strangles the travelling lamp:[50]
Is't night's predominance, or the day's shame,
That darkness does the face of earth entomb,
When living light should kiss it?

Old M. 'Tis unnatural,
Even like the deed that's done. On Tuesday last,
A falcon, towering in her pride of place,
Was by a mousing owl hawk'd at and kill'd.

Ross. And Duncan's horse',[51]—a thing most strange and certain,—
Beauteous and swift, the minions of their race,
Turn'd wild in nature, broke their stalls, flung out,
Contending 'gainst obedience, as they would make
War with mankind.

Old M. 'Tis said they eat each other.

[50] *And yet dark night strangles the travelling lamp:*] Here Mr. Collier, misled by a correspondent, retains the old spelling "—— *the* trauailing *Lampe.*"—Now, in this speech no mention is made of the sun till it is described as "the *travelling* lamp,"—the epithet "*travelling*" determining *what* "lamp" was intended: the instant, therefore, that "*travelling*" is changed to "travailing," the word "lamp" CEASES TO SIGNIFY THE SUN.

That Shakespeare was not singular in applying the epithet *travelling* to *the sun* might be shown by many passages of our early poets: so in Drayton;

> "*The Sunne* that mounted the sterne Lions back,
> Shall with the Fishes shortly diue the brack,
> But still you keepe your station, which confines
> You, nor regard him *trauelling* the Signes."
> *On his Ladies not Comming to London,—Elegies*, p. 185, appended to *The Battaile of Agincourt*, &c., 1627.

And so too in a later poet;

> "The *travelling Sun* sees gladly from on high," &c.
> Cowley's *Davideis*, B. ii.,—*Works*, vol. i. p. 349, ed. 1707.

Even modern writers describe *the sun* as a *traveller*;

"I could not but offer up, in silence, on the altar of my heart, praise and adoration to that sovereign and universal mind, who produced this glorious creature [the sun], as the bright image of his benignity, and makes it *travel* unweariedly round," &c. Amory's *Life of Buncle*, vol. ii. p. 178, ed. 1766.

I must add, that this "puerile idea," as Mr. Collier's correspondent terms it, is to be traced to Scripture,—*Psalm* xix. 5.

[51] *horse',*] *i.e.* horses.—The folio has "Horses."—Corrected by Walker, *Crit. Exam.*, &c., vol. iii. p. 254.

Ross. They did so,—to th' amazement of mine eyes,
That look'd upon't.—Here comes the good Macduff.

Enter MACDUFF.

How goes the world, sir, now?
Macd. Why, see you not?
Ross. Is't known who did this more than bloody deed?
Macd. Those that Macbeth hath slain.
Ross. Alas, the day!
What good could they pretend?
Macd. They were suborn'd:
Malcolm and Donalbain, the king's two sons,
Are stol'n away and fled; which puts upon them
Suspicion of the deed.
Ross. 'Gainst nature still:
Thriftless ambition, that wilt ravin up
Thine own life's means!—Then 'tis most like
The sovereignty will fall upon Macbeth.(52)
Macd. He is already nam'd; and gone to Scone
To be invested.
Ross. Where is Duncan's body?
Macd. Carried to Colme-kill,
The sacred storehouse of his predecessors,
And guardian of their bones.
Ross. Will you to Scone?
Macd. No, cousin, I'll to Fife.
Ross. Well, I will thither.
Macd. Well, may you see things well done there,—adieu,—
Lest our old robes sit easier than our new!
Ross. Farewell, father.
Old M. God's benison go with you; and with those
That would make good of bad, and friends of foes! [*Exeunt.*

(52) *Thine own life's means!—Then 'tis most like*
The sovereignty will fall upon Macbeth.]

"We should arrange, I think,

'Thine own life's means!—Then 'tis most like the sov'reignty
Will fall upon Macbeth.'"

Walker's *Shakespeare's Versification*, &c., p. 291.

ACT III.

SCENE I. *Forres. A room in the palace.*

Enter BANQUO.

Ban. Thou hast it now,—king, Cawdor, Glamis, all,
As the weird women promis'd; and, I fear,
Thou play'dst most foully for't: yet it was said
It should not stand in thy posterity;
But that myself should be the root and father
Of many kings. If there come truth from them,—
As upon thee, Macbeth, their speeches shine,—
Why, by the verities on thee made good,
May they not be my oracles as well,
And set me up in hope? But, hush; no more.

Sennet sounded. Enter MACBETH, *as king;* Lady MACBETH, *as queen;* LENNOX, ROSS, Lords, Ladies, *and* Attendants.

Macb. Here's our chief guest.
Lady M. If he had been forgotten,
It had been as a gap in our great feast,
And all-thing unbecoming.
Macb. To-night we hold a solemn supper, sir,
And I'll request your presence.
Ban. Let your highness
Command upon me;[53] to the which my duties

[53] *Let your highness*
Command upon me;]

Altered by Rowe to

"Lay *your highness'*
Command upon me."

"The change was suggested by Sir W. D'Avenant's alteration of this play [which has

'Your majesty layes your command on me,
To which my duty is to obey']." MALONE.

So too Mr. Collier's Ms. Corrector.—Mason proposes "Set *your highness*'," &c.

Are with a most indissoluble tie
For ever knit.
Macb. Ride you this afternoon?
Ban. Ay, my good lord.
Macb. We should have else desir'd your good advice—
Which still hath been both grave and prosperous—
In this day's council; but we'll take[54] to-morrow.
Is't far you ride?
Ban. As far, my lord, as will fill up the time
'Twixt this and supper: go not my horse the better,
I must become a borrower of the night
For a dark hour or twain.
Macb. Fail not our feast.
Ban. My lord, I will not.
Macb. We hear, our bloody cousins are bestow'd
In England and in Ireland; not confessing
Their cruel parricide, filling their hearers
With strange invention: but of that to-morrow;
When therewithal we shall have cause of state
Craving us jointly. Hie you to horse: adieu,
Till you return at night. Goes Fleance with you?
Ban. Ay, my good lord: our time does call upon's.
Macb. I wish your horses swift and sure of foot;
And so I do commend you to their backs.
Farewell. [*Exit Banquo.*
Let every man be master of his time
Till seven at night; to make society
The sweeter welcome, we will keep ourself
Till supper-time alone: while then, God b' wi' you!
[*Exeunt all except Macbeth and an Attendant.*
Sirrah, a word with you: attend those men
Our pleasure?
Atten. They are, my lord, without the palace-gate.
Macb. Bring them before us. [*Exit Attendant.*
To be thus is nothing;
But to be safely thus.—Our fears in Banquo
Stick deep; and in his royalty of nature

(54) *take*] Malone prints "talk."

Reigns that which would be fear'd: 'tis much he dares;
And, to that dauntless temper of his mind,
He hath a wisdom that doth guide his valour
To act in safety. There is none but he
Whose being I do fear: and, under him,
My Genius is rebuk'd; as, it is said,
Mark Antony's was by Cæsar's.[55] He chid the sisters,
When first they put the name of king upon me,
And bade them speak to him; then, prophet-like,
They hail'd him father to a line of kings:
Upon my head they plac'd a fruitless crown,
And put a barren sceptre in my gripe,
Thence to be wrench'd with an unlineal hand,
No son of mine succeeding. If't be so,
For Banquo's issue have I fil'd my mind;
For them the gracious Duncan have I murder'd;
Put rancours in the vessel of my peace
Only for them; and mine eternal jewel
Given to the common enemy of man,
To make them kings, the seed[56] of Banquo kings!
Rather than so, come, fate, into the list,
And champion me to th' utterance!—Who's there?

Re-enter Attendant, *with two* Murderers.

Now go to the door, and stay there till we call.
[*Exit Attendant.*
Was it not yesterday we spoke together?
First Mur. It was, so please your highness.
Mach. Well then, now
Have you consider'd of my speeches? Know
That it was he, in the times past, which held you

(55) *Cæsar's*] The folio has "Cæsar." But compare our author elsewhere on the same subject;

". . O Antony, ...
Thy demon, that's thy spirit which keeps thee, is
Noble, courageous, high, unmatchable,
Where *Cæsar's* is not," &c.
Antony and Cleopatra, act ii. sc. 3.

(56) *seed*] The folio has "Seedes."

So under fortune; which you thought had been
Our innocent self: this I made good to you
In our last conference, pass'd in probation with you,
How you were borne in hand, how cross'd, the instruments,
Who wrought with them, and all things else that might
To half a soul and to a notion craz'd
Say "Thus did Banquo."

First Mur. You made it known to us.

Macb. I did so; and went further, which is now
Our point of second meeting. Do you find
Your patience so predominant in your nature,
That you can let this go? Are you so gospell'd,
To pray for this good man and for his issue,
Whose heavy hand hath bow'd you to the grave,
And beggar'd yours for ever?

First Mur. We are men, my liege.

Macb. Ay, in the catalogue ye go for men;
As hounds, and greyhounds, mongrels, spaniels, curs,
Shoughs, water-rugs, and demi-wolves, are clept
All by the name of dogs: the valu'd file
Distinguishes the swift, the slow, the subtle,
The housekeeper, the hunter, every one
According to the gift which bounteous nature
Hath in him clos'd; whereby he does receive
Particular addition, from the bill
That writes them all alike: and so of men.
Now, if you have a station in the file,
And[57] not i' the worst rank of manhood, say't;
And I will put that business in your bosoms,
Whose execution takes your enemy off;
Grapples you to the heart and love of us,
Who wear our health but sickly in his life,
Which in his death were perfect.

Sec. Mur. I am one, my liege,
Whom the vile blows and buffets of the world
Have so incens'd, that I am reckless what

(57) *And*] Added by Rowe.

I do to spite the world.
First Mur. And I another,
So weary[58] with disasters, tugg'd with fortune,
That I would set my life on any chance,
To mend it, or be rid on't.
Macb. Both of you
Know Banquo was your enemy.
Both Mur. True, my lord.
Macb. So is he mine; and in such bloody distance,
That every minute of his being thrusts
Against my near'st of life: and though I could
With barefac'd power sweep him from my sight,
And bid my will avouch it, yet I must not,
For certain friends that are both his and mine,
Whose loves I may not drop, but wail his fall
Who I myself struck down: and thence it is,
That I to your assistance do make love;
Masking the business from the common eye
For sundry weighty reasons.
Sec. Mur. We shall, my lord,
Perform what you command us.
First Mur. Though our lives—
Macb. Your spirits shine through you. Within this hour at most,
I will advise you where to plant yourselves;
Acquaint you with the perfect spy o' the time,
The moment on't; for't must be done to-night,
And something from the palace; always thought
That I require a clearness: and with him—
To leave no rubs nor botches in the work—
Fleance his son, that keeps him company,
Whose absence is no less material to me
Than is his father's, must embrace the fate
Of that dark hour. Resolve yourselves apart:
I'll come to you anon.
Both Mur. We are resolv'd, my lord.

(58) *weary*] "Read (with Capell and Collier's Corrector) '*wearied*.'" W. N. LETTSOM.

Macb. I'll call upon you straight: abide within.
[*Exeunt Murderers.*
It is concluded:—Banquo, thy soul's flight,
If it find heaven, must find it out to-night. [*Exit.*

SCENE II. *The same. Another room in the palace.*

Enter Lady MACBETH *and a* Servant.

Lady M. Is Banquo gone from court?
Serv. Ay, madam, but returns again to-night.
Lady M. Say to the king, I would attend his leisure
For a few words.
Serv. Madam, I will. [*Exit.*
Lady M. Naught's had, all's spent,
Where our desire is got without content:
'Tis safer to be that which we destroy,
Than, by destruction, dwell in doubtful joy.

Enter MACBETH.

How now, my lord! why do you keep alone,
Of sorriest fancies your companions making;
Using those thoughts which should indeed have died
With them they think on? Things without all remedy
Should be without regard: what's done is done.
Macb. We have scotch'd[59] the snake, not kill'd it:
She'll close, and be herself; whilst our poor malice
Remains in danger of her former tooth.
But let the frame of things disjoint, both the worlds suffer,
Ere we will eat our meal in fear, and sleep
In the affliction of these terrible dreams
That shake us nightly: better be with the dead,
Whom we, to gain our place, have sent to peace,[60]

(59) *scotch'd*] The folio has "scorch'd."
(60) *Whom we, to gain our place, have sent to peace,*] "The old copy reads 'Whom we, to gain our *peace* ——.' The emendation [which consists in the change of a single letter] was made by the editor of the second folio." MALONE.—"The possessive pronoun '*our*' is fatal to the reading

Than on the torture of the mind to lie
In restless ecstasy. Duncan is in his grave;
After life's fitful fever he sleeps well;
Treason has done his worst: nor steel, nor poison,
Malice domestic, foreign levy, nothing,
Can touch him further.

Lady M. Come on; gentle my lord,
Sleek o'er your rugged looks; be bright and jovial
Among your guests to-night.

Macb. So shall I, love;
And so, I pray, be you: let your remembrance
Apply to Banquo; present him eminence, both
With eye and tongue: unsafe the while that we
Must lave our honours in these flattering streams;
And make our faces visards to our hearts,
Disguising what they are.

Lady M. You must leave this.

Macb. O, full of scorpions is my mind, dear wife!
Thou know'st that Banquo and his Fleance live.

Lady M. But in them nature's copy's not eterne.

Macb. There's comfort yet; they are assailable;
Then be thou jocund: ere the bat hath flown
His cloister'd flight; ere, to black Hecate's summons,
The shard-borne beetle with his drowsy hums

'to gain our *peace*.' Besides, Macbeth did not kill Duncan in order to gain *peace*, but to gain power, grandeur, dignity, &c., in a word, royalty. The editor of folio 1632 could not have been offended by a quibble, for he must have been 'to the manner born.' He, no doubt, felt that the notion of obtaining peace by murdering a king was absurd, and could never have entered into the head of a public man." W. N. LETTSOM.—Compare what Lady Macbeth has previously said, p. 219;

> "you shall put
> This night's great business into my dispatch;
> Which shall to all our nights and days to come
> Give solely *sovereign sway and masterdom*."

(A modern critic, on whom Mr. Halliwell bestows high praise, writes as follows; "The editor of the second folio wrongly changed 'our *peace*' into 'our *place*.' Macbeth's entire frame is here shaken by an agonizing desire for *peace* of mind; and the pith of the sentence is, that it is better to be with the dead, because they have the *peace* of mind we desired to gain. The alteration destroys the force of the original antithesis, as the *dead* have not place," &c. &c.)

Hath rung night's yawning peal, there shall be done
A deed of dreadful note.
Lady M. What's to be done?
Macb. Be innocent of the knowledge, dearest chuck,
Till thou applaud the deed.—Come, seeling night,
Scarf up the tender eye of pitiful day;
And with thy bloody and invisible hand
Cancel and tear to pieces that great bond
Which keeps me pale!—Light thickens; and the crow
Makes wing to the rooky wood:(61)
Good things of day begin to droop and drowse;
Whiles night's black agents to their preys do rouse.—
Thou marvell'st at my words: but hold thee still;
Things bad begun make strong themselves by ill:
So, prithee, go with me. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE III. *The same. A park, with a gate leading to the palace.*

Enter three Murderers.

First Mur. But who did bid thee join with us?
Third Mur. Macbeth.

(61) *Light thickens; and the crow*
Makes wing to the rooky wood:]

"On this passage Steevens has all the annotation to himself, and so he criticises his own criticisms, and corrects his own emendations. 1st, *rooky* is reeky or damp; 2dly, it is a rookery; 3dly, to *rook*, or to *ruck*, is to roost; therefore the line is to stand,

'Makes wing to *rook i' th'* wood:'

and he calls this *reforming* the passage, which, like some other reforms in Church and State, leaves things much worse than they were before. But it must surely be known to the general reader, that the 'crow' is the common appellation of the 'rook,' the latter word being used only when we would speak with precision, and never by the country people, as the word 'crow-keeper' will serve to show, which means the boy who keeps the *rooks* (not carrion crows) off the seed-corn. The carrion crow, which is the *crow proper*, being almost extinct, the necessity of distinguishing it from the *rook* has passed away in common usage. The passage therefore simply means, 'the rook hastens its evening flight to the wood where its fellows are already assembled;' and to our mind the term 'rooky wood' is a lively and natural picture: the *generic* term 'crow' is used for the *specific* 'rook.'" The preceding remarks are by the Rev. J. Mitford (*Gentleman's Magazine* for August 1844, p. 129).

Sec. Mur. He needs not our mistrust; since he delivers
Our offices, and what we have to do,
To the direction just.
First Mur. Then stand with us.
The west yet glimmers with some streaks of day:
Now spurs the lated traveller apace
To gain the timely inn; and near approaches
The subject of our watch.
Third Mur. Hark! I hear horses.
Ban. [*within*] Give us a light there, ho!
Sec. Mur. Then 'tis he: the rest
That are within the note of expectation
Already are i' the court.
First Mur. His horses go about.
Third Mur. Almost a mile: but he does usually,
So all men do, from hence to the palace-gate
Make it their walk.
Sec. Mur. A light, a light!
Third Mur. 'Tis he.
First Mur. Stand to't.

Enter BANQUO, *and* FLEANCE *with a torch.*(62)

Ban. It will be rain to-night.
First Mur. Let it come down.
[*They assault Banquo.*
Ban. O, treachery!—Fly, good Fleance, fly, fly, fly!
Thou mayst revenge.—O slave! [*Dies. Fleance escapes.*
Third Mur. Who did strike out the light?
First Mur. Was't not the way?
Third Mur. There's but one down; the son is fled.
Sec. Mur. We've lost
Best half of our affair.
First Mur. Well, let's away, and say how much is done.
[*Exeunt.*

(62) Enter BANQUO, and FLEANCE with a torch.] "Here again [see note 39] Fleance carries the torch to light his father; and in the old stage-direction nothing is said about *a servant*, who would obviously be in the way when his master is to be murdered. The *servant* is a merely modern interpolation." COLLIER.

SCENE IV. *The same. A room of state in the palace.*

A banquet prepared. Enter MACBETH, Lady MACBETH, ROSS, LENNOX, Lords, *and* Attendants.

Macb. You know your own degrees, sit down: at first
And last the hearty welcome.
Lords. Thanks to your majesty.
Macb. Ourself will mingle with society,
And play the humble host.
Our hostess keeps her state; but, in best time,
We will require her welcome.
Lady M. Pronounce it for me, sir, to all our friends;
For my heart speaks they are welcome.
Macb. See, they encounter thee with their hearts' thanks.—
Both sides are even: here I'll sit i' the midst:

Enter first Murderer *to the door.*

Be large in mirth; anon we'll drink a measure
The table round.—There's blood upon thy face.
Mur. 'Tis Banquo's, then.
Macb. 'Tis better thee without than he within.
Is he dispatch'd?
Mur. My lord, his throat is cut; that I did for him.
Macb. Thou art the best o' the cut-throats: yet he's good
That did the like for Fleance: if thou didst it,
Thou art the nonpareil.
Mur. Most royal sir,
Fleance is scap'd.
Macb. Then comes my fit again: I had else been perfect;
Whole as the marble, founded as the rock;
As broad and general as the casing air:
But now I'm cabin'd, cribb'd, confin'd, bound in
To saucy doubts and fears. But Banquo's safe?
Mur. Ay, my good lord: safe in a ditch he bides,
With twenty trenchèd gashes on his head;
The least a death to nature.
Macb. Thanks for that:

There the grown serpent lies; the worm, that's fled,
Hath nature that in time will venom breed,
No teeth for the present.—Get thee gone: to-morrow
We'll hear, ourselves, again. [*Exit Murderer.*

Lady M. My royal lord,
You do not give the cheer: the feast is sold
That is not often vouch'd, while 'tis a-making,
'Tis given with welcome: to feed were best at home;
From thence the sauce to meat is ceremony;
Meeting were bare without it.

Macb. Sweet remembrancer!—
Now, good digestion wait on appetite,
And health on both!

Len. May't please your highness sit.

[*The Ghost of Banquo enters, and sits in Macbeth's place.*

Macb. Here had we now our country's honour roof'd,
Were the grac'd person of our Banquo present;
Who may I rather challenge for unkindness
Than pity for mischance!

Ross. His absence, sir,
Lays blame upon his promise. Please't your highness
To grace us with your royal company.

Macb. The table's full.

Len. Here is a place reserv'd, sir.

Macb. Where?

Len. Here, my good lord. What is't that moves your highness?

Macb. Which of you have done this?

Lords. What, my good lord?

Macb. Thou canst not say I did it: never shake
Thy gory locks at me.

Ross. Gentlemen, rise; his highness is not well.

Lady M. Sit, worthy friends:—my lord is often thus,
And hath been from his youth: pray you, keep seat;
The fit is momentary; upon a thought
He will again be well: if much you note him,
You shall offend him, and extend his passion:
Feed, and regard him not.—Are you a man?

Macb. Ay, and a bold one, that dare look on that
Which might appal the devil.
Lady M. O proper stuff!
This is the very painting of your fear:
This is the air-drawn dagger which, you said,
Led you to Duncan. O, these flaws and starts,
Impostors to true fear, would well become
A woman's story at a winter's fire,
Authoriz'd by her grandam. Shame itself!
Why do you make such faces? When all's done,
You look but on a stool.
Macb. Prithee, see there! behold! look! lo! how say you?—
Why, what care I? If thou canst nod, speak too.—
If charnel-houses and our graves must send
Those that we bury back, our monuments
Shall be the maws of kites. [*Ghost disappears.*
Lady M. What, quite unmann'd in folly?
Macb. If I stand here, I saw him.
Lady M. Fie, for shame!
Macb. Blood hath been shed ere now, i' th' olden time,
Ere human statute purg'd the gentle weal;(63)
Ay, and since too, murders have been perform'd
Too terrible for th' ear: the time has been,(64)
That, when the brains were out, the man would die,
And there an end; but now they rise again,
With twenty mortal murders on their crowns,(65)

(63) *the gentle weal;*] Walker (*Crit. Exam.*, &c., vol. ii. p. 244) would read "*the* general *weal.*"

(64) . . . . . *have been* . .
. . . . . *the time has been,*]

The folio has "—— *The* times *has bene.*"—The usual modern reading is that of the second folio, "—— *the* times have *been;*" very objectionable on account of the "*have been*" in the preceding line.

(65) *With twenty mortal murders on their crowns,*] "'*Murders*' occurs four lines above, and '*murder*' two lines below. This, by the way, would alone be sufficient to prove that '*murders*' was corrupt. '*Mortal* murders,' too, seems suspicious." Walker's *Crit. Exam.*, &c., vol. i. p. 302.—"Read 'With twenty mortal *gashes* on their crowns.' Macbeth is thinking of what he has just heard from the Murderer;

'With *twenty* trenchèd *gashes* on his head;
The least a death to nature.' p. 249." W. N. LETTSOM.

And push us from our stools: this is more strange
Than such a murder is.
Lady M. My worthy lord,
Your noble friends do lack you.
Macb. I do forget:—
Do not muse at me, my most worthy friends;
I have a strange infirmity, which is nothing
To those that know me. Come, love and health to all;
Then I'll sit down.—Give me some wine, fill full.—
I drink to the general joy o' the whole table,
And to our dear friend Banquo, whom we miss;
Would he were here! to all, and him, we thirst,
And all to all.
Lords. Our duties, and the pledge.

Re-enter Ghost.

Macb. Avaunt! and quit my sight! let the earth hide thee!
Thy bones are marrowless, thy blood is cold;
Thou hast no speculation in those eyes
Which thou dost glare with!
Lady M. Think of this, good peers,
But as a thing of custom: 'tis no other;
Only it spoils the pleasure of the time.
Macb. What man dare, I dare:
Approach thou like the rugged Russian bear,
The arm'd rhinoceros, or the Hyrcan tiger;
Take any shape but that, and my firm nerves
Shall never tremble: or be alive again,
And dare me to the desert with thy sword;
If trembling I inhibit thee, protest me[66]

([66]) *If trembling I inhibit thee, protest me*] The folio has "*If trembling I* inhabit then, *protest mee*" (the punctuation of which was changed by the editor of the second folio to "*If trembling I* inhabit, then *protest me*"); and Horne Tooke and several others think the reading of the folio right.—Pope substituted "*inhibit*" for "inhabit;" and Steevens proposed the substitution of "*thee*" for "then."—"I have not the least doubt that '*inhibit thee*' is the true reading. In *All's well that ends well* we find in the second, and all the subsequent folios, 'which is the most *inhabited* sin of the canon,' instead of '*inhibited*' [vol. iii. p. 202]. . . . Mr. Steevens's correction is strongly supported by the punctuation of the old copy." MALONE.

The baby of a girl. Hence, horrible shadow!
Unreal mockery, hence! [*Ghost disappears.*
Why, so;—being gone,
I am a man again.—Pray you, sit still.
Lady M. You have displac'd the mirth, broke the good meeting,
With most admir'd disorder.
Macb. Can such things be,
And overcome us like a summer's cloud,
Without our special wonder? You make me strange
Even to the disposition that I owe,
When now I think you can behold such sights,
And keep the natural ruby of your cheeks,
When mine are blanch'd with fear.(67)
Ross. What sights, my lord?
Lady M. I pray you, speak not; he grows worse and worse;
Question enrages him: at once, good night:—
Stand not upon the order of your going,
But go at once.
Len. Good night; and better health
Attend his majesty!
Lady M. A kind good night to all!
[*Exeunt all except Macbeth and Lady M.*
Macb. It will have blood; they say blood will have blood:
Stones have been known to move, and trees to speak;
Augurs, and understood relations,(68) have

(67) *And keep the natural ruby of your cheeks,*
When mine are blanch'd with fear.]

"The old copy reads '*is* blanch'd.' Sir T. Hanmer corrected this passage in the wrong place, by reading '*cheek;*' in which he has been followed by the subsequent editors. His correction gives, perhaps, a more elegant text, but not the text of Shakespeare. . . . Perhaps it may be said that '*mine*' refers to '*ruby*,' and that therefore no change is necessary. But this seems very harsh." MALONE. Assuredly "*mine*" does not refer to "*ruby.*"—1865. Here the plural "*cheeks*" is obviously right; for Macbeth is speaking, not of the face of an individual, but of the faces of the guests in general.

(68) *Augurs, and understood relations,*] Rowe printed "*Augurs* that *understood relations.*"—"Qy. '*Auguries* and,' &c. [Steevens's conjecture]." W. N. LETTSOM.

By magot-pies and choughs and rooks brought forth
The secret'st man of blood.—What is the night?

Lady M. Almost at odds with morning, which is which.

Macb. How say'st thou, that Macduff denies his person
At our great bidding?

Lady M. Did you send to him, sir?

Macb. I hear it by the way; but I will send:
There's not a one of them but in his house
I keep a servant fee'd. I will to-morrow—
And betimes I will—to the weird sisters:[69]
More shall they speak; for now I'm bent to know,
By the worst means, the worst. For mine own good,
All causes shall give way: I am in blood
Stepp'd in so far, that, should I wade no more,
Returning were as tedious as go o'er:
Strange things I have in head, that will to hand;
Which must be acted ere they may be scann'd.

Lady M. You lack the season of all natures, sleep.

Macb. Come, we'll to sleep. My strange and self-abuse
Is the initiate fear, that wants hard use:—
We are yet but young in deed. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE V. *A heath.*

Thunder. Enter the three Witches, *meeting* HECATE.

First Witch. Why, how now, Hecate! you look angerly.

Hec. Have I not reason, beldams as you are,
Saucy and overbold? How did you dare
To trade and traffic with Macbeth
In riddles and affairs of death;
And I, the mistress of your charms,
The close contriver of all harms,
Was never call'd to bear my part,
Or show the glory of our art?

(69) *And betimes I will—to the weird sisters:*] Pope gave "*Betimes I will*, unto *the weird sisters*,"—Mr. W. N. Lettsom (note on Walker's *Crit. Exam.*, &c., vol. iii. p. 258) would read "*And betimes* will I *to the weird sisters.*"

And, which is worse, all you have done
Hath been but for a wayward son,
Spiteful and wrathful; who, as others do,
Loves for his own ends, not for you.
But make amends now: get you gone,
And at the pit of Acheron
Meet me i' the morning: thither he
Will come to know his destiny:
Your vessels and your spells provide,
Your charms, and every thing beside.
I am for th' air; this night I'll spend
Unto a dismal and a fatal end:
Great business must be wrought ere noon:
Upon the corner of the moon
There hangs a vaporous drop profound;
I'll catch it ere it come to ground:
And that, distill'd by magic sleights,
Shall raise such artificial sprites,
As, by the strength of their illusion,
Shall draw him on to his confusion:
He shall spurn fate, scorn death, and bear
His hopes 'bove wisdom, grace, and fear:
And you all know security
Is mortals' chiefest enemy.

[*Music and song within*, "Come away, come away," &c.[70]

(70) [Music and song within, "*Come away, come away*," &c.] The folio has

"*Musicke, and a Song.*
Hearke, I am call'd: my little Spirit see
Sits in a Foggy cloud, and stayes for me.
Sing within. Come away, come away, &c."

Compare, in Middleton's *Witch*, act iii. sc. 3 (*Works*, vol. iii. p. 303, ed. Dyce);

"*Song above.*

Come away, come away,
Hecate, Hecate, come away.
Hec. I come, I come, I come, I come,
With all the speed I may," &c.—

On the question whether Shakespeare borrowed from Middleton, or Middleton from Shakespeare, see the "Account of Middleton" prefixed to his *Works*, vol. i. p. 1 sqq., and Malone's *Life of Shakespeare*, p. 420 sqq., ed. 1821. There seems to be little doubt that *Macbeth* is of an earlier date than *The Witch*.

Hark! I am call'd; my little spirit, see,
Sits in a foggy cloud, and stays for me. [*Exit.*

First Witch. Come, let's make haste; she'll soon be back again. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE VI. *Forres. A room in the palace.*

Enter LENNOX *and another* Lord.[71]

Len. My former speeches have but hit your thoughts,
Which can interpret further: only, I say,
Things have been strangely borne. The gracious Duncan
Was pitied of Macbeth;—marry, he was dead:—[72]
And the right-valiant Banquo walk'd too late;[73]
Whom, you may say, if't please you, Fleance kill'd,
For Fleance fled: men must not walk too late.

[71] Enter LENNOX and another *Lord.*] Here, in my copy of the folio, "another Lord" is altered, in old handwriting, to "*Ross,*"—and rightly perhaps.

[72] *he was dead:*—] "Read 'he *is* dead.'" W. N. LETTSOM.

[73] *And the right-valiant Banquo walk'd too late,* &c.] Mr. Grant White observes; "It is to Banquo that Lennox, in his ironical vein, applies the second time, as well as the first, the phrase 'walk'd too late.' Now, Macbeth seized the opportunity of Banquo's late walking, to put him out of the way, chiefly because Banquo more than suspected who was the real perpetrator of the crime, which Lennox, ironically conforming to general report, ascribes to Malcolm and Donalbain. This suspicion was obviously the reason for the murder of Banquo by the order of Macbeth. May we not then remove the point after the last 'late,' and read thus, making the passage declarative instead of interrogative?

> 'And the right-valiant Banquo walk'd too late;
> Whom you may say, if't please you, Fleance kill'd;
> For Fleance fled. Men must not walk too late
> Who cannot want the thought, how monstrous
> It was for Malcolm and for Donalbain
> To kill their gracious father."

That is,—'Men, who will think that the alleged murder of Duncan by his sons is a crime too monstrous for belief, must be careful not to walk too late.'" *Shakespeare's Scholar,* &c., p. 403.—My kind friend, Mr. Grant White, must allow me to say that I think his change of the punctuation in this passage quite wrong, and his explanation over-subtle:—surely, Macbeth's *chief reason* for getting rid of Banquo was, not "because Banquo more than suspected who was the real perpetrator of the crime [of Duncan's murder]," but because the Witches had declared

Who cannot want the thought,[74] how monstrous
It was for Malcolm and for Donalbain
To kill their gracious father? damnèd fact!
How it did grieve Macbeth! did he not straight,
In pious rage, the two delinquents tear,
That were the slaves of drink and thralls of sleep?
Was not that nobly done? Ay, and wisely too;
For 'twould have anger'd any heart alive
To hear the men deny't. So that, I say,
He has borne all things well: and I do think
That, had he Duncan's sons under his key,—
As, an't please heaven, he shall not,—they should find
What 'twere to kill a father; so should Fleance.
But, peace!—for from broad words, and 'cause he fail'd
His presence at the tyrant's feast, I hear,
Macduff lives in disgrace: sir, can you tell
Where he bestows himself?

Lord. The son[75] of Duncan,
From whom this tyrant holds the due of birth,

that Banquo was to be "father to a line of kings:" hence Macbeth's injunction to the Murderers (p. 244);

> "and with him—
> To leave no rubs nor botches in the work—
> Fleance his son, that keeps him company,
> *Whose absence is no less material to me*
> *Than is his father's*, must embrace the fate
> Of that dark hour."

(Compare Holinshed; "The woords also of the three weird sisters would not out of his mind, which as they promised him the kingdome, so likewise did they promise it at the same time vnto the posteritie of Banquho. He willed *therefore* the same Banquho, with his sonne named Fleance, to come to a supper that he had prepared for them, which was indeed, as he had deuised, present death at the hands of certeine murderers," &c. *Hist. of Scotland*, p. 271, ed. 1808.)—1865. In his ed. of *Shakespeare* Mr. Grant White adheres to the common punctuation of this passage.

(74) *Who cannot want the thought*, &c.] "The sense requires 'Who *can* want the thought,' &c. Yet I believe the text is not corrupt. Shakespeare is sometimes incorrect in these *minutiæ*." MALONE.—"*i.e.*, Who cannot but think." COLLIER.—Mr. Keightley (*Notes and Queries* for August 15, 1863, p. 122) proposes to read "We *cannot*," &c., putting a period, instead of an interrogation-point, at the end of the sentence.

(75) *son*] The folio has "Sonnes."

Lives in the English court; and is receiv'd
Of the most pious Edward with such grace,
That the malevolence of fortune nothing
Takes from his high respect: thither Macduff
Is gone to pray the holy king, upon his aid[76]
To wake Northumberland and warlike Siward:
That, by the help of these—with Him above
To ratify the work—we may again
Give to our tables meat, sleep to our nights;
Free from our feasts and banquets bloody knives;
Do faithful homage, and receive free honours;—[77]
All which we pine for now: and this report
Hath so exasperate the[78] king, that he
Prepares for some attempt of war.

Len. Sent he to Macduff?

Lord. He did: and with an absolute "Sir, not I,"
The cloudy messenger turns me his back,
And hums, as who should say, "You'll rue the time
That clogs me with this answer."

Len. And that well might
Advise him to a caution, to hold what distance
His wisdom can provide. Some holy angel
Fly to the court of England, and unfold
His message ere he come; that a swift blessing
May soon return to this our suffering country
Under a hand accurs'd!

Lord. I'll send my prayers with him.[79]

[*Exeunt.*

(76) *upon his aid*] "Read 'on's *aid*.'" W. N. LETTSOM.

(77) *Free from our feasts and banquets bloody knives;*
. . . . . *free honours;*—]

"Read '*Keep* from our feasts,' &c." W. N. LETTSOM.

(78) *the*] The folio has "their."

(79) *I'll send my prayers with him.*] Walker (*Shakespeare's Versification*, &c., p. 274) considers these words, not as making up a line with what precedes, but as forming "a legitimate short line" by themselves.

ACT IV.

SCENE I. *A cavern. In the middle, a caldron boiling.*

Thunder. Enter the three Witches.

First Witch. Thrice the brinded cat hath mew'd.
Sec. Witch. Thrice and once the hedge-pig whin'd.
Third Witch. Harpy[80] cries:—'tis time, 'tis time.
First Witch. Round about the caldron go;
In the poison'd entrails throw.—
Toad, that under the cold stone[81]
Days and nights hast thirty-one
Swelter'd venom sleeping got,
Boil thou first i' the charmèd pot.
All. Double, double toil and trouble;
Fire, burn; and, caldron, bubble.

(80) *Harpy*] The folio has "Harpier;" which is doubtless, as Steevens suggested, a mistake for "*Harpie*"=*Harpy*. "This familiar does not cry out that it is time for them to begin their enchantments; but *cries*, i.e. gives them the signal, upon which the Third Witch communicates the notice to her sisters,

'Harper [Harpy] cries;—'tis time, 'tis time.'

Thus too the Hecate of Middleton,

'*Hec.* Heard you the owl yet?
Stad. Briefly in the copse . .
Hec. '*Tis high time for us then.*'
[Middleton's *Works*, vol. iii. p. 301, ed. Dyce]."
STEEVENS.

(81) *Toad, that under the cold stone*] The folio has merely

"*Toad, that vnder cold stone;*"

the article, which is required not only for the metre, but for the sense, having been omitted by mistake. Yet the mutilated line has found its defenders and admirers (who, we may be sure, if the folio, in *As you like it*, act ii. sc. 5, instead of

"Under *the* greenwood tree
Who loves to lie with me," &c.,

had given us

"*Under greenwood tree*
Who loves to lie with me," &c.,

would have defended and admired that mutilated line also).

Sec. Witch. Fillet of a fenny snake,
In the caldron boil and bake;
Eye of newt, and toe of frog,
Wool of bat, and tongue of dog,
Adder's fork, and blind-worm's sting,
Lizard's leg, and howlet's wing,—
For a charm of powerful trouble,
Like a hell-broth boil and bubble.

All. Double, double toil and trouble;
Fire, burn; and, caldron, bubble.

Third Witch. Scale of dragon; tooth of wolf;
Witches' mummy; maw and gulf
Of the ravin'd salt-sea shark;
Root of hemlock digg'd i' the dark;
Liver of blaspheming Jew;
Gall of goat; and slips of yew
Sliver'd in the moon's eclipse;
Nose of Turk, and Tartar's lips;
Finger of birth-strangled babe
Ditch-deliver'd by a drab,—
Make the gruel thick and slab:
Add thereto a tiger's chaudron,
For the ingredients of our caldron.

All. Double, double toil and trouble;
Fire, burn; and, caldron, bubble.

Sec. Witch. Cool it with a báboon's blood,
Then the charm is firm and good.

Enter HECATE.[82]

Hec. O, well done! I commend your pains;
And every one shall share i' the gains:

(82) Enter HECATE.] Here the stage-direction of the folio is "*Enter Hecat*, and the other three Witches:" but, beyond all doubt, it means nothing more than that Hecate joins the three Witches already on the stage.—Various dramas, written long after *Macbeth*, afford examples of stage-directions worded in the same unintelligible style. *E.g.* Cowley's *Cutter of Coleman Street* opens with a soliloquy by *Trueman Junior:* his father presently *joins him*, and the stage-direction is, "Enter Trueman Senior, AND TRUEMAN JUN." Again, the second act of that play commences with a soliloquy by *Aurelia;* and when Jane *joins her* we find "*Enter* AURELIA, Jane."

And now about the caldron sing,
Like elves and fairies in a ring,
Enchanting all that you put in.

[*Music and song,* "Black spirits," &c.[83]

[*Exit Hecate.*

Sec. Witch. By the pricking of my thumbs,
Something wicked this way comes:—
Open, locks,
Whoever knocks!

Enter MACBETH.

Macb. How now, you secret, black, and midnight hags!
What is't you do?

All. A deed without a name.

Macb. I cónjure you, by that which you profess,—
Howe'er you come to know it,—answer me:
Though you untie the winds, and let them fight
Against the churches; though the yesty waves
Confound and swallow navigation up;
Though bladed corn[84] be lodg'd, and trees blown down;
Though castles topple on their warders' heads;
Though palaces and pyramids do slope
Their heads to their foundations; though the treasure

(83) Music and song, "*Black spirits,*" &c.] This song is found entire in Middleton's *Witch*, act v. sc. 2,—*Works*, vol. iii. p. 328, ed. Dyce. The two first lines of it (and whether or not more was introduced into *Macbeth* on our old stage is uncertain) are,

"Black spirits and white, red spirits and gray,
Mingle, mingle, mingle, you that mingle may!"—

According to Steevens, "the song was, in all probability, a traditional one;" and Mr. Collier, more confidently, says, "Doubtless it does not belong to Middleton more than to Shakespeare; but it was inserted in both dramas because it was appropriate:" but qy?—See note 70.

(84) *bladed corn*] "Mr. Collier's annotator proposes to read '*bleaded* corn;' and, although the impropriety of the alteration has been clearly shown, Mr. Collier has not hesitated to substitute it for the genuine word. Had he turned to Chap. iv. Book i. of 'Scot's Discovery of Witchcraft,'—a work the poet was undoubtedly well read in,—he would have found, among other actions imputed to witches, 'that they can transferre *corn in the blade* from one place to another.' And from the article on *Husbandry* in Comenius, Janua Linguarum, 1673, he might have learned that 'As soon as standing corn shoots up to *a blade*, it is in danger of scathe by a tempest.'" STAUNTON.

Of nature's germens[85] tumble all together,
Even till destruction sicken,—answer me
To what I ask you.

First Witch. Speak.

Sec. Witch. Demand.

Third Witch. We'll answer.

First Witch. Say, if thou'dst rather hear it from our mouths,
Or from our masters?

Macb. Call 'em, let me see 'em,

First Witch. Pour in sow's blood, that hath eaten
Her nine farrow; grease that's sweaten
From the murderer's gibbet throw
Into the flame.

All. Come, high or low;
Thyself and office deftly show!

Thunder. *An* Apparition *of an armed Head rises.*

Macb. Tell me, thou unknown power,—

First Witch. He knows thy thought:
Hear his speech, but say thou naught.

App. of armed Head. Macbeth! Macbeth! Macbeth! beware Macduff:
Beware the thane of Fife.—Dismiss me:—enough.

[*Descends.*

Macb. Whate'er thou art, for thy good caution, thanks;
Thou'st harp'd my fear aright:—but one word more,—

(85) *nature's germens*] So Theobald.—The folio has "*Natures* Germaine,"—with which compare its spelling in *King Lear*, act iii. sc. 2;

"Cracke Natures mould, all *germaines* spill at once
That makes ingratefull Man."—

(On the present passage a critic, quoted by Mr. Halliwell, has the following nonsensical remarks; "The lection of the ancient text has been modernly altered into *germins*, or seeds, to the annihilation of its true meaning, and the unspeakable depreciation of its force. Nature's *german* (or *germaine*, as it was formerly written) are nature's kindred, or those who stand in the relation of brotherhood to one another; that is, mankind in general. The treasure of nature's german is, therefore, the treasure, the best of the human race," &c. &c.)

First Witch. He will not be commanded: here's another,
More potent than the first.

Thunder. *An* Apparition *of a bloody Child rises.*

App. of bloody Child. Macbeth! Macbeth! Macbeth!—
Macb. Had I three ears, I'd hear thee.
App. of bloody Child. Be bloody, bold, and resolute; laugh to scorn
The power of man, for none of woman born
Shall harm Macbeth. [*Descends.*
Macb. Then live, Macduff: what need I fear of thee?
But yet I'll make assurance double sure,
And take a bond of fate: thou shalt not live;
That I may tell pale-hearted fear it lies,
And sleep in spite of thunder.

Thunder. *An* Apparition *of a Child crowned, with a tree in his hand, rises.*

What is this,
That rises like the issue of a king,
And wears upon his baby-brow the round
And top of sovereignty?
All. Listen, but speak not to't.
App. of Child crowned. Be lion-mettled, proud; and take no care
Who chafes, who frets, or where conspirers are:
Macbeth shall never vanquish'd be, until
Great Birnam wood to high Dunsinane hill
Shall come against him. [*Descends.*
Macb. That will never be:
Who can impress the forest; bid the tree
Unfix his earth-bound root? Sweet bodements! good!
Rebellion's head, rise never,[86] till the wood

(86) *Rebellion's head, rise never,*] The folio has "Rebellious dead, "*rise neuer.*"—Theobald printed "Rebellious *head,*" &c.; *i.e.*, he says, "let Rebellion never *make head* against me till," &c.—But Hanmer's reading, "*Rebellion's head,*" &c. (which Mr. Collier's Ms. Corrector also gives), is evidently the right one; though Capell (*Notes*, &c., vol. ii. P.

Of Birnam rise, and our high-plac'd Macbeth[87]
Shall live the lease of nature, pay his breath
To time and mortal custom.—Yet my heart
Throbs to know one thing: tell me,—if your art
Can tell so much,—shall Banquo's issue ever
Reign in this kingdom?

All. Seek to know no more.

Macb. I will be satisfied: deny me this,
And an eternal curse fall on you! Let me know:—
Why sinks that caldron? and what noise is this? [*Hautboys.*

First Witch. Show!

Sec. Witch. Show!

Third Witch. Show!

All. Show his eyes, and grieve his heart;
Come like shadows, so depart!

Eight Kings *appear, and pass over in order, the last with a glass in his hand;* BANQUO'S Ghost *following.*

Macb. Thou art too like the spirit of Banquo; down!
Thy crown does sear mine eyeballs:—and thy hair,[88]
Thou other gold-bound brow, is like the first:—
A third is like the former.—Filthy hags!
Why do you show me this?—A fourth?—Start, eyes!—
What, will the line stretch out to the crack of doom?—
Another yet?—A seventh?—I'll see no more:—
And yet the eighth appears, who bears a glass
Which shows me many more; and some I see
That twofold balls and treble sceptres carry:

iii. p. 22) gravely assures us that it "impairs harmony, and ruins poetry," &c. (In *Richard II.* act iii. sc. 2, the old eds., with the exception of the two earliest quartos, have the misprint "*Shall falter vnder foule* rebellious *armes.*")

(87) *our high-plac'd Macbeth*] "Read '*your* high-plac'd Macbeth.' See Walker's *Crit. Exam.*, &c., Art. xlvi." W. N. LETTSOM.

(88) *hair,*] The modern alteration "air" certainly receives some support from a passage in *The Winter's Tale*, act v. sc. 1;

"Were I but twenty-one,
Your father's image is so hit in you,
His very *air*, that I should call you brother,
As I did him."

Horrible sight!—Now[89] I see 'tis true;
For the blood-bolter'd Banquo smiles upon me,
And points at them for his.—What, is this so?

First Witch. Ay, sir, all this is so:—but why
Stands Macbeth thus amazedly?—
Come, sisters, cheer we up his sprites,
And show the best of our delights:
I'll charm the air to give a sound,
While you perform your antic round;
That this great king may kindly say
Our duties did his welcome pay.

[*Music. The Witches dance, and then vanish.*

Macb. Where are they? Gone?—Let this pernicious hour
Stand aye accursèd in the calendar!—
Come in, without there!

Enter LENNOX.

Len. What's your grace's will?

Macb. Saw you the weird sisters?

Len. No, my lord.

Macb. Came they not by you?

Len. No, indeed, my lord.

Macb. Infected be the air whereon they ride;
And damn'd all those that trust them!—I did hear
The galloping of horse: who was't came by?

Len. 'Tis two or three, my lord, that bring you word
Macduff is fled to England.

Macb. Fled to England.

Len. Ay, my good lord.

Macb. Time, thou anticipat'st my dread exploits:
The flighty purpose never is o'ertook
Unless the deed go with it: from this moment
The very firstlings of my heart shall be
The firstlings of my hand. And even now,
To crown my thoughts with acts, be't thought and done:
The castle of Macduff I will surprise;
Seize upon Fife; give to the edge o' the sword

(89) *Now*] Has been amended to "Nay, *now*" and to "Ay, *now*."

His wife, his babes, and all unfortunate souls
That trace him in his line. No boasting like a fool;
This deed I'll do before this purpose cool:
But no more sights![90]—Where are these gentlemen?
Come, bring me where they are. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II. *Fife. A room in* MACDUFF'S *castle.*

Enter Lady MACDUFF, *her* Son, *and* Ross.

L. Macd. What had he done, to make him fly the land?
Ross. You must have patience, madam.
L. Macd. He had none:
His flight was madness: when our actions do not,
Our fears do make us traitors.
Ross. You know not
Whether it was his wisdom or his fear.
L. Macd. Wisdom! to leave his wife, to leave his babes,
His mansion, and his titles, in a place
From whence himself does fly? He loves us not;
He wants the natural touch: for the poor wren,
The most diminutive of birds, will fight,

[90] *But no more sights!*] Here the two Ms. Correctors—Mr. Collier's and Mr. Singer's—alter "*sights*" to "flights;" and the same alteration occurred to Mr. Grant White (*Shakespeare's Scholar*, &c., p. 105).—"The Ms. Corrector proposes *flights;* and not without some show of reason. Macbeth has just been informed that Macduff has fled to England, and the escape has evidently discomposed him, as placing beyond his reach his most deadly enemy. Accordingly he is supposed by the Ms. Corrector to exclaim, 'No more flights! I must take care that no more of that party escape me.' But, on the other hand, Macbeth, a minute before, has been inveighing against the witches. He says,

'Infected be the air whereon they ride,
And damn'd all those that trust them!'

So that 'But no more sights' may mean, I will have no more dealings with these infernal hags [who have just been showing him a succession of *sights*,—apparitions; the last of which drew from him the exclamation, "Horrible *sight!*"]. The word 'But' seems to be out of place in connection with 'flights'—and therefore we pronounce in favour of the old reading." *Blackwood's Magazine* for Oct. 1853, p. 461. In my opinion the word "*But*" makes not a little against the new lection.—1865. Mr. Grant White, in his edition of *Shakespeare*, prints "*But no more* sprites," —most unhappily, I think.

Her young ones in her nest, against the owl.
All is the fear, and nothing is the love;
As little is the wisdom, where the flight
So runs against all reason.

Ross. My dear'st coz,
I pray you, school yourself: but for your husband,
He's noble, wise, judicious, and best knows
The fits o' the season. I dare not speak much further:
But cruel are the times, when we are traitors,
And do not know ourselves;[91] when we hold rumour
From what we fear, yet know not what we fear,
But float upon a wild and violent sea
Each way and move.—I take my leave of you:
Shall not be long but I'll be here again:
Things at the worst will cease, or else climb upward
To what they were before.—My pretty cousin,
Blessing upon you!

L. Macd. Father'd he is, and yet he's fatherless.

Ross. I am so much a fool, should I stay longer,
It would be my disgrace and your discomfort:
I take my leave at once. [*Exit.*

L. Macd. Sirrah, your father's dead:
And what will you do now? How will you live?

Son. As birds do, mother.

L. Macd. What, with worms and flies?

Son. With what I get, I mean; and so do they.

L. Macd. Poor bird! thou'dst never fear the net nor lime,
The pitfall nor the gin.

Son. Why should I, mother? Poor birds they are not set for.
My father is not dead, for all your saying.

L. Macd. Yes, he is dead: how wilt thou do for a father?

Son. Nay, how will you do for a husband?

L. Macd. Why, I can buy me twenty at any market.

Son. Then you'll buy 'em to sell again.

(91) *And do not know ourselves;*] Hanmer prints "*And do not know't ourselves;*" and so Mr. Collier's Ms. Corrector.

L. Macd. Thou speak'st with all thy wit; and yet, i' faith,
With wit enough for thee.

Son. Was my father a traitor, mother?

L. Macd. Ay, that he was.

Son. What is a traitor?

L. Macd. Why, one that swears and lies.

Son. And be all traitors that do so?

L. Macd. Every one that does so is a traitor, and must be hanged.

Son. And must they all be hanged that swear and lie?

L. Macd. Every one.

Son. Who must hang them?

L. Macd. Why, the honest men.

Son. Then the liars and swearers are fools; for there are liars and swearers enow to beat the honest men, and hang up them.

L. Macd. Now, God help thee, poor monkey! But how wilt thou do for a father?

Son. If he were dead, you'd weep for him: if you would not, it were a good sign that I should quickly have a new father.

L. Macd. Poor prattler, how thou talk'st!

Enter a Messenger.

Mess. Bless you, fair dame! I am not to you known,
Though in your state of honour I am perfect.
I doubt some danger does approach you nearly:
If you will take a homely man's advice,
Be not found here; hence, with your little ones.
To fright you thus, methinks, I am too savage;
To do worse to you were fell cruelty,
Which is too nigh your person. Heaven preserve you!
I dare abide no longer. [*Exit.*

L. Macd. Whither[92] should I fly?
I've done no harm. But I remember now
I'm in this earthly world; where to do harm
Is often laudable; to do good, sometime

(92) *Whither*] "The context requires '*Why.*'" W. N. LETTSOM.

Accounted dangerous folly: why then, alas,
Do I put up that womanly defence,
To say I've done no harm?

Enter Murderers.

What are these faces?

First Mur. Where is your husband?

L. Macd. I hope, in no place so unsanctified
Where such as thou mayst find him.

First Mur. He's a traitor.

Son. Thou liest, thou shag-hair'd villain![93]

First Mur. What, you egg!
[*Stabbing him.*

Young fry of treachery!

Son. He has kill'd me, mother:
Run away, I pray you! [*Dies.*

[*Exit Lady Macduff, crying* "Murder!" *and pursued by the Murderers.*

SCENE III. *England. Before the* King's *palace.*

Enter MALCOLM *and* MACDUFF.

Mal. Let us seek out some desolate shade, and there
Weep our sad bosoms empty.

Macd. Let us rather
Hold fast the mortal sword; and, like good men,
Bestride our down-fall'n birthdom:[94] each new morn

(93) *thou shag-hair'd villain!*] The folio has "*thou shagge*-ear'd *Villaine*,"—"ear'd" being a corruption of "*hear'd*," which is an old spelling of "*hair'd*:" so in *King John* the folio has "vn-heard" for "*unhair'd*;" see note 127, vol. iv. p. 84.—Of the many examples which might be adduced of "hear" for "*hair*," I subjoin,

"But now in dust his beard bedaubd, his *hear* with blood is clonge."
Phaer's Virgil's *Æneidos*, Book ii. sig. C vii. ed. 1584.

"We straight his burning *hear* gan shake, all trembling dead for dreede." *Id.* sig. D v.

(94) *our down-fall'n birthdom:*] The folio has "*our* downfall *Birthdome*."

New widows howl; new orphans cry; new sorrows
Strike heaven on the face, that it resounds
As if it felt with Scotland, and yell'd out
Like syllable of dolour.

Mal. What I believe, I'll wail;
What know, believe; and what I can redress,
As I shall find the time to friend, I will.
What you have spoke, it may be so perchance.
This tyrant, whose sole name blisters our tongues,
Was once thought honest: you have lov'd him well;
He hath not touch'd you yet. I'm young; but something
You may deserve of him through me; and wisdom
To offer up[95] a weak, poor, innocent lamb
T' appease an angry god.

Macd. I am not treacherous.

Mal. But Macbeth is.
A good and virtuous nature may recoil
In an imperial charge. But I shall crave your pardon;[96]
That which you are, my thoughts cannot transpose:
Angels are bright still, though the brightest fell:
Though all things foul would wear the brows of grace,
Yet grace must still look so.

Macd. I've lost my hopes.

Mal. Perchance even there where I did find my doubts.

(95) *You may deserve of him through me; and wisdom*
To offer up]

So Theobald.—The folio has "*You may* discerne *of him*," &c.—Hanmer prints

"*through me; 'tis wisdom*
To offer up;"

and Mr. W. N. Lettsom proposes

"*through me; and wisdom*
Would *offer up;*"

but I see no objection to "*and wisdom*," an elliptical expression for "and it is wisdom."

(96) *But I shall crave your pardon;*] Walker (*Crit. Exam.*, &c., vol. i. p. 77) would read "*But 'crave your pardon*" (the earlier modern alteration being "*I crave your pardon*"); and, in the next speech of Malcolm, he would alter "*I pray you*" to "*'Pray you:*" but the latter line seems to be faulty, not from the redundant "*I*," but from the omission of some word or words.

Why in that rawness left you wife and child,
Those precious motives, those strong knots of love,
Without leave-taking?—I pray you,
Let not my jealousies be your dishonours,
But mine own safeties:—you may be rightly just,
Whatever I shall think.

Macd. Bleed, bleed, poor country!
Great tyranny, lay thou thy basis sure,
For goodness dare[97] not check thee! wear thou thy wrongs,
Thy title is affeer'd![98]—Fare thee well, lord:
I would not be the villain that thou think'st
For the whole space that's in the tyrant's grasp,
And the rich East to boot.

Mal. Be not offended:
I speak not as in absolute fear of you.
I think our country sinks beneath the yoke;
It weeps, it bleeds; and each new day a gash
Is added to her wounds: I think, withal,
There would be hands uplifted in my right;
And here, from gracious England, have I offer
Of goodly thousands: but, for all this,
When I shall tread upon the tyrant's head,
Or wear it on my sword, yet my poor country
Shall have more vices than it had before;
More suffer, and more sundry ways than ever,
By him that shall succeed.

Macd. What should he be?

Mal. It is myself I mean: in whom I know
All the particulars of vice so grafted,
That, when they shall be open'd, black Macbeth
Will seem as pure as snow; and the poor state
Esteem him as a lamb, being compar'd
With my confineless harms.

Macd. Not in the legions

(97) *dare*] "Corrected in the third folio [to 'dares']." MALONE.

(98) *Thy title is affeer'd!*] The folio has "The *title*," &c.: but Malone's alteration of "The" to "*Thy*" is hardly to be doubted. Mr. Collier's Ms. Corrector makes the same change.

Of horrid hell can come a devil more damn'd
In evils to top Macbeth.
Mal. I grant him bloody,
Luxurious, avaricious, false, deceitful,
Sudden, malicious, smacking of every sin
That has a name: but there's no bottom, none,
In my voluptuousness: your wives, your daughters,
Your matrons, and your maids, could not fill up
The cistern of my lust; and my desire
All continent impediments would o'erbear,
That did oppose my will: better Macbeth
Than such an one to reign.
Macd. Boundless intemperance
In nature is a tyranny; it hath been
Th' untimely emptying of the happy throne,
And fall of many kings. But fear not yet
To take upon you what is yours: you may
Convey your pleasures in a spacious plenty,
And yet seem cold, the time you may so hoodwink.
We've willing dames enough; there cannot be
That vulture in you, to devour so many
As will to greatness dedicate themselves,
Finding it so inclin'd.
Mal. With this, there grows,
In my most ill-compos'd affection, such
A stanchless avarice, that, were I king,
I should cut off the nobles for their lands;
Desire his jewels, and this other's house:
And my more-having would be as a sauce
To make me hunger more; that I should forge
Quarrels unjust against the good and loyal,
Destroying them for wealth.
Macd. This avarice
Sticks deeper; grows with more pernicious root
Than summer-seeming[99] lust; and it hath been
The sword of our slain kings: yet do not fear;

[99] *summer-seeming*] Warburton reads "*summer*-teeming;" Blackstone proposes "*summer*-seeding;" and Mr. Staunton "*summer*-seaming."

Scotland hath foisons to fill up your will,
Of your mere own: all these are portable,
With other graces weigh'd.

Mal. But I have none: the king-becoming graces,
As justice, verity, temperance, stableness,
Bounty, perséverance, mercy, lowliness,
Devotion, patience, courage, fortitude,
I have no relish of them; but abound
In the division of each several crime,
Acting it many ways. Nay, had I power, I should
Pour the sweet milk of concord into hell,
Uproar[100] the universal peace, confound
All unity on earth.

Macd. O Scotland, Scotland!

Mal. If such a one be fit to govern, speak:
I am as I have spoken.

Macd. Fit to govern!
No, not to live.—O nation miserable,
With an untitled tyrant bloody-scepter'd,
When shalt thou see thy wholesome days again,
Since that the truest issue of thy throne
By his own interdiction stands accurs'd,
And does blaspheme his breed?—Thy royal father
Was a most sainted king: the queen that bore thee,
Oftener upon her knees than on her feet,
Died every day she livèd. Fare thee well![101]
These evils thou repeat'st upon thyself
Have banish'd me from Scotland.—O my breast,
Thy hope ends here!

([100]) *Uproar*] "Read '*Uproot.*'" W. N. LETTSOM.—I believe the old reading is right.

([101]) *Died every day she livèd. Fare thee well!*] In my former edition I printed, with the folio, "*Died every day she* liv'd," at the bidding of Walker (*Shakespeare's Versification*, &c., p. 139), who, considering "*Fare*" to be used here as a dissyllable, observes, "Certainly not '*livèd*;' Shakespeare would as soon have made '*died*' a dissyllable." But the late Mr. W. W. Williams (see *The Parthenon* for Nov. 1, 1862, p. 849) has since shown that Walker is wrong, by the following quotation from *Julius Cæsar*, act iii. sc. 1;

"Thou art the ruins of the noblest man
That ever *livèd* in the tide of times."

Mal. Macduff, this noble passion,
Child of integrity, hath from my soul
Wip'd the black scruples, reconcil'd my thoughts
To thy good truth and honour. Devilish Macbeth
By many of these trains hath sought to win me
Into his power; and modest wisdom plucks me
From over-credulous haste: but God above
Deal between thee and me! for even now
I put myself to thy direction, and
Unspeak mine own detraction; here abjure
The taints and blames I laid upon myself,
For strangers to my nature. I am yet
Unknown to woman; never was forsworn;
Scarcely have coveted what was mine own;
At no time broke my faith; would not betray
The devil to his fellow; and delight
No less in truth than life: my first false speaking
Was this upon myself:—what I am truly,
Is thine, and my poor country's, to command:—
Whither, indeed, before thy here-approach,[102]
Old Siward, with ten thousand warlike men,
Already at a point,[103] was setting forth:
Now we'll together; and the chance of goodness
Be like our warranted quarrel! Why are you silent?

Macd. Such welcome and unwelcome things at once
'Tis hard to reconcile.

Enter a Doctor.

Mal. Well; more anon.—Comes the king forth, I pray you?

Doct. Ay, sir; there are a crew of wretched souls
That stay his cure: their malady convinces
The great assay of art; but, at his touch,
Such sanctity hath heaven given his hand,

(102) *thy here-approach,*] The folio has "they *heere approach.*"—Corrected in the second folio.

(103) *Already at a point,*] Has been altered, most improperly, to "All ready *at a point.*"

They presently amend.

Mal. I thank you, doctor. [*Exit Doctor.*

Macd. What's the disease he means?

Mal. 'Tis call'd the evil:
A most miraculous work in this good king;
Which often, since my here-remain in England,
I've seen him do. How he solicits heaven,
Himself best knows: but strangely-visited people,
All swoln and ulcerous, pitiful to the eye,
The mere despair of surgery, he cures;
Hanging a golden stamp about their necks,
Put on with holy prayers: and 'tis spoken,
To the succeeding royalty he leaves
The healing benediction. With this strange virtue,
He hath a heavenly gift of prophecy;
And sundry blessings hang about his throne,
That speak him full of grace.

Macd. See, who comes here?

Mal. My countryman; but yet I know him not.

Enter Ross.

Macd. My ever-gentle cousin, welcome hither.

Mal. I know him now:—good God, betimes remove
The means that makes us strangers!

Ross. Sir, amen.

Macd. Stands Scotland where it did?

Ross. Alas, poor country,—
Almost afraid to know itself! It cannot
Be call'd our mother, but our grave: where nothing,
But who knows nothing, is once seen to smile;
Where sighs, and groans, and shrieks that rent the air,
Are made, not mark'd; where violent sorrow seems
A modern ecstasy: the dead man's knell
Is there scarce ask'd for who; and good men's lives
Expire before the flowers in their caps,
Dying or e'er they sicken.

Macd. O, relation
Too nice, and yet too true!

Mal. What's the new'st grief?
Ross. That of an hour's age doth hiss the speaker;
Each minute teems a new one.
Macd. How does my wife?
Ross. Why, well.
Macd. And all my children?
Ross. Well too.
Macd. The tyrant has not batter'd at their peace?
Ross. No; they were well at peace when I did leave 'em.
Macd. Be not a niggard of your speech: how goes't?
Ross. When I came hither to transport the tidings,
Which I have heavily borne, there ran a rumour
Of many worthy fellows that were out;
Which was to my belief witness'd the rather,
For that I saw the tyrant's power a-foot:
Now is the time of help; your eye in Scotland
Would create soldiers, make our women fight,
To doff their dire distresses.
Mal. Be't their comfort
We're coming thither: gracious England hath
Lent us good Siward and ten thousand men;
An older and a better soldier none
That Christendom gives out.
Ross. Would I could answer
This comfort with the like! But I have words
That would be howl'd out in the desert air,
Where hearing should not latch them.
Macd. What concern they?
The general cause? or is it a fee-grief
Due to some single breast?
Ross. No mind that's honest
But in it shares some woe; though the main part
Pertains to you alone.
Macd. If it be mine,
Keep it not from me, quickly let me have it.
Ross. Let not your ears despise my tongue for ever,
Which shall possess them with the heaviest sound
That ever yet they heard.

Macd. Hum! I guess at it.
Ross. Your castle is surpris'd; your wife and babes
Savagely slaughter'd: to relate the manner,
Were, on the quarry of these murder'd deer,
To add the death of you.
Mal. Merciful heaven!—
What, man! ne'er pull your hat upon your brows;
Give sorrow words: the grief that does not speak
Whispers the o'er-fraught heart, and bids it break.
Macd. My children too?
Ross. Wife, children, servants, all
That could be found.
Macd. And I must be from thence!—
My wife kill'd too?
Ross. I've said.
Mal. Be comforted:
Let's make us medicines of our great revenge,
To cure this deadly grief.
Macd. He has no children.—All my pretty ones?
Did you say all?—O hell-kite!—All?[104]
What, all my pretty chickens and their dam
At one fell swoop?
Mal. Dispute it like a man.
Macd. I shall do so;
But I must also feel it as a man:
I cannot but remember such things were,
That were most precious to me.—Did heaven look on,
And would not take their part? Sinful Macduff,
They were all struck for thee! naught that I am,
Not for their own demerits, but for mine,
Fell slaughter on their souls: heaven rest them now!
Mal. Be this the whetstone of your sword: let grief
Convert to anger; blunt not the heart, enrage it.
Macd. O, I could play the woman with mine eyes,
And braggart with my tongue!—But, gentle heaven,
Cut short all intermission; front to front

[104] *Did you say all?—O hell-kite!—All?*] Perhaps "—— *O* vulture! *hell-kite!—All?*" Walker's *Crit. Exam.*, &c., vol. ii. p. 15.

Bring thou[105] this fiend of Scotland and myself;
Within my sword's length set him; if he scape,
Heaven forgive him too!

Mal. This tune goes manly.[106]
Come, go we to the king; our power is ready;
Our lack is nothing but our leave: Macbeth
Is ripe for shaking, and the powers above
Put on their instruments. Receive what cheer you may:
The night is long that never finds the day. [*Exeunt.*

ACT V.

SCENE I. *Dunsinane. A room in the castle.*

Enter a Doctor of Physic *and a* Waiting-Gentlewoman.

Doct. I have two nights watched with you, but can perceive no truth in your report. When was it she last walked?

Gent. Since his majesty went into the field, I have seen her rise from her bed, throw her nightgown upon her, unlock her closet, take forth paper, fold it, write upon't, read it, afterwards seal it, and again return to bed; yet all this while in a most fast sleep.

Doct. A great perturbation in nature,—to receive at once

(105) *But, gentle heaven,*
. . . . . .
Bring thou]
So the second folio.—The first folio has
"*But gentle* Heauens,
. . . . . .
Bring thou,"—
which I should have retained, under the idea that, since we have before had "*heaven*" used as a plural (see note 10, vol. iv. p. 107), we might here accept "*heavens*" as a singular,—were it not that in Macduff's preceding speech we have "*heaven* look on" and "*heaven* rest them now," and at the conclusion of the present speech "*Heaven* forgive him too!"

(106) *This tune goes manly.*] The folio has "*This* time *goes manly;*" which is retained by Mr. Knight. "Gifford," he says, "has shown, in a note on Massinger, that the two words were once synonymous, in a musical acceptation; and that *time* was the more ancient and common term." Who, except Mr. Knight, will suppose that Gifford would have defended the reading "time" in such a passage as this?

the benefit of sleep, and do the effects of watching!—In this slumbery agitation, besides her walking and other actual performances, what, at any time, have you heard her say?

Gent. That, sir, which I will not report after her.

Doct. You may to me; and 'tis most meet you should.

Gent. Neither to you nor any one; having no witness to confirm my speech.—Lo you, here she comes!

Enter Lady MACBETH, *with a taper.*

This is her very guise; and, upon my life, fast asleep. Observe her; stand close.

Doct. How came she by that light?

Gent. Why, it stood by her: she has light by her continually; 'tis her command.

Doct. You see, her eyes are open.

Gent. Ay, but their sense' are shut.

Doct. What is it she does now? Look, how she rubs her hands.

Gent. It is an accustomed action with her, to seem thus washing her hands: I have known her continue in this a quarter of an hour.

Lady M. Yet here's a spot.

Doct. Hark! she speaks: I will set down what comes from her, to satisfy my remembrance the more strongly.

Lady M. Out, damned spot! out, I say!—One, two; why, then 'tis time to do't.—Hell is murky!—Fie, my lord, fie! a soldier, and afeard? What need we fear who knows it, when none can call our power to account?—Yet who would have thought the old man to have had so much blood in him?

Doct. Do you mark that?

Lady M. The thane of Fife had a wife; where is she now? —What, will these hands ne'er be clean?—No more o' that, my lord, no more o' that: you mar all with this starting.

Doct. Go to, go to; you have known what you should not.

Gent. She has spoke what she should not, I am sure of that: heaven knows what she has known.

Lady M. Here's the smell of the blood still: all the perfumes of Arabia will not sweeten this little hand. Oh, oh, oh!

Doct. What a sigh is there! The heart is sorely charged.

Gent. I would not have such a heart in my bosom for the dignity of the whole body.

Doct. Well, well, well,—

Gent. Pray God it be, sir.

Doct. This disease is beyond my practice: yet I have known those which have walked in their sleep who have died holily in their beds.

Lady M. Wash your hands, put on your nightgown; look not so pale:—I tell you yet again, Banquo's buried; he cannot come out on's grave.

Doct. Even so?

Lady M. To bed, to bed; there's knocking at the gate: come, come, come, come, give me your hand: what's done cannot be undone: to bed, to bed, to bed. [*Exit.*

Doct. Will she go now to bed?

Gent. Directly.

Doct. Foul whisperings are abroad: unnatural deeds
Do breed unnatural troubles: infected minds
To their deaf pillows will discharge their secrets:
More needs she the divine than the physician:—
God, God[107] forgive us all!—Look after her;
Remove from her the means of all annoyance,
And still keep eyes upon her:—so, good night:
My mind she has mated, and amaz'd my sight:
I think, but dare not speak.

Gent. Good night, good doctor.

[*Exeunt.*

SCENE II. *The country near Dunsinane.*

Enter, with drum and colours, MENTEITH, CAITHNESS, ANGUS, LENNOX, *and* Soldiers.

Ment. The English power is near, led on by Malcolm,
His uncle Siward, and the good Macduff:

(107) *God, God*] "A misprint, probably, for '*Good* God,'" says Mr. Staunton, not being aware that such was Hanmer's reading.

Revenges burn in them; for their dear causes
Would to the bleeding and the grim alarm
Exite the mortified man.
Ang. Near Birnam wood
Shall we well meet them; that way are they coming.
Caith. Who knows if Donalbain be with his brother?
Len. For certain, sir, he is not: I've a file
Of all the gentry: there is Siward's son,
And many unrough youths, that even now
Protest their first of manhood.
Ment. What does the tyrant?
Caith. Great Dunsinane he strongly fortifies:
Some say he's mad; others, that lesser hate him,
Do call it valiant fury: but, for certain,
He cannot buckle his distemper'd course[108]
Within the belt of rule.
Ang. Now does he feel
His secret murders sticking on his hands;
Now minutely revolts upbraid his faith-breach;
Those he commands move only in command,
Nothing in love: now does he feel his title
Hang loose about him, like a giant's robe
Upon a dwarfish thief.
Ment. Who, then, shall blame
His pester'd senses to recoil and start,
When all that is within him does condemn
Itself for being there?
Caith. Well, march we on,
To give obedience where 'tis truly ow'd:
Meet we the medicine of the sickly weal;
And with him pour we in our country's purge
Each drop of us.

([108]) *He cannot buckle his distemper'd course*] So Walker (*Crit. Exam.*, &c., vol. i. p. 302) and Mr. Collier's Ms. Corrector.—The folio has "—— *his distemper'd* cause," &c. (A critic in *Blackwood's Magazine* for Oct. 1853, p. 461, says that "'cause' fits the place perfectly well, *if taken* for his affairs generally, his whole system of procedure." But will the context allow us to take it in that sense?) The words "*course*" and "*cause*" are often confounded by printers: see note 166, vol. vi. p. 363.

Len. Or so much as it needs,
To dew the sovereign flower, and drown the weeds.
Make we our march towards Birnam. [*Exeunt, marching.*

SCENE III. *Dunsinane. A room in the castle.*

Enter MACBETH, Doctor, *and* Attendants.

Macb. Bring me no more reports; let them fly all:
Till Birnam wood remove to Dunsinane,
I cannot taint with fear. What's the boy Malcolm?
Was he not born of woman? The spirits that know
All mortal consequences have pronounc'd me thus,
"Fear not, Macbeth; no man that's born of woman
Shall e'er have power upon thee."—Then fly, false thanes,
And mingle with the English epicures:
The mind I sway by and the heart I bear
Shall never sag with doubt nor shake with fear.

Enter a Servant.

The devil damn thee black, thou cream-fac'd loon!
Where gott'st thou that goose look?
Serv. There is ten thousand—
Macb. Geese, villain?
Serv. Soldiers, sir.
Macb. Go prick thy face, and over-red thy fear,
Thou lily-liver'd boy. What soldiers, patch?
Death of thy soul! those linen cheeks of thine
Are counsellors to fear. What soldiers, whey-face?
Serv. The English force, so please you.
Macb. Take thy face hence. [*Exit Servant.*
Seyton!—I'm sick at heart,
When I behold—Seyton, I say!—This push
Will chair me ever, or dis-seat me now.[109]

(109) *This push*
Will chair me ever, or dis-seat me now.]

The folio has "*Will* cheere *me euer, or dis-eate me now.*" (The second folio "—— *or* disease *me now.*")—That "cheere" is a mistake for

I have liv'd long enough: my way of life[110]
Is fall'n into the sear, the yellow leaf;
And that which should accompany old age,
As honour, love, obedience, troops of friends,
I must not look to have; but, in their stead,

"*chaire*," I should have felt confident, even if I had never known that the latter word was substituted both by Percy and by Mr. Collier's Ms. Corrector. (*Chair*, in the sense of throne, was very common. So in our author's *King Richard III.* act v. sc. 3,

> "A base foul stone, made precious by the foil
> Of England's *chair*, where he is falsely set."

So too in Peele's *David and Bethsabe*,

> "The man of Israel that hath rul'd as king,
> Or rather as the tyrant of the land,
> Bolstering his hateful head upon the throne
> That God unworthily hath bless'd him with,
> Shall now, I hope, lay it as low as hell,
> And be depos'd from his detested *chair*."
>
> *Works*, p. 478, ed. Dyce, 1861.)—

Mr. Halliwell, who retains the old reading "cheer," remarks (taking "*push*" in its literal sense) that "a *push* does not usually *chair* a person, though it may disseat him." Does Mr. Halliwell, then, think that "a *push* usually *cheers* a person"?

(110) *my way of life*] Johnson and Mr. Collier's Ms. Corrector would read "*my* May *of life*;" and Walker (*Crit. Exam.*, &c., vol. ii. p. 301) says, "the true correction is undoubtedly '*May*.'"—But Gifford has the following memorable remarks on this passage: "For '*way of life*' Johnson would read '*May of life*;' in which he is followed by Colman, Langton, Steevens, and others: and Mr. Henley, a very confident gentleman, declares that he 'has now no doubt that Shakespeare wrote *May of life*;' which is also the 'settled opinion' of Mr. Davies. At a subsequent period Steevens appears to have changed his opinion, and acquiesced in the old reading, '*way of life*,' which he interprets, with Mr. M. Mason, 'course or progress,' precisely as Warburton, whom every '*mousing owl hawks at*,' had done long before them. Mr. Malone follows the same track; and if the words had signified what he supposed them to do, nothing more would be necessary on the subject. The fact, however, is, that these ingenious writers have mistaken the phrase, which is neither more nor less than a simple periphrasis for '*life*,' as '*way of youth*' in the text [of Massinger's *Very Woman*] is for '*youth*.' A few examples will make this clear." Gifford then cites "*way of youth*" from Massinger's *Roman Actor*, "*way of justice*" from Beaumont and Fletcher's *Thierry and Theodoret*, "*way of death or life*" from Shakespeare's *Pericles*, &c. &c. He concludes thus; "To return to Macbeth: '*the sere and yellow leaf*' is the commencement of the winter of life or of old age; to this he has attained, and he laments, in a strain of inimitable pathos and beauty, that it is unaccompanied by those blessings which render it supportable. As his manhood was without virtue, so he has now before him the certain prospect of an old age without honour." Note on Massinger's *Works*, vol. iv. p. 309, ed. 1813.

Curses not loud but deep, mouth-honour, breath,
Which the poor heart would fain deny, and dare not.—
Seyton!

Enter SEYTON.

Sey. What is your gracious pleasure?
Macb. What news more?
Sey. All is confirm'd, my lord, which was reported.
Macb. I'll fight, till from my bones my flesh be hack'd.
Give me my armour.
Sey. 'Tis not needed yet.
Macb. I'll put it on.—
Send out more horses, skirr the country round;
Hang those that talk of fear.—Give me mine armour.—
How does your patient, doctor?
Doct. Not so sick, my lord,
As she is troubled with thick-coming fancies,
That keep her from her rest.
Macb. Cure her[111] of that:
Canst thou not minister to a mind diseas'd;
Pluck from the memory a rooted sorrow;
Raze out the written troubles of the brain;
And with some sweet oblivious antidote
Cleanse the stuff'd bosom of that perilous stuff[112]
Which weighs upon the heart?
Doct. Therein the patient
Must minister to himself.
Macb. Throw physic to the dogs,—I'll none of it.—
Come, put mine armour on; give me my staff:—
Seyton, send out.—Doctor, the thanes fly from me.—
Come, sir, dispatch.—If thou couldst, doctor, cast

[111] *her*] So the second folio.—Omitted in the first folio.
[112] *Cleanse the stuff'd bosom of that perilous stuff*] Walker (*Crit. Exam.*, &c., vol. i. p. 278) cites this passage as containing a corruption, "*stuff;*" but he suggests no word to supply its place.—Steevens proposed "*Cleanse the* foul *bosom of that perilous stuff*" (quoting, in support of his emendation, from *As you like it*, act ii. sc. 6, "Cleanse the *foul* body of th' infected world").—Mr. Collier's Ms. Corrector changes "*stuff*" to "grief." Mr. Staunton conjectures either "clogg'd *bosom*" or "*perilous* load."

The water of my land, find her disease,
And purge it to a sound and pristine health,
I would applaud thee to the very echo,
That should applaud again.—Pull't off, I say.—
What rhubarb, senna,[113] or what purgative drug,
Would scour these English hence? Hear'st thou of them?

Doct. Ay, my good lord; your royal preparation
Makes us hear something.

Macb. Bring it after me.—
I will not be afraid of death and bane,
Till Birnam forest come to Dunsinane.

[*Exeunt all except Doctor.*

Doct. Were I from Dunsinane away and clear,
Profit again should hardly draw me here. [*Exit.*

(113) *senna,*] So Rowe.—The folio has "Cyme."—In a note on the second edition of his *Shakespeare*, Mr. Collier says; "The Rev. Mr. Dyce tells us (*'Remarks,'* p. 201) that the 'Rates of Merchandizes' . . . contains no such drug as *cyme:* we should have been astonished if it had." Here I have to convict Mr. Collier of misrepresentation,—or of something more. Mr. Knight having expressed some doubts about the word "*senna*" in this passage, I observed; "he [Mr. Knight] may rest satisfied that 'senna' is right: the long list of drugs in *The Rates of Merchandizes*, &c., furnishes no other word for which *cyme* could possibly be a misprint." Mr. Collier, therefore, has deliberately transformed

"furnishes no other word for which *cyme* could possibly be a misprint"

into

"contains no such drug as *cyme*."

In the *Cambridge Essays* (vol. for 1856, p. 281) Dr. Badham writes as follows; "Lower down in the same scene [the present one], Mr. Knight very properly expresses his reluctance to admit a conjecture of Rowe's,

'What rhubarb, *cyme*, or,' &c.

For the unknown '*cyme*' Rowe proposed the familiar remedy 'senna.' It is astonishing that Mr. Dyce should accept so very uncritical a conjecture, whose only pretension to probability is, that the *Pharmacopœia* offers us no cathartic whose name is not still more remote from the corrupted word. What, then, if we change the treatment, and read

'What rhubarb, *clysme*, or what purgative drug,' &c.?

If I am asked what authority I have for this form in the English language, I am at a loss for any thing better than 'cataclysm' in the sense of 'deluge.' But Herodotus uses κλύσμα in the sense of κλυστήρ, in Book ii. chap. 87," &c.—Now I, in my turn, am "astonished" at Dr. Badham's failing to perceive that "cyme" is nothing more than a misprint for "cynne."

SCENE IV. *Country near Dunsinane: a wood in view.*

Enter, with drum and colours, MALCOLM, *old* SIWARD *and young* SIWARD, MACDUFF, MENTEITH, CAITHNESS, ANGUS, LENNOX, ROSS, *and* Soldiers, *marching.*

Mal. Cousins, I hope the days are near at hand
That chambers will be safe.
Ment. We doubt it nothing.
Siw. What wood is this before us?
Ment. The wood of Birnam.
Mal. Let every soldier hew him down a bough,
And bear't before him: thereby shall we shadow
The numbers of our host, and make discovery
Err in report of us.
Soldiers. It shall be done.
Siw. We learn no other but the confident tyrant
Keeps still in Dunsinane, and will endure
Our setting down before't.
Mal. 'Tis his main hope:
For where there is advantage to be ta'en,
Both more and less have given him the revolt;(114)
And none serve with him but constrainèd things,
Whose hearts are absent too.
Macd. Let our just censures
Attend the true event, and put we on
Industrious soldiership.
Siw. The time approaches
That will with due decision make us know
What we shall say we have, and what we owe.

(114) *For where there is advantage to be ta'en,*
Both more and less have given him the revolt, &c.]

The folio has "—— *aduantage to be* giuen" (an error originating in the "*giuen*" of the next line).—Johnson proposed "—— *advantage to be* gone;" Steevens, "—— *advantage to be* got" (Mr. Collier's Ms. Corrector reads "—— *advantage to be* gotten"); and Mr. Singer, in his ed. of *Shakespeare*, 1826, "—— *advantage to be* gain'd."—I adopt the correction of Walker, *Crit. Exam.*, &c., vol. i. p. 302.

Thoughts speculative their unsure hopes relate;
But certain issue strokes must arbitrate:
Towards which advance the war. [*Exeunt, marching.*

SCENE V. *Dunsinane. Within the castle.*

Enter, with drum and colours, MACBETH, SEYTON, *and* Soldiers.

Macb. Hang out our banners on the outward walls;
The cry is still, "They come:" our castle's strength
Will laugh a siege to scorn: here let them lie
Till famine and the ague eat them up:
Were they not forc'd[115] with those that should be ours,
We might have met them dareful, beard to beard,
And beat them backward home. [*A cry of women within.*
What is that noise?

Sey. It is the cry of women, my good lord. [*Exit.*[116]

Macb. I have almost forgot the taste of fears:
The time has been, my senses would have cool'd[117]
To hear a night-shriek; and my fell of hair
Would at a dismal treatise rouse and stir
As life were in't: I have supp'd full with horrors;
Direness, familiar to my slaughterous thoughts,
Cannot once start me.

Re-enter SEYTON.

Wherefore was that cry?

Sey. The queen, my lord, is dead.

([115]) *forc'd*] Here means *strengthened, reinforced;* which I mention because Mr. Collier's Ms. Corrector substitutes "farc'd" (*i.e.* stuffed).

([116]) [Exit.] The folio marks neither the exit nor the re-entrance of Seyton.—On the words, "The queen, my lord, is dead," Mr. Collier observes; "We must suppose that Seyton has gone to what we now call 'the wing' of the stage to inquire." But "going to the wing," and standing there to glean information, was surely as unusual on the old stage as it is on the modern; and I have no doubt that formerly Seyton went out and re-entered, just as he does when this play is performed now-a-days:—see any acting-copy of *Macbeth*.

([117]) *my senses would have cool'd*] Mr. Collier's Ms. Corrector alters "*cool'd*" to "quail'd," and very plausibly; for examples of the expression *senses quailing* may be found in our early writers.

Macb. She should have died hereafter;
There would have been a time for such a word.—
To-morrow, and to-morrow, and to-morrow,
Creeps in this petty pace from day to day,
To the last syllable of recorded time;
And all our yesterdays have lighted fools
The way to dusty death. Out, out, brief candle!
Life's but a walking shadow; a poor player,
That struts and frets his hour upon the stage,
And then is heard no more: it is a tale
Told by an idiot, full of sound and fury,
Signifying nothing.

Enter a Messenger.

Thou com'st to use thy tongue; thy story quickly.

Mess. Gracious my lord,
I should report that which I say I saw,
But know not how to do it.

Macb. Well, say, sir.[118]

Mess. As I did stand my watch upon the hill,
I look'd toward Birnam, and anon, methought,
The wood began to move.

Macb. Liar and slave!

Mess. Let me endure your wrath, if 't be not so:
Within this three mile may you see it coming;
I say, a moving grove.

(118) *Signifying nothing.*
. . . . . .
. . . . . .
Well, say, sir.]

Mr. W. N. Lettsom bids us arrange and read;

"Signifying nothing.

Enter a Messenger.

Thou com'st to use thy tongue;
Thy story quickly.
Mess. Gracious my lord,
I should report that which *I'd* say I saw,
But know not how to do't.
Mac. Well, say *it*, sir."

Here "*I'd*" is the lection of Hanmer; "say *it*" that of Pope.

Macb. If thou speak'st false,
Upon the next tree shalt[119] thou hang alive,
Till famine cling thee: if thy speech be sooth,
I care not if thou dost for me as much.—
I pull in resolution;[120] and begin
To doubt th' equivocation of the fiend,
That lies like truth: "Fear not, till Birnam wood
Do come to Dunsinane;"—and now a wood
Comes toward Dunsinane.—Arm, arm, and out!
If this which he avouches does appear,
There is nor flying hence nor tarrying here.
I gin to be a-weary of the sun,
And wish th' estate o' the world were now undone.—
Ring the alarum-bell!—Blow, wind! come, wrack!
At least we'll die with harness on our back. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE VI. *The same. A plain before the castle.*

Enter, with drum and colours, MALCOLM, *old* SIWARD, MACDUFF, *&c., and their* Army *with boughs.*

Mal. Now near enough; your leafy screens throw down,
And show like those you are.—You, worthy uncle,
Shall, with my cousin, your right-noble son,
Lead our first battle: worthy Macduff and we
Shall take upon's what else remains to do,
According to our order.

Siw. Fare you well.—
Do we but find the tyrant's power to-night,
Let us be beaten, if we cannot fight.

Macd. Make all our trumpets speak; give them all breath,
Those clamorous harbingers of blood and death. [*Exeunt.*

(119) *shalt*] So the second folio.—The first folio has "shall."

(120) *I pull in resolution;*] Johnson suggests "pall" instead of "*pull.*" —Mason, in support of the old reading, adduces, from Fletcher's *Sea-Voyage,*

"and all my spirits,
As if they heard my passing-bell go for me,
Pull in their powers, and give me up to destiny."
Act iii. sc. i.

SCENE VII. *The same. Another part of the plain.*

Alarums. Enter MACBETH.

Macb. They've tied me to a stake; I cannot fly,
But, bear-like, I must fight the course.—What's he
That was not born of woman? Such a one
Am I to fear, or none.

Enter young SIWARD.

Yo. Siw. What is thy name?
Macb. Thou'lt be afraid to hear it.
Yo. Siw. No; though thou call'st thyself a hotter name
Than any is in hell.
Macb. My name's Macbeth.
Yo. Siw. The devil himself could not pronounce a title
More hateful to mine ear.
Macb. No, nor more fearful.
Yo. Siw. Thou liest, abhorrèd tyrant; with my sword
I'll prove the lie thou speak'st.
[*They fight, and young Siward is slain.*
Macb. Thou wast born of woman.—
But swords I smile at, weapons laugh to scorn,
Brandish'd by man that's of a woman born. [*Exit.*

Alarums. Enter MACDUFF.

Macd. That way the noise is.—Tyrant, show thy face!
If thou be'st slain and with no stroke of mine,
My wife and children's ghosts will haunt me still.
I cannot strike at wretched kerns, whose arms
Are hir'd to bear their staves: either thou, Macbeth,
Or else my sword, with an unbatter'd edge,
I sheathe again undeeded. There thou shouldst be;
By this great clatter, one of greatest note
Seems bruited:—let me find him, fortune!
And more I beg not. [*Exit. Alarums.*

Enter MALCOLM *and old* SIWARD.

Siw. This way, my lord;—the castle's gently render'd:
The tyrant's people on both sides do fight;
The noble thanes do bravely in the war;
The day almost itself professes yours,
And little is to do.
Mal. We've met with foes
That strike beside us.
Siw. Enter, sir, the castle.
[*Exeunt. Alarums.*

SCENE VIII. *The same. Another part of the plain.*

Enter MACBETH.

Macb. Why should I play the Roman fool, and die
On mine own sword? whiles I see lives, the gashes
Do better upon them.

Enter MACDUFF.

Macd. Turn, hell-hound, turn!
Macb. Of all men else I have avoided thee:
But get thee back; my soul is too much charg'd
With blood of thine already.
Macd. I have no words,—
My voice is in my sword; thou bloodier villain
Than terms can give thee out! [*They fight.*
Macb. Thou losest labour:
As easy mayst thou the intrenchant air
With thy keen sword impress, as make me bleed:
Let fall thy blade on vulnerable crests;
I bear a charmèd life, which must not yield
To one of woman born.
Macd. Despair thy charm;
And let the angel whom thou still hast serv'd
Tell thee, Macduff was from his mother's womb
Untimely ripp'd.
Macb. Accursèd be that tongue that tells me so,
For it hath cow'd my better part of man!

And be these juggling fiends no more believ'd,
That palter with us in a double sense;
That keep the word of promise to our ear,
And break it to our hope![121]—I'll not fight with thee.

Macd. Then yield thee, coward,
And live to be the show and gaze o' the time:
We'll have thee, as our rarer monsters are,
Painted upon a pole, and underwrit
"Here may you see the tyrant."

Macb. I will not yield,
To kiss the ground before young Malcolm's feet,
And to be baited with the rabble's curse.
Though Birnam wood be come to Dunsinane,
And thou oppos'd, being of no woman born,
Yet I will try the last:—before my body
I throw my warlike shield: lay on, Macduff;
And damn'd be him that first cries "Hold, enough!"

[*Exeunt, fighting.*

Retreat. Flourish.[122] *Enter, with drum and colours,* MALCOLM, *old* SIWARD, ROSS, LENNOX, ANGUS, CAITHNESS, MENTEITH, *and* Soldiers.

Mal. I would the friends we miss were safe arriv'd.

Siw. Some must go off: and yet, by these I see,

(121) *And break it to our hope*, &c.] "Arrange rather, I think;

'And break it to our hope!
I *will not* fight with thee.
Macd. Then yield thee, coward,
And live,' &c.

'With *thee*,' emphatically." Walker's *Crit. Exam.*, &c., vol. iii. p. 259.

(122) [Exeunt, fighting.
Retreat. Flourish, &c.]

The stage-directions given by the folio in this scene are exquisitely absurd. Here it has

"*Exeunt fighting. Alarums.*
Enter Fighting, and Macbeth slaine," &c.;

and presently,

"*Enter Macduffe; with Macbeths head.*"—

See note 127 on *King Richard III.* vol. v. p. 459.

So great a day as this is cheaply bought.
Mal. Macduff is missing, and your noble son.
Ross. Your son, my lord, has paid a soldier's debt:
He only liv'd but till he was a man;
The which no sooner had his prowess confirm'd
In the unshrinking station where he fought,
But like a man he died.
Siw. Then he is dead?
Ross. Ay, and brought off the field: your cause of sorrow
Must not be measur'd by his worth, for then
It hath no end.
Siw. Had he his hurts before?
Ross. Ay, on the front.
Siw. Why then, God's soldier be he!
Had I as many sons as I have hairs,
I would not wish them to a fairer death:
And so, his knell is knoll'd.
Mal. He's worth more sorrow,
And that I'll spend for him.
Siw. He's worth no more:
They say he parted well, and paid his score:
And so, God b' wi' him!—Here comes newer comfort.

Re-enter MACDUFF, *with* MACBETH'S *head on a pole.*

Macd. Hail, king! for so thou art: behold, where stands
Th' usurper's cursèd head: the time is free:
I see thee compass'd with thy kingdom's pearl,
That speak my salutation in their minds;
Whose voices I desire aloud with mine,—
Hail, King of Scotland!
All. Hail, King of Scotland! [*Flourish.*
Mal. We shall not spend a large expense of time
Before we reckon with your several loves,
And make us even with you. My thanes and kinsmen,
Henceforth be earls,—the first that ever Scotland
In such an honour nam'd. What's more to do,
Which would be planted newly with the time,—
As calling home our exil'd friends abroad,

That fled the snares of watchful tyranny;
Producing forth the cruel ministers
Of this dead butcher, and his fiend-like queen,—
Who, as 'tis thought, by self and violent hands
Took off her life;—this, and what needful else
That calls upon us, by the grace of Grace,
We will perform in measure, time, and place:
So, thanks to all at once and to each one,
Whom we invite to see us crown'd at Scone.

[*Flourish. Exeunt.*

HAMLET.

HAMLET.

NASH, in an Epistle "To the Gentlemen Students of both Uniuersities," prefixed to Greene's *Menaphon. Camillas alarum to slumbering Euphues*, &c., 1589 [qy. if first printed in 1587?], writes thus: "Ile turne backe to my first text, of studies of delight; and talke a little in friendship with a few of our triuiall translators. It is a common practise now a daies amongst a sort of shifting companions, that runne through euery arte and thriue by none, to leaue the trade of *Nouerint* whereto they were borne, and busie themselues with the indeuors of art, that could scarcelie latinize their necke-verse if they should haue neede; yet English Seneca read by candle-light yeeldes manie good sentences, as *Bloud is a begger*, and so foorth: and if you intreate him faire in a frostie morning, he will affoord you whole *Hamlets*, I should say handfulls of tragical speaches." Sig. **3, ed. 1589.—Henslowe mentions (and without the mark by which he generally distinguishes new plays (a "*hamlet*" as having been acted at the Newington Butts Theatre on June 9th, 1594. *Diary*, p. 35, ed. Shakespeare Soc.—Again, Lodge in his *Wits Miserie, and the Worlds Madnesse*, &c., 1596, thus describes a certain fiend: "he walks for the most part in black vnder colour of grauity, and looks as pale as the visard of ye ghost which cried so miserally [*sic*] at ye theator like an oisterwife, *Hamlet, reuenge*." Sig H 4.—But had Shakespeare written his *Hamlet* at the above dates? My own conviction is, that he had not, and that the piece alluded to by Nash and Lodge, and acted at Newington, was an earlier tragedy on the same subject, which no longer exists, and which most probably (like many other old dramas) never reached the press.—Our author's tragedy, it seems evident, was first produced not long before July 26th, 1602; for on that day Roberts made an entry in the Stationers' Registers of "A booke, The Reuenge of Hamlett prince of Denmarke, as yt was *latelie acted* by the Lord Chamberlayn his seruantes." According to Mr. Collier, "The object of Roberts in making the entry was to secure it [Shakespeare's *Hamlet*] to himself, being, no doubt, aware that other printers and booksellers would endeavour to anticipate him. It seems probable that he was unable to obtain such a copy of 'Hamlet' as he would put his name to; but some inferior and nameless printer, who was not so scrupulous, having surreptitiously secured a manuscript of the play, however imperfect, which would answer the purpose, and gratify public curiosity, the edition bearing date in 1603 was published." *Introd. to Hamlet.* We have, however, no proof that Roberts was not "the nameless printer" of the quarto of 1603: on the contrary, there is reason to suspect that he was, since we find that he printed the quarto of 1604 for the same Nicholas Ling who was one of the publishers of the quarto of 1603. Be that as it may, it seems certain that in the quarto of 1603* (as is the case with respect to the earliest

* In my former edition I expressed myself less fully on the subject of the quarto of 1603, and consequently have been misunderstood by Professor Gervinus, who writes as follows;

quartos of *The Merry Wives of Windsor* and *Romeo and Juliet*) we have Shakespeare's first conception of the play, though with a text mangled and corrupted throughout, and perhaps formed on the notes of some short-hand writer, who had imperfectly taken it down during representation. Not to dwell on other particulars, the names borne by Polonius and Reynaldo in the quarto of 1603, where they are called *Corambis* and *Montano*, are alone sufficient to show that the said quarto exhibits a form of the tragedy very different from that which it afterwards assumed in the quarto of 1604 and the folio of 1623. Mr. Collier (*ubi supra*) conjectures that *Corambis* and *Montano* "were names in the older play on the same story, or names which Shakespeare at first introduced, and subsequently thought fit to reject:" perhaps they were names which Shakespeare had originally retained from the earlier drama, and which, on revising and altering his tragedy, he changed to Polonius and Reynaldo. (Of the quarto of 1603 only two copies are known, one of them wanting the last leaf, and one without the title-page: but it is now procurable in more than one reprint.) The quarto of 1604 gives *Hamlet* "*enlarged to almost as much againe as it was, according to the true and perfect coppie*," and has a great deal which is omitted in the folio of 1623, though the folio has some passages which are omitted in the quarto of 1604, and which have their parallelisms in the quarto of 1603.—Mr. Albert Cohn's curious volume, entitled *Shakespeare in Germany in the Sixteenth and Seventeenth Centuries*, &c., contains (both in German and English), p. 237, the "*Tragedy of Fratricide punished, or Prince Hamlet of Denmark, acted in Germany, about the year* 1603, *by English Players:*" but which "has been preserved to us only by a late and modernised copy of a much older manuscript." In this piece Polonius is called *Corambus*, which, with the variation of a single letter, is his name in the quarto of 1603; and to that form of the play the German version approaches more nearly than to that of the later editions; but, as it gives certain passages which are parallel to those in the received text of *Hamlet*, and of which there is no trace in the quarto of 1603, the translator must have employed some other edition of the original besides that of 1603. To the "*Tragedy of Fratricide*" is prefixed a Prologue, spoken by Night, Alecto, Tisiphone, and Megæra, which in composition is superior to the play itself. The latter, indeed, is miserably bald, and its occasional absurdity may be judged of by a stage-direction in the First Act, "*Ghost gives to Sentinel a box on the ear from behind, and makes him drop his musket.*"—A novel entitled *The Hystorie of Hamblet*, translated most vilely from one of the *Histoires Tragiques* of Belleforest (who founded his tale on a portion of the chronicle of Saxo Grammaticus), has several incidents in common with our author's play; but whether he derived those incidents from *The Hystorie*, or from the older drama on the same subject, we are left to guess. (In Mr. Collier's *Shakespeare's Library*, vol. i., is a reprint of the *Hystorie of Hamblet* from the only entire copy known, which is dated 1608: the first edition was no doubt published many years before.)

"We possess a quarto-edition of 1603, which is regarded indeed by Collier, Dyce, and Mommsen, as a faulty and illegal print of the complete piece; but on the other hand, according to the indisputably more just opinion of Knight, Delius, and Staunton, it contains an earlier design of the poet's, though in a mutilated form," &c. *Shakespeare Commentaries*, vol. ii. p. 108, English trans.

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

CLAUDIUS, king of Denmark.
HAMLET, son to the former, and nephew to the present king.
POLONIUS, lord chamberlain.
HORATIO, friend to Hamlet.
LAERTES, son to Polonius.
VOLTIMAND, CORNELIUS, ROSENCRANTZ, GUILDENSTERN, OSRIC, A Gentleman, } courtiers.
A Priest.
MARCELLUS, BERNARDO, } officers.
FRANCISCO, a soldier.
REYNALDO, servant to Polonius.
Players.
Two Clowns, grave-diggers.
FORTINBRAS, prince of Norway.
A Captain.
English Ambassadors.

GERTRUDE, queen of Denmark, and mother to Hamlet.
OPHELIA, daughter to Polonius.

Lords, Ladies, Officers, Soldiers, Sailors, Messengers, and other Attendants.

Ghost of Hamlet's Father.

SCENE—*Elsinore; except in the fourth scene of the fifth act, where it is a plain in Denmark.*

HAMLET, PRINCE OF DENMARK.

ACT I.

SCENE I. *Elsinore. A platform before the castle.*

FRANCISCO *at his post. Enter to him* BERNARDO.

Ber. Who's there?

Fran. Nay, answer me: stand, and unfold yourself.

Ber. Long live the king!

Fran. Bernardo?

Ber. He.

Fran. You come most carefully upon your hour.

Ber. 'Tis now struck twelve;[1] get thee to bed, Francisco.

Fran. For this relief much thanks: 'tis bitter cold,
And I am sick at heart.

Ber. Have you had quiet guard?

Fran. Not a mouse stirring.

Ber. Well, good night.
If you do meet Horatio and Marcellus,
The rivals of my watch, bid them make haste.

Fran. I think I hear them.—Stand, ho! Who is there?

Enter HORATIO *and* MARCELLUS.

Hor. Friends to this ground.

Mar. And liegemen to the Dane.

(1) *'Tis now struck twelve;*] Steevens "strongly suspected" that we ought to read "*'Tis* new *struck twelve;*" which Mr. Collier's Ms. Corrector also gives: but is not the sense the same with either reading?

Fran. Give you good night.
Mar. O, farewell, honest soldier:
Who hath reliev'd you?
Fran. Bernardo has my place.
Give you good night. [*Exit.*
Mar. Holla! Bernardo!
Ber. Say,—
What, is Horatio there?
Hor. A piece of him.
Ber. Welcome, Horatio:—welcome, good Marcellus.
Mar. What, has this thing appear'd again to-night?
Ber. I have seen nothing.
Mar. Horatio says 'tis but our fantasy,
And will not let belief take hold of him
Touching this dreaded sight, twice seen of us:
Therefore I have entreated him along
With us to watch the minutes of this night;
That, if again this apparition come,
He may approve our eyes, and speak to it.
Hor. Tush, tush, 'twill not appear.
Ber. Sit down awhile;
And let us once again assail your ears,
That are so fortified against our story,
What we two nights have seen.
Hor. Well, sit we down,
And let us hear Bernardo speak of this.
Ber. Last night of all,
When yond same star that's westward from the pole
Had made his course t' illume that part of heaven
Where now it burns, Marcellus and myself,
The bell then beating one,—
Mar. Peace, break thee off; look, where it comes again!

Enter Ghost.

Ber. In the same figure, like the king that's dead.
Mar. Thou art a scholar; speak to it, Horatio.
Ber. Looks it not like the king? mark it, Horatio.
Hor. Most like:—it harrows me with fear and wonder.

Ber. It would be spoke to.

Mar. Question it, Horatio.

Hor. What art thou, that usurp'st this time of night,
Together with that fair and warlike form
In which the majesty of buried Denmark
Did sometimes march? by heaven I charge thee, speak!

Mar. It is offended.

Ber. See, it stalks away!

Hor. Stay! speak, speak! I charge thee, speak!
[*Exit Ghost.*

Mar. 'Tis gone, and will not answer.

Ber. How now, Horatio! you tremble, and look pale:
Is not this something more than fantasy?
What think you on't?

Hor. Before my God, I might not this believe
Without the sensible and true avouch
Of mine own eyes.

Mar. Is it not like the king?

Hor. As thou art to thyself:
Such was the very armour he had on
When he th' ambitious Norway combated;
So frown'd he once, when, in an angry parle,
He smote the sledded Polacks(?) on the ice.
'Tis strange.

Mar. Thus twice before, and jump at this dead hour,
With martial stalk hath he gone by our watch.

Hor. In what particular thought to work I know not;
But, in the gross and scope of my opinion,
This bodes some strange eruption to our state.

(?) *Polacks*] Spelt in the old eds. "*pollax*" and "*Pollax.*"—Pope printed "Polack;" and Steevens observes, "We cannot well suppose that in a *parley* the King belaboured many, as it is not likely that provocation was given by more than one, or that on such an occasion he would have condescended to strike a meaner person than a prince." It would seem, however, that here the "*pollax*" of the old eds. was intended for the plural; since, afterwards in this play, their spelling of the singular is "*Polacke*," "*Pollacke*," "*Poleak*," "*Pollock*," and "*Polake*." —1865. The highly descriptive epithet in this line "*sledded*" (*i.e.* borne or mounted on a sled) is pronounced to be "nonsense" by Professor Leo, who "should like to propose the word 'sturdy'" in its stead: see *Notes and Queries* for Nov. 19, 1864, p. 410.

Mar. Good now, sit down, and tell me, he that knows,
Why this same strict and most observant watch
So nightly toils the subject of the land;
And why such daily cast of brazen cannon,
And foreign mart for implements of war;
Why such impress of shipwrights, whose sore task
Does not divide the Sunday from the week;
What might be toward, that this sweaty haste
Doth make the night joint-labourer with the day:
Who is't that can inform me?

Hor. That can I;
At least, the whisper goes so. Our last king,
Whose image even but now appear'd to us,
Was, as you know, by Fortinbras of Norway,
Thereto prick'd on by a most emulate pride,
Dar'd to the combat; in which our valiant Hamlet—
For so this side of our known world esteem'd him—
Did slay this Fortinbras; who, by a seal'd compáct,
Well ratified by law and heraldry,
Did forfeit, with his life, all those his lands
Which he stood seiz'd of to the conqueror:
Against the which, a moiety competent
Was gagèd by our king; which had return'd
To the inheritance of Fortinbras,
Had he been vanquisher; as, by the same co-mart,[3]
And carriage of the article design'd,[4]
His fell to Hamlet. Now, sir, young Fortinbras,
Of unimprovèd mettle hot and full,
Hath in the skirts of Norway, here and there,
Shark'd up a list of lawless resolutes,

(3) *co-mart,*] So the quartos, 1604, &c.—The folio has "Cou'nant."—"*Co-mart* is, I suppose, *a joint bargain*, a word perhaps of our poet's coinage. A *mart* signifying a great fair or market, he would not have scrupled to have written *to mart*, in the sense of *to make a bargain*. In the preceding speech we find *mart* used for *bargain* or *purchase*." MALONE.—"He has not scrupled so to write in *Cymbeline*, act i. sc. 6;

'to *mart*
As in a Romish stew,' &c." STEEVENS.

(4) *design'd,*] So the second folio.—The quartos, 1604, &c., and the first folio have (with various spelling,) "designe."

For food and diet, to some enterprise
That hath a stomach in't: which is no other—
As it doth well appear unto our state—
But to recover of us, by strong hand
And terms compulsative, those foresaid lands
So by his father lost: and this, I take it,
Is the main motive of our preparations,
The source of this our watch, and the chief head
Of this post-haste and romage in the land.

Ber. I think it be no other but e'en so:
Well may it sort, that this portentous figure
Comes armèd through our watch; so like the king
That was and is the question of these wars.

Hor. A mote it is to trouble the mind's eye.
In the most high and palmy state of Rome,
A little ere the mightiest Julius fell,
The graves stood tenantless, and the sheeted dead
Did squeak and gibber in the Roman streets:
As, stars with trains of fire, and dews of blood,
Disasters in the sun;(5) and the moist star,

(5) *As, stars with trains of fire, and dews of blood,*
Disasters in the sun;]

A passage hopelessly mutilated; yet Caldecott, with something more than simplicity, is inclined to believe that it now stands as Shakespeare wrote it, and accordingly proceeds to explain it.—Rowe printed

"*Stars* shone *with trains of fire, dews of blood* fell,
Disasters veil'd *the sun.*"—

Capell gave Rowe's reading, except that he substituted "dimm'd" for "veil'd."—Malone conjectured

"Astres *with trains of fire,*——
—— *and dews of blood*
Disasterous dimm'd *the sun.*"

And Professor Leo proposes no less than three most wretched alterations of the passage in *Notes and Queries* for Nov. 19, 1864, p. 411.—

"A line is lost, probably of this kind;

'The heavens too spoke in silent prodigies;
As, stars,' &c." *Ms. Note by* Boaden.—

The preceding speech of Bernardo, and the present one of Horatio as far as the line "Unto our climature and countrymen" inclusive, are omitted in the folio; but they are found in all the quartos, except the imperfect one of 1603.

Upon whose influence Neptune's empire stands,
Was sick almost to doomsday with eclipse:
And even the like precurse of fierce events—
As harbingers preceding still the fates,
And prologue to the omen coming on—
Have heaven and earth together demonstrated
Unto our climature[6] and countrymen.—
But, soft, behold! lo, where it comes again!

Re-enter Ghost.

I'll cross it, though it blast me.—Stay, illusion!
If thou hast any sound, or use of voice,
Speak to me:
If there be any good thing to be done,
That may to thee do ease, and grace to me,
Speak to me:
If thou art privy to thy country's fate,
Which, happily, foreknowing may avoid,
O, speak!
Or if thou hast uphoarded in thy life
Extorted treasure in the womb of earth,
For which, they say, you spirits oft walk in death,
[*Cock crows.*
Speak of it:—stay, and speak!—Stop it, Marcellus.

Mar. Shall I strike at it with my partisan?

Hor. Do, if it will not stand.

Ber. 'Tis here!

Hor. 'Tis here!

Mar. 'Tis gone! [*Exit Ghost.*

We do it wrong, being so majestical,
To offer it the show of violence;
For it is, as the air, invulnerable,
And our vain blows malicious mockery.

Ber. It was about to speak when the cock crew.

Hor. And then it started like a guilty thing
Upon a fearful summons. I have heard,

(6) *climature*] The quartos, 1604, &c. (see the preceding note) have "Climatures."

The cock, that is the trumpet to the morn,
Doth with his lofty and shrill-sounding throat
Awake the god of day; and at his warning,
Whether in sea or fire, in earth or air,
Th' extravagant and erring spirit hies
To his confine: and of the truth herein
This present object made probation.

Mar. It faded on the crowing of the cock.
Some say, that ever 'gainst that season comes
Wherein our Saviour's birth is celebrated,
The bird of dawning singeth all night long:
And then, they say, no spirit dare stir abroad;
The nights are wholesome; then no planets strike,
No fairy takes, nor witch hath power to charm;
So hallow'd and so gracious is the time.

Hor. So have I heard, and do in part believe it.
But, look, the morn, in russet mantle clad,
Walks o'er the dew of yon high eastern hill:
Break we our watch up: and, by my advice,
Let us impart what we have seen to-night
Unto young Hamlet: for, upon my life,
This spirit, dumb to us, will speak to him:
Do you consent we shall acquaint him with it,
As needful in our loves, fitting our duty?

Mar. Let's do't, I pray; and I this morning know
Where we shall find him most convenient. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II. *The same. A room of state in the castle.*

Enter the King, Queen, HAMLET, POLONIUS, LAERTES, VOLTIMAND, CORNELIUS, Lords, *and* Attendants.

King. Though yet of Hamlet our dear brother's death
The memory be green; and that it us befitted
To bear our hearts in grief, and our whole kingdom
To be contracted in one brow of woe;
Yet so far hath discretion fought with nature,
That we with wisest sorrow think on him,
Together with remembrance of ourselves.

Therefore our sometime sister, now our queen,
Th' imperial jointress of this warlike state,
Have we, as 'twere with a defeated joy,—
With one auspicious, and one dropping eye,
With mirth in funeral, and with dirge in marriage,
In equal scale weighing delight and dole,—
Taken to wife: nor have we herein barr'd
Your better wisdoms, which have freely gone
With this affair along:—for all, our thanks.
Now follows, that you know, young Fortinbras,(7)
Holding a weak supposal of our worth,
Or thinking by our late dear brother's death
Our state to be disjoint and out of frame,
Colleaguèd with the dream of his advantage,—
He hath not fail'd to pester us with message,
Importing the surrender of those lands
Lost by his father, with all bands of law,
To our most valiant brother. So much for him.—
Now for ourself, and for this time of meeting:
Thus much the business is:—we have here writ
To Norway, uncle of young Fortinbras,—
Who, impotent and bed-rid, scarcely hears
Of this his nephew's purpose,—to suppress
His further gait herein; in that the levies,
The lists, and full proportions, are all made
Out of his subject:—and we here dispatch
You, good Cornelius, and you, Voltimand,
For bearers of this greeting to old Norway;
Giving to you no further personal power
To business with the king, more than the scope
Of these dilated articles allow.(8)

(7) *Now follows, that you know, young Fortinbras,*] "Shakespeare can never have written any thing so harsh and obscure as this. Point

'Now follows that you know: young Fortinbras,' &c.

If indeed this correction has not been made already, as I think it has." Walker's *Crit. Exam.*, &c., vol. iii. p. 261.

(8) *more than the scope*
Of these dilated articles allow.]

See note 116 on *Love's Labour's Lost.*

Farewell; and let your haste commend your duty.

Cor., Vol. In that and all things will we show our duty.[9]

King. We doubt it nothing: heartily farewell.

[*Exeunt Voltimand and Cornelius.*

And now, Laertes, what's the news with you?
You told us of some suit; what is't, Laertes?
You cannot speak of reason to the Dane,
And lose your voice: what wouldst thou beg, Laertes,
That shall not be my offer, not thy asking?
The head is not more native to the heart,
The hand more instrumental to the mouth,
Than is the throne of Denmark to thy father.
What wouldst thou have, Laertes?

Laer. Dread my lord,
Your leave and favour to return to France;
From whence though willingly I came to Denmark,
To show my duty in your coronation;
Yet now, I must confess, that duty done,
My thoughts and wishes bend again toward France,
And bow them to your gracious leave and pardon.

King. Have you your father's leave? What says Polonius?

Pol. He hath, my lord, wrung from me my slow leave
By laboursome petition; and, at last,
Upon his will I seal'd my hard consent:
I do beseech you, give him leave to go.

King. Take thy fair hour, Laertes; time be thine,
And thy best graces spend it at thy will!—
But now, my cousin Hamlet, and my son,—

Ham. [*aside*] A little more than kin, and less than kind.

King. How is it that the clouds still hang on you?

Ham. Not so, my lord; I am too much i' the sun.

Queen. Good Hamlet, cast thy nighted colour off,
And let thine eye look like a friend on Denmark.
Do not for ever with thy vailèd lids

(9) *Farewell; and let your haste commend your duty.*
Cor., Vol. *In that and all things will we show our duty.*]

"Perhaps 'commend your *service*:' at any rate, '*duty*' is wrong." Walker's *Crit. Exam.*, &c., vol. i. p. 277.

Seek for thy noble father in the dust:
Thou know'st 'tis common,—all that live must die,
Passing through nature to eternity.
Ham. Ay, madam, it is common.
Queen. If it be,
Why seems it so particular with thee?
Ham. Seems, madam! nay, it is; I know not "seems."
'Tis not alone my inky cloak, good mother,
Nor customary suits of solemn black,
Nor windy suspiration of forc'd breath,
No, nor the fruitful river in the eye,
Nor the dejected haviour of the visage,
Together with all forms, modes,[10] shows[11] of grief,
That can denote me truly: these, indeed, seem,
For they are actions that a man might play:
But I have that within which passeth show;
These but the trappings and the suits of woe.
King. 'Tis sweet and commendable in your nature, Hamlet,
To give these mourning duties to your father:
But, you must know, your father lost a father;
That father lost, lost his; and the survivor bound,
In filial obligation, for some term
To do obsequious sorrow: but to perséver
In obstinate condolement, is a course
Of impious stubbornness; 'tis unmanly grief:
It shows a will most incorrect to heaven;
A heart unfortified, a mind impatient;
An understanding simple and unschool'd:
For what we know must be, and is as common
As any the most vulgar thing to sense,
Why should we, in our peevish opposition,
Take it to heart? Fie! 'tis a fault to heaven,

[10] *modes,*] Here the old eds. have "moodes" and "Moods;" which is merely an old spelling of "*modes;*" nothing can be plainer than that Hamlet, throughout this speech, is dwelling entirely on the outward and visible signs of sadness.

[11] *shows*] So the folio.—The quarto of 1604 has "chapes;" the subsequent quartos read "shapes," which I once felt inclined to adopt (with Capell), since in the third line after this we have "passeth *show:*" but "*forms*" and "shapes" would be tautological.

A fault against the dead, a fault to nature,
To reason most absurd; whose common theme
Is death of fathers, and who still hath cried,
From the first corse till he that died to-day,
"This must be so." We pray you, throw to earth
This unprevailing woe; and think of us
As of a father: for let the world take note,
You are the most immediate to our throne;
And with no less nobility of love[12]
Than that which dearest father bears his son,
Do I impart toward you. For your intent
In going back to school in Wittenberg,
It is most retrograde to our desire:
And we beseech you, bend you to remain
Here, in the cheer and comfort of our eye,
Our chiefest courtier, cousin, and our son.

Queen. Let not thy mother lose her prayers, Hamlet:
I pray thee, stay with us; go not to Wittenberg.

Ham. I shall in all my best obey you, madam.

King. Why, 'tis a loving and a fair reply:
Be as ourself in Denmark.—Madam, come;
This gentle and unforc'd accord of Hamlet
Sits smiling to my heart: in grace whereof,
No jocund health that Denmark drinks to-day,
But the great cannon to the clouds shall tell;
And the king's rouse the heavens shall bruit again,
Re-speaking earthly thunder. Come away.

[*Exeunt all except Hamlet.*

Ham. O, that this too-too solid flesh would melt,
Thaw, and resolve itself into a dew!
Or that the Everlasting had not fix'd
His canon 'gainst self-slaughter! O God! O God!
How weary, stale, flat, and unprofitable
Seem to me all the uses of this world!
Fie on't! O, fie! 'tis an unweeded garden,

(12) *And with no less nobility of love*] Dr. Badham (*Cambridge Essays* for 1856, p. 272) would read "*And with* nobility no less *of love;*" very improperly, I believe.—Steevens compares, in p. 326, "From me, whose *love was of that dignity*," &c.

That grows to seed; things rank and gross in nature
Possess it merely. That it should come to this!
But two months dead!—nay, not so much, not two:
So excellent a king; that was, to this,
Hyperion to a satyr: so loving to my mother,
That he might not beteem the winds of heaven
Visit her face too roughly. Heaven and earth!
Must I remember? why, she would hang on him,
As if increase of appetite had grown
By what it fed on: and yet, within a month,—
Let me not think on't,—Frailty, thy name is woman!—
A little month; or e'er those shoes were old
With which she follow'd my poor father's body,
Like Niobe, all tears;—why she, even she—
O God! a beast, that wants discourse of reason,
Would have mourn'd longer—married with my uncle,
My father's brother; but no more like my father
Than I to Hercules: within a month;
Ere yet the salt of most unrighteous tears
Had left the flushing in her gallèd eyes,
She married:—O, most wicked speed, to post
With such dexterity[13] to incestuous sheets!
It is not, nor it cannot come to, good:
But break, my heart,—for I must hold my tongue!

Enter HORATIO, MARCELLUS, *and* BERNARDO.

Hor. Hail to your lordship!
Ham. I'm glad to see you well:
Horatio,—or I do forget myself.
Hor. The same, my lord, and your poor servant ever.
Ham. Sir, my good friend; I'll change that name with you:
And what make you from Wittenberg, Horatio?—
Marcellus?
Mar. My good lord,—

(13) *dexterity*] "I cannot help suspecting that Shakespeare wrote '*celerity.*'" Walker's *Crit. Exam.*, &c., vol. ii. p. 242.—Surely not.

Ham. I'm very glad to see you.—Good even, sir.—
But what, in faith, make you from Wittenberg?
Hor. A truant disposition, good my lord.
Ham. I would not hear[14] your enemy say so;
Nor shall you do mine ear that violence
To make it truster of your own report
Against yourself: I know you are no truant.
But what is your affair in Elsinore?
We'll teach you to drink deep ere you depart.
Hor. My lord, I came to see your father's funeral.
Ham. I pray thee, do not mock me, fellow-student;
I think it was to see my mother's wedding.
Hor. Indeed, my lord, it follow'd hard upon.
Ham. Thrift, thrift, Horatio! the funeral bak'd meats
Did coldly furnish forth the marriage tables.
Would I had met my dearest foe in heaven
Or ever I had seen that day, Horatio!—
My father,—methinks I see my father.
Hor. O, where, my lord?
Ham. In my mind's eye, Horatio.
Hor. I saw him once; he was a goodly king.
Ham. He was a man, take him for all in all,
I shall not look upon his like again.
Hor. My lord, I think I saw him yesternight.
Ham. Saw who?
Hor. My lord, the king your father.
Ham. The king my father!
Hor. Season your admiration for a while
With an attent ear; till I may deliver,
Upon the witness of these gentlemen,
This marvel to you.
Ham. For God's love, let me hear.
Hor. Two nights together had these gentlemen,
Marcellus and Bernardo, on their watch,
In the dead vast[15] and middle of the night,

(14) *hear*] So the quartos, 1604, &c.—The folio has "haue;" erroneously, as the next line proves: yet Mr. Knight retains "have."
(15) *In the dead vast*, &c.] "This is the line as it stands in the quarto, 1603; and if that edition had afforded us no other correction of a mis-

Been thus encounter'd. A figure like your father,
Armèd at point, exactly, cap-à-pé,
Appears before them, and with solemn march
Goes slow and stately by them: thrice he walk'd
By their oppress'd and fear-surprisèd eyes,
Within his truncheon's length; whilst they, distill'd[16]
Almost to jelly with the act of fear,
Stand dumb, and speak not to him. This to me
In dreadful secrecy impart they did;
And I with them the third night kept the watch:
Where, as they had deliver'd, both in time,
Form of the thing, each word made true and
The apparition comes: I knew your father;
These hands are not more like.

Ham. But where was this?

Mar. My lord, upon the platform where we watch'd.

Ham. Did you not speak to it?

Hor. My lord, I did;
But answer made it none: yet once methought
It lifted up its head, and did address
Itself to motion, like as it would speak:

print in the other quartos and folios, its high value would, we think, have been established. Hitherto the reading has been, 'In the dead *waist*, &c.;' the word *waist* having been printed *wast* or *waste* in all the old copies subsequent to that of 1603." COLLIER,—who was not aware that the quarto of 1637 has "*In the dead vast*," &c.

(16) *distill'd*] *i.e.* melted, dissolved. So all the quartos.—The folio has "bestil'd;" which Mr. Collier's Ms. Corrector alters to "bechill'd."—But compare a passage (which Mr. Singer pointed out to me) in Sylvester's *Du Bartas*,—*A Dialogue*, &c.,—p. 281, ed. 1641;

> "Melt thee, *distill* thee, turne to wax or snow;
> Make sad thy gesture, tune thy voyce to woe," &c.

Nor are examples of the word in the same sense wanting in modern writers: a passage of Claudian (*De Sexto Cons. Hon.* v. 345),

> "liquefactaque fulgure cuspis
> Canduit, et subitis fluxere vaporibus enses,"

is thus rendered by Addison,

> "Swords by the lightning's subtle force *distill'd*,
> And the cold sheath with running metal fill'd."
> *Remarks on several Parts of Italy*, &c., p. 208, ed. 1745.

But even then the morning cock crew loud;
And at the sound it shrunk in haste away,
And vanish'd from our sight.
Ham. 'Tis very strange.
Hor. As I do live, my honour'd lord, 'tis true;
And we did think it writ down in our duty
To let you know of it.
Ham. Indeed, indeed, sirs, but this troubles me.
Hold you the watch to-night?
Mar., Ber. We do, my lord.
Ham. Arm'd, say you?
Mar., Ber. Arm'd, my lord.
Ham. From top to toe?
Mar., Ber. My lord, from head to foot.
Ham. Then saw you not his face?
Hor. O, yes, my lord; he wore his beaver up.
Ham. What, look'd he frowningly?
Hor. A countenance more in sorrow than in anger.
Ham. Pale or red?
Hor. Nay, very pale.
Ham. And fix'd his eyes upon you?
Hor. Most constantly.
Ham. I would I had been there.
Hor. It would have much amaz'd you.
Ham. Very like, very like. Stay'd it long?
Hor. While one with moderate haste might tell a hundred.
Mar., Ber. Longer, longer.
Hor. Not when I saw't.
Ham. His beard was grizzled,—no?
Hor. It was, as I have seen it in his life,
A sable silver'd.
Ham. I will watch to-night;
Perchance 'twill walk again.
Hor. I warrant it will.
Ham. If it assume my noble father's person,
I'll speak to it, though hell itself should gape,
And bid me hold my peace. I pray you all,
If you have hitherto conceal'd this sight,

Let it be tenable in your silence still;[17]
And whatsoever else shall hap to-night,
Give it an understanding, but no tongue:
I will requite your loves. So, fare ye well:
Upon the platform, 'twixt eleven and twelve,
I'll visit you.

All. Our duty to your honour.

Ham. Your loves, as mine to you: farewell.

[*Exeunt Horatio, Marcellus, and Bernardo.*

My father's spirit in arms! all is not well;
I doubt some foul play: would the night were come!
Till then sit still, my soul: foul deeds will rise,
Though all the earth o'erwhelm them, to men's eyes. [*Exit.*

SCENE III. *The same. A room in* POLONIUS' *house.*

Enter LAERTES *and* OPHELIA.

Laer. My necessaries are embark'd: farewell:
And, sister, as the winds give benefit,
And convoy is assistant, do not sleep,
But let me hear from you.

Oph. Do you doubt that?

Laer. For Hamlet, and the trifling of his favour,
Hold it a fashion, and a toy in blood;
A violet in the youth of primy nature,
Forward, not permanent, sweet, not lasting,
The pérfume and suppliance of a minute;
No more.

Oph. No more but so?

Laer. Think it no more:
For nature, crescent, does not grow alone
In thews and bulk; but, as this temple waxes,
The inward service of the mind and soul

(17) *Let it be tenable in your silence still;*] So all the quartos.—The folio has "*Let it bee* treble *in your silence still,*" &c.; a blunder which Caldecott retains (and Mr. Knight once retained),—as meaning "Let it impose a threefold obligation of silence"!

Grows wide withal. Perhaps he loves you now;
And now no soil nor cautel doth besmirch
The virtue of his will: but you must fear,
His greatness weigh'd, his will is not his own;
For he himself is subject to his birth:
He may not, as unvalu'd persons do,
Carve for himself; for on his choice depends
The safety and the health of the whole state;[18]
And therefore must his choice be circumscrib'd
Unto the voice and yielding of that body,
Whereof he is the head. Then if he says he loves you,
It fits your wisdom so far to believe it,
As he in his particular act and place[19]
May give his saying deed; which is no further
Than the main voice of Denmark goes withal.
Then weigh what loss your honour may sustain,
If with too credent ear you list his songs;
Or lose your heart; or your chaste treasure open
To his unmaster'd importunity.
Fear it, Ophelia, fear it, my dear sister;
And keep you in the rear of your affection,
Out of the shot and danger of desire.
The chariest maid is prodigal enough,
If she unmask her beauty to the moon:
Virtue itself scapes not calumnious strokes:
The canker galls the infants of the spring,
Too oft before their buttons be disclos'd;
And in the morn and liquid dew of youth

(18) *The safety and the health of the whole state;*] The quartos, 1604, &c., have "*The safety and health of* this *whole state;*" which Mr. Collier adopts, remarking that "'safety' was often of old, as in this line, pronounced as a trisyllable."—The folio has "*The* sanctity *and health of the weole State;*" which is kept by Caldecott and Mr. Knight, though the word "sanctity" is evidently an error for "sanity," to which Hanmer altered it. Malone observes; "the editor [of the folio], finding the metre defective, in consequence of the article being omitted before '*health*,' instead of supplying it, for '*safety*' substituted a word of three syllables."

(19) *As he in his particular act and place*] Here again we must have recourse to the quartos, 1604, &c.—The folio has "*As he in his* peculiar Sect *and* force:" "but," as Mr. Collier observes, "there is little doubt that it is a misreading."

Contagious blastments are most imminent.
Be wary, then; best safety lies in fear:
Youth to itself rebels, though none else near.
Oph. I shall th' effect of this good lesson keep,
As watchman to my heart. But, good my brother,
Do not, as some ungracious pastors do,
Show me the steep and thorny way to heaven;
Whilst, like a puff'd and reckless libertine,
Himself the primrose path of dalliance treads,
And recks not his own read.
Laer. O, fear me not.
I stay too long:—but here my father comes.

Enter POLONIUS.

A double blessing is a double grace;
Occasion smiles upon a second leave.
Pol. Yet here, Laertes! aboard, aboard, for shame!
The wind sits in the shoulder of your sail,
And you are stay'd for. There,—my blessing with thee!
[*Laying his hand on Laertes' head.*
And these few precepts in thy memory
See thou charácter. Give thy thoughts no tongue,
Nor any unproportion'd thought his act.
Be thou familiar, but by no means vulgar.
The friends thou hast, and their adoption tried,
Grapple them to thy soul with hoops[20] of steel;
But do not dull thy palm[21] with entertainment
Of each new-hatch'd, unfledg'd comráde.[22] Beware
Of entrance to a quarrel; but being in,
Bear't, that th' opposèd may beware of thee.
Give every man thine ear, but few thy voice:
Take each man's censure, but reserve thy judgment.

(20) *hoops*] Pope substituted "hooks."
(21) *But do not dull thy palm*] "'*Dulls*' occurs thirteen lines below. May not Shakespeare have written '*stale* thy palm'?" Walker's *Crit. Exam.*, &c., vol. i. p. 306.
(22) *comráde.*] Dr. Badham (*Cambridge Essays* for 1856, p. 282) unaccountably objects to this word, and, as unaccountably, proposes to read "court-ape."

Costly thy habit as thy purse can buy,
But not express'd in fancy; rich, not gaudy:
For the apparel oft proclaims the man;
And they in France of the best rank and station
Are most select and generous, chief in that.[23]
Neither a borrower nor a lender be:
For loan oft loses both itself and friend;
And borrowing dulls the edge of husbandry.
This above all,—to thine ownself be true;
And it must follow, as the night the day,
Thou canst not then be false to any man.
Farewell: my blessing season this in thee!

Laer. Most humbly do I take my leave, my lord.

Pol. The time invites you; go, your servants tend.

(23) *Are most select and generous, chief in that.*] So Rowe (*i.e.* says Ritson, "the nobility of France are select and generous above all other nations, and chiefly in the point of apparel").—The quarto of 1603 has "*Are* of a *most select and* generall *chiefe in that;*" the other quartos have "Or [and *Ar* and *Are*] of a *most select and generous, chiefe in that;*" while the folio has "*Are* of a *most select and generous* cheff *in that.*"—Steevens suggested "*Select and generous,* are *most* choice *in that.*"—Mr. Collier's Ms. Corrector, indifferent about the metre, reads "*Are* of a *most select and generous* choice *in that;*" which Mr. Collier now adopts, and, as usual, goes out of his way to accuse me of error: "the same blunder," he says, "of printing *chiefe* for 'choice' is committed, and undetected, in the comedy of 'The Widow' (Dyce's Beaumont and Fletcher, iv. 350), where the line

'The word of words, the precious chief, i' faith,'

is mere nonsense; the meaning being that of a 'precious *choice* word.'" Now the passage of *The Widow* is this;

"*Val.* What's that, good, sweet sir?
First Suit. A thing that never fail'd me.
Val. Good sir, what?
First Suit. I heard our counsellor speak a word of comfort—
Invita voluntate; ha, that's he, wench,
The word of words, the precious CHIEF, i' faith!
Val. Invita voluntate! what's the meaning, sir?
First Suit. Nay, there I leave you; but assure you thus much,
I never heard him speak that word i' my life,
But the cause went on's side, that I mark'd ever:"

and it seems almost incredible that Mr. Collier should seriously propose to alter "*chief*" to "choice." The First Suitor, in his ignorance, is evidently speaking of "*invita voluntate*" as *facile princeps verborum.*—Mr. Staunton prints, unmetrically, "*Are of a most select and generous* sheaf *in that;*" which he defends by two quotations from Ben Jonson.—Mr. Grant White gives "*Are most select and generous in that.*"

Laer. Farewell, Ophelia; and remember well
What I have said to you.
Oph. 'Tis in my memory lock'd,
And you yourself shall keep the key of it.
Laer. Farewell. [*Exit.*
Pol. What is't, Ophelia, he hath said to you?
Oph. So please you, something touching the Lord Hamlet.
Pol. Marry, well bethought:
'Tis told me, he hath very oft of late
Given private time to you; and you yourself
Have of your audience been most free and bounteous:
If it be so,—as so 'tis put on me,
And that in way of caution,—I must tell you,
You do not understand yourself so clearly
As it behoves my daughter and your honour.
What is between you? give me up the truth.
Oph. He hath, my lord, of late made many tenders
Of his affection to me.
Pol. Affection! pooh! you speak like a green girl,
Unsifted in such perilous circumstance.
Do you believe his tenders, as you call them?
Oph. I do not know, my lord, what I should think.
Pol. Marry, I'll teach you: think yourself a baby;
That you have ta'en these tenders for true pay,
Which are not sterling. Tender yourself more dearly;
Or—not to crack the wind of the poor phrase,
Running it thus[24]—you'll tender me a fool.
Oph. My lord, he hath impórtun'd me with love
In honourable fashion.

(24) *Running it thus*] The quartos, 1604, &c., have "Wrong *it thus*," which has been altered to "Wronging *it thus*," and to "Wringing *it thus*."—The folio has "Roaming *it thus*," which Caldecott and Mr. Knight retain, and explain—to their own satisfaction. But that "Roaming" is a mistake for "*Running*," I have been long convinced. So in a line of *King John*,

"Say, shall the current of our right *run* on?"

the folio erroneously has "—— rome on?" (see note 33, vol. iv. p. 26). —Mr. Collier also, in his note on the present passage, proposed "*Running*," before it was known that his Ms. Corrector had made the same alteration.

Pol. Ay, fashion you may call't; go to, go to.
Oph. And hath given countenance to his speech, my lord,
With almost all the holy vows of heaven.
Pol. Ay, springes to catch woodcocks. I do know,
When the blood burns, how prodigal the soul
Lends the tongue vows: these blazes, daughter,[25]
Giving more light than heat,—extinct in both,
Even in their promise, as it is a-making,—
You must not take for fire. From this time
Be somewhat scanter of your maiden presence;
Set your entreatments at a higher rate
Than a command to parley. For Lord Hamlet,
Believe so much in him, that he is young;
And with a larger tether may he walk
Than may be given you: in few, Ophelia,
Do not believe his vows; for they are brokers,—
Not of that dye[26] which their investments show,
But mere implorators of unholy suits,
Breathing like sanctified and pious bawds,[27]
The better to beguile. This is for all,—
I would not, in plain terms, from this time forth,
Have you so slander any moment's leisure[28]
As to give words or talk with the Lord Hamlet.
Look to't, I charge you: come your ways.
Oph. I shall obey, my lord. [*Exeunt.*

[25] *Lends the tongue vows: these blazes, daughter,*] Walker (*Shakespeare's Versification*, &c., p. 206) cites this line as containing an example of "*daughter*" used as a trisyllable.

[26] *that dye*] So the quartos, 1604, &c.—The folio has "the eye;" which is retained by Caldecott and Mr. Knight: but, though our early writers talk of "an *eye of green*" (as in *The Tempest*, act ii. sc. 1), "an *eye of red*," "an *eye of blue*," &c., do they ever use "eye" by itself to denote colour? "It is here," according to Mr. Knight, "metaphorically put for *character*."

[27] *bawds,*] So Theobald (and Mr. Collier's Ms. Corrector).—The old eds. have "bonds."

[28] *slander any moment's leisure*] For "*slander*,"—which is explained "disgrace," "abuse,"—Mr. Collier's Ms. Corrector substitutes "squander." —Mr. Collier and Mr. Grant White are mistaken in stating that all the old copies have "moment *leisure:*"—the quarto of 1611, now before me, reads as in my text.

SCENE IV. *The same. The platform before the castle.*

Enter HAMLET, HORATIO, *and* MARCELLUS.

Ham. The air bites shrewdly; it is very cold.
Hor. It is a nipping and an eager air.
Ham. What hour now?
Hor. I think it lacks of twelve.
Mar. No, it is struck.
Hor. Indeed? I heard it not: then it draws near the season
Wherein the spirit held his wont to walk.
[*A flourish of trumpets, and ordnance shot off, within.*
What does this mean, my lord?
Ham. The king doth wake to-night, and takes his rouse,
Keeps wassail, and the swaggering up-spring reels;
And, as he drains his draughts of Rhenish down,
The kettle-drum and trumpet thus bray out
The triumph of his pledge.
Hor. Is it a custom?
Ham. Ay, marry, is't:
But to my mind,—though I am native here,
And to the manner born,—it is a custom
More honour'd in the breach than the observance.
This heavy-headed revel east and west
Makes us traduc'd and tax'd of other nations:
They clepe us drunkards, and with swinish phrase
Soil our addition; and, indeed, it takes
From our achievements, though perform'd at height,
The pith and marrow of our attribute.
So, oft it chances in particular men,
That, for some vicious mole of nature in them,
As, in their birth,—wherein they are not guilty,
Since nature cannot choose his origin,—
By the o'ergrowth[23] of some complexion,

(23) *By the o'ergrowth*] The first quarto and the folio give (the former imperfectly) only the first four lines of the present speech.—The quartos, 1604, &c., have "*By* their *oregrow'th.*"

Oft breaking down the pales and forts of reason;
Or by some habit, that too much o'er-leavens
The form of plausive manners;—that these men,—
Carrying, I say, the stamp of one defect,
Being nature's livery, or fortune's star,—
Their[30] virtues else—be they as pure as grace,
As infinite as man may undergo—
Shall in the general censure take corruption
From that particular fault: the dram of evil
Doth all the noble substance oft debase
To his own scandal.[31]

Hor. Look, my lord, it comes!

[30] *Their*] The quartos, 1604, &c. (see the preceding note) have "His."

[31] *the dram of evil*
Doth all the noble substance oft debase
To his own scandal.]

Only in the quartos, 1604, &c. (see note 29).—The quarto of 1604 has

"*the dram of* eale
Doth all the noble substance of a doubt
To his owne scandle."—

The undated quarto and that of 1611 have

"*the dram of* ease
Doth all the noble substance of a doubt
To his owne scandall."—

Theobald printed

"*the dram of* base
Doth all the noble substance of worth out
To his own scandal."—

Steevens reads

"*the dram of* base
Doth all the noble substance often dout [*i.e.* do out],
To his own scandal;"

which is adopted by Caldecott, Mr. Knight, and Mr. Collier,—except that they substitute "ill" for "base." But, in the first place, "often" is very questionable, because, in all probability, "of" in the old copies is a mistake for "*oft;*" and secondly, as Mr. W. N. Lettsom observes to me, "the words '*To his own scandal*' are fatal to the reading 'dout' (*i.e.* do out); for if that alteration be right, they are superfluous. A verb," he adds, "I should think, must lurk under the corruption 'a doubt' or 'doubt,' with the signification of turn, pervert, corrupt, or the like. Shakespeare's meaning evidently is, that a little leaven leavens the whole lump,—that one vice will ruin an otherwise perfect char-

Enter Ghost.

Ham. Angels and ministers of grace defend us!—
Be thou a spirit of health or goblin damn'd,
Bring with thee airs from heaven or blasts from hell,
Be thy intents wicked or charitable,
Thou com'st in such a questionable shape,
That I will speak to thee: I'll call thee Hamlet,
King, father, royal Dane: O, answer me!
Let me not burst in ignorance; but tell
Why thy canóniz'd bones, hearsèd in death,
Have burst their cerements; why the sepulchre,
Wherein we saw thee quietly in-urn'd,[32]
Hath op'd his ponderous and marble jaws
To cast thee up again! What may this mean,
That thou, dead corse, again, in cómplete steel,
Revisit'st thus the glimpses of the moon,
Making night hideous; and we fools of nature
So horridly to shake our disposition
With thoughts beyond the reaches of our souls?

acter."—The Rev. W. R. Arrowsmith (in *Shakespeare's Editors and Commentators*, p. 6) cites the passage thus,

> "*the dram of* base
> *Doth all the noble substance* often draw
> *To his own scandal.*"—

For the reading now inserted in the text I alone am answerable.

(32) *why the sepulchre,*
Wherein we saw thee quietly in-urn'd,]

In my *Few Notes*, &c., p. 137, I remarked; "Perhaps the reading of the quartos '*quietly* interr'd' is preferable, because '*in-urn'd*' implies that the body had been reduced to ashes,"—a remark which I now wish to recall. Compare *Coriolanus*, act v. sc. 6;

> "Bear from hence his body,—
> And mourn you for him:—let him be regarded
> As the most noble *corse* that ever herald
> Did follow to his *urn*."

(1865. A pleasing poet of our own day has

> "Perhaps they muse with a desponding sigh
> On the cold vault that shall their bones *inurn*," &c.
> Bowles, *Elegy*, among *Sonnets and other Poems*, vol. i. p. 42.)

Say, why is this? wherefóre? what should we do?

[*Ghost beckons Hamlet.*

Hor. It beckons you to go away with it,
As if it some impartment did desire
To you alone.

Mar. Look, with what courteous action
It waves you[33] to a more removèd ground:
But do not go with it.

Hor. No, by no means.

Ham. It will not speak; then I will follow it.

Hor. Do not, my lord.

Ham. Why, what should be the fear?
I do not set my life at a pin's fee;
And for my soul, what can it do to that,
Being a thing immortal as itself?
It waves me forth again;—I'll follow it.

Hor. What if it tempt you toward the flood, my lord,
Or to the dreadful summit of the cliff
That beetles o'er his base into the sea,
And there assume some other horrible form,
Which might deprive your sovereignty of reason,
And draw[34] you into madness? think of it:
The very place puts toys of desperation,
Without more motive, into every brain,
That looks so many fathoms to the sea,
And hears it roar beneath.

Ham. It waves me still.—
Go on; I'll follow thee.

Mar. You shall not go, my lord.

Ham. Hold off your hands.

Hor. Be rul'd; you shall not go.

Ham. My fate cries out,
And makes each petty artery in this body

(33) *It waves you*] Here the folio has "*It* wafts *you;*" a little after, "*It* waues *me;*" and presently again, "*It* wafts *me;*" and so Caldecott and Mr. Knight. But there can be no doubt that Shakespeare in these three places used *the same form of the word;* and as the quartos, 1604, &c., in all three have "*waues,*" they surely are to be followed.

(34) *draw*] "Is wrong. '*Drive*'?" Walker's *Crit. Exam.*, &c., vol. iii. p. 262.

As hardy as the Némean lion's nerve.— [*Ghost beckons.*
Still am I call'd:—unhand me, gentlemen;—
[*Breaking from them.*
By heaven, I'll make a ghost of him that lets me:—
I say, away!—Go on; I'll follow thee.
[*Exeunt Ghost and Hamlet.*

Hor. He waxes desperate with imagination.

Mar. Let's follow; 'tis not fit thus to obey him.

Hor. Have after.—To what issue will this come?

Mar. Something is rotten in the state of Denmark.

Hor. Heaven will direct it.

Mar. Nay, let's follow him. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE V. *The same. A more remote part of the platform.*

Enter Ghost *and* HAMLET.

Ham. Where wilt thou lead me? speak; I'll go no further.

Ghost. Mark me.

Ham. I will.

Ghost. My hour is almost come,
When I to sulphurous and tormenting flames
Must render up myself.

Ham. Alas, poor ghost!

Ghost. Pity me not, but lend thy serious hearing
To what I shall unfold.

Ham. Speak; I am bound to hear.

Ghost. So art thou to revenge, when thou shalt hear.

Ham. What?

Ghost. I am thy father's spirit;
Doom'd for a certain term to walk the night,
And for the day confin'd to fast in fires,[35]

(35) *confin'd to fast in fires,*] So all the old eds., except the imperfect quarto 1603, which has "*Confinde* in flaming fire."—Heath conjectured "—— *to* lasting *fires;*" and so reads Mr. Collier's Ms. Corrector.—In support of the old text the following passages have been cited. 'And moreover, the misese of *helle* shal be in *defaute of mete and drink.*" Chaucer's *Persones Tale*, p. 291, ed. Tyrwhitt, 4to. "Whether it be a place of horror, stench, and darknes, where men see meat, but can get

Till the foul crimes done in my days of nature
Are burnt and purg'd away. But that I am forbid
To tell the secrets of my prison-house,
I could a tale unfold, whose lightest word
Would harrow up thy soul; freeze thy young blood;
Make thy two eyes, like stars, start from their spheres;
Thy knotted and combinèd locks to part,
And each particular hair to stand on end,[36]
Like quills upon the fretful porpentine:
But this eternal blazon must not be
To ears of flesh and blood.—List, list, O, list!—[37]
If thou didst ever thy dear father love,—

Ham. O God!

Ghost. Revenge his foul and most unnatural murder.

Ham. Murder!

Ghost. Murder most foul, as in the best it is;
But this most foul, strange, and unnatural.

Ham. Haste me to know't, that I, with wings as swift
As meditation or the thoughts of love,
May sweep to my revenge.

Ghost. I find thee apt;
And duller shouldst thou be than the fat weed
That roots[38] itself in ease on Lethe wharf,
Wouldst thou not stir in this. Now, Hamlet, hear:
'Tis given out that, sleeping in my orchard,
A serpent stung me; so the whole ear of Denmark

none, or are ever thirstie," &c. Nash's *Pierce Penniless his Supplication to the Devil*, sig. G, ed. 1595.

"Thou shalt lye in frost and *fire*
With sicknesse and *hunger*," &c.
At the conclusion of *The Wyll of the Devyll*, bl. l. no date.

(36) *stand on end,*] So quarto 1603.—The other old eds. have "*stand* an *end.*"—See note 120 on *The Sec. Part of King Henry VI.*

(37) *To ears of flesh and blood.—List, list, O, list!*—] So the quartos, 1604, &c.—The folio has "—— *list* Hamlet, *oh list;*" which (though it satisfies Caldecott and Mr. Knight) gives a most violent shock to the metre: it would still have a harshness with the transposition, "*list, O, list, Hamlet!*" nor would it be unobjectionable if altered to "—— *list, Hamlet, list,*" for in this solemn adjuration the "*O*" is hardly to be omitted.

(38) *roots*] So all the quartos.—The folio has "rota."

Is by a forgèd process of my death
Rankly abus'd: but know, thou noble youth,
The serpent that did sting thy father's life
Now wears his crown.
Ham. O my prophetic soul!
My uncle!
Ghost. Ay, that incestuous, that adulterate beast,
With witchcraft of his wit,[39] with traitorous gifts,—
O wicked wit and gifts, that have the power
So to seduce!—won to his shameful lust
The will of my most seeming-virtuous queen:
O Hamlet, what a falling-off was there!
From me, whose love was of that dignity,
That it went hand in hand even with the vow
I made to her in marriage; and to decline
Upon a wretch, whose natural gifts were poor
To those of mine!
But virtue, as it never will be mov'd,
Though lewdness court it in a shape of heaven;
So lust, though to a radiant angel link'd,
Will sate itself in a celestial bed,
And prey on garbage.
But, soft! methinks I scent the morning air;
Brief let me be.—Sleeping within my orchard,
My custom always in the afternoon,
Upon my sécure hour thy uncle stole,
With juice of cursèd hebenon in a vial,
And in the porches of mine ears did pour
The leperous distilment; whose effect
Holds such an enmity with blood of man,
That, swift as quicksilver, it courses through
The natural gates and alleys of the body;
And, with a sudden vigour, it doth posset
And curd, like eager droppings into milk,
The thin and wholesome blood: so did it mine;
And a most instant tetter bark'd about,
Most lazar-like, with vile and loathsome crust

(39) *wit,*] The old eds. have "wita."

All my smooth body.
Thus was I, sleeping, by a brother's hand
Of life, of crown, of queen, at once dispatch'd:
Cut off even in the blossoms of my sin,
Unhousell'd, disappointed, unanel'd;(40)
No reckoning made, but sent to my account
With all my imperfections on my head:
O, horrible! O, horrible! most horrible!
If thou hast nature in thee, bear it not;(41)
Let not the royal bed of Denmark be
A couch for luxury and damnèd incest.
But, howsoever thou pursu'st this act,
Taint not thy mind, nor let thy soul contrive
Against thy mother aught: leave her to heaven,
And to those thorns that in her bosom lodge

(40) *in the blossoms of my sin,*
Unhousell'd, disappointed, unanel'd;]

Qy. "*in the* blossom *of my sin*"?—In the second line, for "*disappointed*" Pope substituted "unanointed," which was adopted by Hanmer and Capell, none of them being aware that they were introducing a strange pleonasm, since "*unanel'd*," which they did not understand, means *unanointed* (and Mr. Francis Prendergast, though acquainted with the meaning of "*unanel'd*," has lately defended Pope's emendation "unanointed" in two ingenious letters addressed to the Editor of *The Dublin Evening Mail*).—Theobald altered "*disappointed*" to "unappointed" (and there is no doubt that in a passage of *The Comedy of Errors* the folio has the stark error "distain'd" for "*unstain'd:*" see note 37 on that play).

Let us consider the three words of the line one by one:

1. "*Unhousell'd*" is without having received the *housel*, the Eucharist, or Sacrament of the Lord's Supper.
2. "*Disappointed*," if the right reading, must be equivalent to ill-appointed, unappointed,—unprepared.
3. "*Unanel'd*" is not *aneled*, *aneiled*, or *anoyld*, not oiled, not anointed,—without extreme unction.

(41) *With all my imperfections on my head:*
O, horrible! O, horrible! most horrible!
If thou hast nature in thee, bear it not;]

Perhaps the second of these lines belongs to Hamlet.—The corresponding passage in the quarto of 1603 is

"With all my accompts and sinnes vpon my head,
O horrible, most horrible!
Ham. O God!
Ghost. If thou hast nature in thee, beare it not."

To prick and sting her. Fare thee well at once!
The glow-worm shows the matin to be near,
And gins to pale his uneffectual fire:
Adieu, adieu, adieu! remember me. [*Exit.*

Ham. O all you host of heaven! O earth! what else?
And shall I couple hell?—O, fie!—Hold, my heart;[42]
And you, my sinews, grow not instant old,
But bear me stiffly up.—Remember thee!
Ay, thou poor ghost, while memory holds a seat
In this distracted globe. Remember thee!
Yea, from the table of my memory
I'll wipe away all trivial fond records,
All saws of books, all forms, all pressures past,
That youth and observation copied there;
And thy commandment all alone shall live
Within the book and volume of my brain,
Unmix'd with baser matter: yes, by heaven!—
O most pernicious woman!
O villain, villain, smiling, damnèd villain![43]
My tables,—meet it is I set it down,
That one may smile, and smile, and be a villain;
At least I'm sure it may be so in Denmark: [*Writing.*
So, uncle, there you are. Now to my word;
It is, "Adieu, adieu! remember me:"
I have sworn't.

Hor. [*within*] My lord, my lord,—
Mar. [*within*] Lord Hamlet,—
Hor. [*within*] Heaven secure him!

(42) *And shall I couple hell?—O, fie!—Hold, my heart;*] So quarto 1611 and the folio.—The quartos, 1604, &c., have, still more unmetrically,

"*And shall I coupple hell, ô fie, hold,* hold *my hart.*"—

Capell's reading,

"*And shall I couple hell?—Hold,* hold, *my heart,*"

is probably the right one; though Boswell, in opposition to Steevens, defends "*O, fie!*" because elsewhere in the play we have "*Fie upon't*" and "*Fie on't! O, fie!*"

(43) *O villain, villain, smiling, damnèd villain!* &c.] See the Preface to the second edition, vol. i. p. 4.

Mar. [*within*] So be it![44]
Hor. [*within*] Illo, ho, ho, my lord!
Ham. Hillo, ho, ho, boy! come, bird, come.

Enter HORATIO *and* MARCELLUS.

Mar. How is't, my noble lord?
Hor. What news, my lord?
Ham. O, wonderful!
Hor. Good my lord, tell it.
Ham. No; you'll reveal it.
Hor. Not I, my lord, by heaven.
Mar. Nor I, my lord.
Ham. How say you, then; would heart of man once think it?—
But you'll be secret?
Hor., Mar. Ay, by heaven, my lord.
Ham. There's ne'er a villain dwelling in all Denmark
But he's an arrant knave.
Hor. There needs no ghost, my lord, come from the grave
To tell us this.
Ham. Why, right! you're i' the right;
And so, without more circumstance at all,
I hold it fit that we shake hands and part:
You, as your business and desire shall point you,—
For every man hath business and desire,
Such as it is;—and for mine own poor part,
Look you, I'll go pray.
Hor. These are but wild and whirling[45] words, my lord.
Ham. I'm sorry they offend you, heartily;
Yes, faith, heartily.
Hor. There's no offence, my lord.
Ham. Yes, by Saint Patrick, but there is, Horatio,
And much offence too. Touching this vision here,—
It is an honest ghost, that let me tell you:

(44) Mar. [within] *So be it!*] In the quartos, 1604, &c., this speech is given to Hamlet.
(45) *whirling*] So all the quartos.—The folio has "hurling," which Caldecott and Mr. Knight retain. (In the earliest quarto "*whirling*" is spelt "*wherling;*" in the later quartos "*whurling*,"—whence the error of the folio.)

For your desire to know what is between us,
O'ermaster't as you may. And now, good friends,
As you are friends, scholars, and soldiers,
Give me one poor request.

Hor. What is't, my lord? we will.

Ham. Never make known what you have seen to-night.

Hor., Mar. My lord, we will not.

Ham. Nay, but swear't.

Hor. In faith,
My lord, not I.

Mar. Nor I, my lord, in faith.

Ham. Upon my sword.

Mar. We've sworn, my lord, already.

Ham. Indeed, upon my sword, indeed.

Ghost. [*beneath*] Swear.

Ham. Ah, ha, boy! say'st thou so? art thou there, true-penny?—
Come on,—you hear this fellow in the cellarage,—
Consent to swear.

Hor. Propose the oath, my lord.

Ham. Never to speak of this that you have seen,
Swear by my sword.[46]

Ghost. [*beneath*] Swear.

Ham. *Hic et ubique?* then we'll shift our ground.—
Come hither, gentlemen,
And lay your hands again upon my sword:
Never to speak of this that you have heard,
Swear by my sword.

Ghost. [*beneath*] Swear.

Ham. Well said, old mole! canst work i' th' earth so fast?
A worthy pioner!—Once more remove, good friends.

Hor. O day and night, but this is wondrous strange!

Ham. And therefore as a stranger give it welcome.
There are more things in heaven and earth, Horatio,

(46) *Never to speak of this that you have seen,*
Swear by my sword.]

"The inversion is anti-Shakesperian. Point, 'Never —— seen. Swear,' &c." Walker's *Crit. Exam.*, &c., vol. iii. p. 263.

Than are dreamt of in our philosophy.[47]
But come;—
Here, as before, never, so help you mercy,
How strange or odd soe'er I bear myself,—
As I, perchance, hereafter shall think meet
To put an antic disposition on,—
That you, at such times seeing me, never shall,
With arms encumber'd thus, or this head-shake,
Or by pronouncing of some doubtful phrase,
As "Well, well, we know," or "We could, an if we would,"
Or "If we list to speak," or "There be, an if they might,"[48]
Or such ambiguous giving out, to note
That you know aught of me:—this not to do,
So grace and mercy at your most need help you,
Swear.

Ghost. [*beneath*] Swear.

Ham. Rest, rest, perturbèd spirit!—So, gentlemen,
With all my love I do commend me to you:
And what so poor a man as Hamlet is
May do t' express his love and friending to you,
God willing, shall not lack. Let us go in together;
And still your fingers on your lips, I pray.
The time is out of joint:—O cursèd spite,
That ever I was born to set it right!—
Nay, come, let's go together. [*Exeunt.*

ACT II.

SCENE I. *Elsinore. A room in* POLONIUS' *house.*

Enter POLONIUS *and* REYNALDO.

Pol. Give him this money and these notes, Reynaldo.

Rey. I will, my lord.

(47) *in our philosophy.*] So the folio.—All the quartos have "*in* your *philosophie.*"

(48) "*There be, an if they might,*"] So all the quartos; and rightly, Hamlet meaning, "There be persons who, if they were at liberty to speak."—The folio has "——*and if* there *might*" (the transcriber or printer having repeated "there" by mistake); and so Caldecott and Mr. Knight.

Pol. You shall do marvell's[49] wisely, good Reynaldo,
Before you visit him, to make inquiry
Of his behaviour.
Rey. My lord, I did intend it.
Pol. Marry, well said; very well said. Look you, sir,
Inquire me first what Danskers are in Paris;
And how, and who, what means, and where they keep,
What company, at what expense; and finding,
By this encompassment and drift of question,
That they do know my son, come you more nearer
Than your particular demands will touch it:
Take you, as 'twere, some distant knowledge of him;
As thus, "I know his father and his friends,
And in part him;"—do you mark this, Reynaldo?
Rey. Ay, very well, my lord.
Pol. "And in part him;—but," you may say, "not well:
But, if't be he I mean, he's very wild;
Addicted so and so;"—and there put on him
What forgeries you please; marry, none so rank
As may dishonour him; take heed of that;
But, sir, such wanton, wild, and usual slips
As are companions noted and most known
To youth and liberty.
Rey. As gaming, my lord.
Pol. Ay, or drinking, fencing, swearing,
Quarrelling, drabbing:—you may go so far.
Rey. My lord, that would dishonour him.
Pol. Faith, no; as you may season it in the charge.
You must not put another scandal on him,
That he is open to incontinency;
That's not my meaning: but breathe his faults so quaintly,
That they may seem the taints of liberty;
The flash and outbreak of a fiery mind;
A savageness in unreclaimèd blood,
Of general assault.

(49) *marvell's*] See note 10 on *Troilus and Cressida.*

Rey. But, my good lord,—
Pol. Wherefore should you do this?
Rey. Ay, my lord,
I would know that.
Pol. Marry, sir, here's my drift;
And I believe it is a fetch of warrant:
You laying these slight sullies on my son,
As 'twere a thing a little soil'd i' the working,
Mark you,
Your party in convérse, him you would sound,
Having ever seen in the prenominate crimes
The youth you breathe of guilty, be assur'd
He closes with you in this consequence;
"Good sir," or so; or "friend," or "gentleman,"—
According to the phrase, or the addition,
Of man and country.
Rey. Very good, my lord.
Pol. And then, sir, does he this,—he does—
What was I about to say?—By the mass, I was
About to say something:—where did I leave?
Rey. At "closes in the consequence,"
At "friend or so," and "gentleman."
Pol. At "closes in the consequence,"—ay, marry;
He closes with you thus; "I know the gentleman;
I saw him yesterday, or t'other day,
Or then, or then; with such, or such; and, as you say,
There was he gaming; there o'ertook in's rouse;
There falling out at tennis:" or perchance,
"I saw him enter such a house of sale,"—
Videlicet, a brothel,—or so forth.—
See you now;
Your bait of falsehood takes this carp of truth:
And thus do we of wisdom and of reach,
With windlasses and with assays of bias,
By indirections find directions out:
So, by my former lecture and advice,
Shall you my son. You have me, have you not?
Rey. My lord, I have.
Pol. God b' wi' you! fare you well.

Rey. Good my lord![50]
Pol. Observe his inclination in yourself.
Rey. I shall, my lord.
Pol. And let him ply his music.
Rey. Well, my lord.
Pol. Farewell! [*Exit Reynaldo.*

Enter OPHELIA.

How now, Ophelia! what's the matter?
Oph. Alas, my lord, I have been so affrighted!
Pol. With what, i' the name of God?
Oph. My lord, as I was sewing in my chamber,
Lord Hamlet,—with his doublet all unbrac'd;
No hat upon his head; his stockings foul'd,
Ungarter'd, and down-gyvèd to his ancle;
Pale as his shirt; his knees knocking each other;
And with a look so piteous in purpórt
As if he had been loosèd out of hell
To speak of horrors,—he comes before me.
Pol. Mad for thy love?
Oph. My lord, I do not know;
But, truly, I do fear it.
Pol. What said he?
Oph. He took me by the wrist, and held me hard;
Then goes he to the length of all his arm;
And, with his other hand thus o'er his brow,
He falls to such perusal of my face
As he would draw it. Long stay'd he so;
At last,—a little shaking of mine arm,
And thrice his head thus waving up and down,—
He rais'd a sigh so piteous and profound,
That it did seem to shatter all his bulk,
And end his being: that done, he lets me go:

(50) Rey. *Good my lord!*] Reynaldo has previously said "Very good, my lord," and he afterwards says "Well, my lord;" but the present speech is not therefore to be pointed "*Good, my lord.*" Compare at p. 353,

"*Ham.* . . . . . you are welcome to Elsinore.
Ros. Good my lord!"

And, with his head over his shoulder turn'd,
He seem'd to find his way without his eyes;
For out o' doors he went without their help,
And, to the last, bended their light on me.

Pol. Come, go with me: I will go seek the king.
This is the very ecstasy of love;
Whose violent property fordoes itself,
And leads the will to desperate undertakings,
As oft as any passion under heaven
That does afflict our natures. I am sorry,—
What, have you given him any hard words of late?

Oph. No, my good lord; but, as you did command,
I did repel his letters, and denied
His access to me.

Pol. That hath made him mad.—
I'm sorry that with better heed and judgment
I had not quoted him: I fear'd he did but trifle,
And meant to wreck thee; but, beshrew my jealousy!
It seems it is as proper to our age
To cast beyond ourselves in our opinions,
As it is common for the younger sort
To lack discretion. Come, go we to the king:
This must be known; which, being kept close, might move
More grief to hide than hate to utter love.
Come. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II. *The same. A room in the castle.*

Enter King, Queen, ROSENCRANTZ, GUILDENSTERN, *and* Attendants.

King. Welcome, dear Rosencrantz and Guildenstern!
Moreover that we much did long to see you,
The need we have to use you did provoke
Our hasty sending. Something have you heard
Of Hamlet's transformation; so I call it,
Since nor th' exterior nor the inward man
Resembles that it was. What it should be,
More than his father's death, that thus hath put him
So much from th' understanding of himself,

I cannot dream of: I entreat you both,
That, being of so young days brought up with him,
And since so neighbour'd to his youth and humour,
That you vouchsafe your rest here in our court
Some little time: so by your companies
To draw him on to pleasures, and to gather,
So much as from occasion you may glean,
Whether aught, to us unknown, afflicts him thus,
That, open'd, lies within our remedy.

Queen. Good gentlemen, he hath much talk'd of you;
And sure I am two men there are not living
To whom he more adheres. If it will please you
To show us so much gentry and good will
As to expend your time with us awhile,
For the supply and profit of our hope,
Your visitation shall receive such thanks
As fits a king's remembrance.

Ros. Both your majesties
Might, by the sovereign power you have of us,
Put your dread pleasures more into command
Than to entreaty.

Guil. But we both obey,
And here give up ourselves, in the full bent,
To lay our service freely at your feet,
To be commanded.

King. Thanks, Rosencrantz and gentle Guildenstern.

Queen. Thanks, Guildenstern and gentle Rosencrantz:
And I beseech you instantly to visit
My too-much-changèd son.—Go, some of you,
And bring these gentlemen where Hamlet is.

Guil. Heavens make our presence and our practices
Pleasant and helpful to him!

Queen. Ay, amen!

[*Exeunt Rosencrantz, Guildenstern, and some Attendants.*

Enter POLONIUS.

Pol. Th' ambassadors from Norway, my good lord,
Are joyfully return'd.

King. Thou still hast been the father of good news.

Pol. Have I, my lord? Assure you, my good liege,
I hold my duty, as I hold my soul,
Both to my God and to my gracious king:[51]
And I do think—or else this brain of mine
Hunts not the trail of policy so sure
As it hath us'd to do—that I have found
The very cause of Hamlet's lunacy.

King. O, speak of that; that do I long to hear.

Pol. Give first admittance to th' ambassadors;
My news shall be the fruit to that great feast.[52]

King. Thyself do grace to them, and bring them in.
[*Exit Polonius.*

He tells me, my dear Gertrude, he hath found
The head and source of all your son's distemper.

Queen. I doubt it is no other but the main,—
His father's death, and our o'erhasty marriage.

King. Well, we shall sift him.

Re-enter POLONIUS, *with* VOLTIMAND *and* CORNELIUS.

Welcome, my good friends![53]
Say, Voltimand, what from our brother Norway?

Volt. Most fair return of greetings and desires.
Upon our first, he sent out to suppress

(51) *I hold my duty, as I hold my soul,*
Both to my God and to my gracious king:]

So all the quartos (except that the earliest has "life" instead of "*soul*," and "soueraigne" instead of "*gracious*"); and, as Capell observes, in spite of the "bad expression," the poet's "meaning is plain enough." *Notes*, vol. i. P. i. p. 129. It was, however, misunderstood; for in the folio we find "*Both to my God*, one *to my gracious King;*" which strange alteration is adopted not only by Caldecott and Mr. Knight, but even by Mr. Collier.

(52) *My news shall be the fruit to that great feast.*] So the quartos, 1604, &c.—The folio has "*My Newes shall be the* Newes *to that great Feast;*" which Caldecott adopts!—Mr. Knight is "*inclined to think* that '*news*' was repeated by a typographical error."

(53) *Welcome, my good friends!*] So the quartos, 1604, &c.—The folio has "*Welcome good Frends.*"—"I think the occasion absolutely demands 'Welcome *home*, good friends!' And so in his next speech, on parting with them, 'Most welcome home!'" Walker's *Crit. Exam.*, &c., vol. ii. p. 255.

His nephew's levies; which to him appear'd
To be a preparation 'gainst the Polack;
But, better look'd into, he truly found
It was against your highness: whereat griev'd,—
That so his sickness, age, and impotence,
Was falsely borne in hand,—sends out arrests
On Fortinbras; which he, in brief, obeys;
Receives rebuke from Norway; and, in fine,
Makes vow before his uncle never more
To give th' assay of arms against your majesty.
Whereon old Norway, overcome with joy,
Gives him three thousand crowns in annual fee;
And his commission to employ those soldiers,
So levied as before, against the Polack:
With an entreaty, herein further shown, [*Gives a paper.*
That it might please you to give quiet pass
Through your dominions for this enterprise,
On such regards of safety and allowance
As therein are set down.

King. It likes us well;
And at our more consider'd time we'll read,
Answer, and think upon this business.
Meantime we thank you for your well-took labour:
Go to your rest; at night we'll feast together:
Most welcome home! [*Exeunt Voltimand and Cornelius.*

Pol. This business is well ended.—
My liege, and madam,—to expostulate
What majesty should be, what duty is,
Why day is day, night night, and time is time,
Were nothing but to waste night, day, and time.
Therefore, since brevity is the soul of wit,
And tediousness the limbs and outward flourishes,
I will be brief:—your noble son is mad:
Mad call I it; for, to define true madness,
What is't but to be nothing else but mad?
But let that go.

Queen. More matter, with less art.

Pol. Madam, I swear I use no art at all.
That he is mad, 'tis true: 'tis true 'tis pity;

And pity 'tis 'tis true: a foolish figure;
But farewell it, for I will use no art.
Mad let us grant him, then: and now remains
That we find out the cause of this effect,—
Or rather say, the cause of this defect,
For this effect defective comes by cause:
Thus it remains, and the remainder thus.
Perpend.
I have a daughter,—have whilst she is mine,—
Who, in her duty and obedience, mark,
Hath given me this: now gather, and surmise. [*Reads.*
"To the celestial and my soul's idol, the most beautified Ophelia,"—
That's an ill phrase, a vile phrase,—"beautified" is a vile phrase: but you shall hear. Thus: [*Reads.*
"In her excellent-white bosom, these," &c.—

Queen. Came this from Hamlet to her?

Pol. Good madam, stay awhile; I will be faithful. [*Reads.*

"Doubt thou the stars are fire;
Doubt that the sun doth move;
Doubt truth to be a liar;
But never doubt I love.

"O dear Ophelia, I am ill at these numbers; I have not art to reckon my groans: but that I love thee best, O most best, believe it. Adieu.

"Thine evermore, most dear lady, whilst this machine is to him, HAMLET."

This, in obedience, hath my daughter shown me:
And more above, hath his solicitings,
As they fell out by time, by means, and place,
All given to mine ear.

King. But how hath she
Receiv'd his love?

Pol. What do you think of me?

King. As of a man faithful and honourable.

Pol. I would fain prove so. But what might you think,
When I had seen this hot love on the wing,—
As I perceiv'd it, I must tell you that,
Before my daughter told me,—what might you,

Or my dear majesty your queen here, think,
If I had play'd the desk or table-book;
Or given my heart a winking, mute and dumb;
Or look'd upon this love with idle sight;—
What might you think? No, I went round to work,
And my young mistress thus I did bespeak:
"Lord Hamlet is a prince, out of thy star;[54]
This must not be:" and then I precepts gave her,
That she should lock herself from his resort,
Admit no messengers, receive no tokens.
Which done, she took the fruits of my advice;
And he, repulsèd,—a short tale to make,—
Fell into a sadness; then into a fast;
Thence to a watch; thence into a weakness;
Thence to a lightness; and, by this declension,
Into the madness wherein now he raves,
And all we mourn for.

King. Do you think 'tis this?

Queen. It may be, very likely.

Pol. Hath there been such a time—I'd fain know that—
That I have positively said "'Tis so,"
When it prov'd otherwise?

King. Not that I know.

Pol. [*pointing to his head and shoulder*] Take this from this, if this be otherwise:
If circumstances lead me, I will find
Where truth is hid, though it were hid indeed
Within the centre.

King. How may we try it further?

Pol. You know, sometimes he walks four hours together
Here in the lobby.[55]

(54) *out of thy star;*] The editor of the second folio substituted "*out of thy* Sphere."—"'*Out of thy star*' is *placed above thee by fortune.* We have '*fortune's star*' before." BOSWELL.

(55) *You know, sometimes he walks four hours together*
Here in the lobby.]

"The old copies," says Mr. Collier, in the second edition of his *Shakespeare*, "have '*four* hours together,' but no doubt misprinted: it is not likely that Polonius would specify precisely how long Hamlet walked in the lobby, and the corr. fo. 1632 tells us to read 'for hours together,'

Queen. So he does, indeed.[56]

Pol. At such a time I'll loose my daughter to him:
Be you and I behind an arras then;
Mark the encounter: if he love her not,
And be not from his reason fall'n thereon,
Let me be no assistant for a state,
But keep a farm and carters.

King. We will try it.

Queen. But, look, where sadly the poor wretch comes reading.

Pol. Away, I do beseech you, both away:
I'll board him presently:—O, give me leave.

[*Exeunt King, Queen, and Attendants.*

Enter HAMLET, *reading.*

How does my good Lord Hamlet?

Ham. Well, God-a-mercy.

as in our text." Again, in his "Supplemental Notes," vol. i. p. 276, Mr. Collier adds; "The same probable misprint of *four* for 'for' is contained in Webster's 'Duchess of Malfi,' act iv. (edit. Dyce, i. 260), where Bosola is giving to Ferdinand a description of the demeanour of the heroine;

'She will muse four hours together,' &c.

This ought most likely to be '*for* hours;' but Mr. Dyce prints 'four hours.'"

Mr. Collier reasons very oddly. Since the old copies of *Hamlet* agree in having "*four* hours," and since the old copies of *The Duchess of Malfi* have "*four* hours" also, surely the inference is, that "*four* hours" is the right reading in both tragedies.

In his note on the present passage Malone observes; "I was formerly inclined to adopt Mr. Tyrwhitt's proposed emendation [in which Hanmer had anticipated him,—'for hours together']; but have now no doubt that the text is right. The expression '*four hours together*,' '*two hours together*,' &c., appears to have been common. So, in *King Lear*, act i. [sc. 2];

'*Edm.* Spake you with him?
Edg. Ay, *two hours together.*'

Again, in *The Winter's Tale* [act v. sc. 2];

'Ay, and have been so any time these *four* hours.'

Again, in Webster's *Duchess of Malfi*, 1623," &c.

[56] *So he does, indeed.*] So the quartos, 1604, &c.—The folio has "*So he* ha's *indeed;*"—which is retained by Caldecott silently; and by Mr. Knight, with a note to say that "has" is equivalent to "has done."

Pol. Do you know me, my lord?

Ham. Excellent well; you are a fishmonger.

Pol. Not I, my lord.

Ham. Then I would you were so honest a man.

Pol. Honest, my lord!

Ham. Ay, sir; to be honest, as this world goes, is to be one man picked out of ten thousand.

Pol. That's very true, my lord.

Ham. For if the sun breed maggots in a dead dog, being a god kissing carrion,[67]—Have you a daughter?

Pol. I have, my lord.

Ham. Let her not walk i' the sun: conception is a blessing; but not as your daughter may conceive:—friend, look to't.

Pol. [*aside*] How say you by that? Still harping on my daughter:—yet he knew me not at first; he said I was a fishmonger: he is far gone, far gone: and truly in my youth I suffered much extremity for love; very near this. I'll speak to him again.—What do you read, my lord?

Ham. Words, words, words.

Pol. What is the matter, my lord?

Ham. Between who?

(67) *For if the sun breed maggots in a dead dog, being a god kissing carrion,*] The passage is not in the quarto 1603.—The other old eds. have "—— *being a* good *kissing carrion.*"—I give Warburton's emendation, which, if overpraised by Johnson (who called it a "noble" one), at least has the merit of conveying something like a meaning.—That not even a tolerable sense can be tortured out of the original reading, we have proof positive in the various *explanations* of it by Whiter, Coleridge, Caldecott, Mr. Knight, and Delius. ("The carrion," says Mr. Knight with the utmost gravity, "the carrion is good at kissing—ready to return the kiss of the sun—'Common kissing Titan,' and in the bitterness of his satire Hamlet associates the idea with the daughter of Polonius. Mr. Whiter, however, considers that *good*, the original reading, is correct; but that the poet uses the word as a substantive—the GOOD principle in the fecundity of the earth. In that case we should read 'being a good, kissing carrion.'"—Equally outrageous in absurdity is the interpretation of Delius, which (translated for me by Mr. Robson) runs thus: "Hamlet calls the dog, in which the sun breeds maggots, a good, kissing carrion; alluding to the confiding, fawning manner of the dog towards his master. If the sun breeds maggots in the dead dog, which during its lifetime was so attached,—what, says Hamlet, in his bitter distrust [*Misstrauen*], and to annoy Polonius, might not the sun breed in the equally tender Ophelia, who ought therefore not to expose herself to the sun.")

Pol. I mean, the matter that you read, my lord.

Ham. Slanders, sir: for the satirical rogue says here, that old men have gray beards; that their faces are wrinkled; their eyes purging thick amber and plum-tree gum; and that they have a plentiful lack of wit, together with most weak hams: all which, sir, though I most powerfully and potently believe, yet I hold it not honesty to have it thus set down; for you yourself, sir, should be old as I am, if, like a crab, you could go backward.

Pol. [*aside*] Though this be madness, yet there is method in't.—Will you walk out of the air, my lord?

Ham. Into my grave?

Pol. Indeed, that is out o' the air.—[*Aside*] How pregnant sometimes his replies are! a happiness that often madness hits on, which reason and sanity could not so prosperously be delivered of. I will leave him, and suddenly contrive the means of meeting between him and my daughter.—My honourable lord, I will most humbly take my leave of you.

Ham. You cannot, sir, take from me any thing that I will more willingly part withal,—except my life, except my life, except my life.

Pol. Fare you well, my lord.

Ham. These tedious old fools!

Enter ROSENCRANTZ *and* GUILDENSTERN.

Pol. You go to seek the Lord Hamlet; there he is.

Ros. [*to Polonius*] God save you, sir! [*Exit Polonius.*

Guil. My honoured lord!

Ros. My most dear lord!

Ham. My excellent good friends! How dost thou, Guildenstern? Ah, Rosencrantz! Good lads, how do ye both?

Ros. As the indifferent children of the earth.

Guil. Happy, in that we are not overhappy;
On Fortune's cap we're not the very button.

Ham. Nor the soles of her shoe?

Ros. Neither, my lord.

Ham. Then you live about her waist, or in the middle of her favours?

Guil. Faith, her privates we.

Ham. In the secret parts of Fortune? O, most true; she is a strumpet. What's the news?

Ros. None, my lord, but that the world's grown honest.

Ham. Then is doomsday near: but your news is not true. Let me question more in particular: what have you, my good friends, deserved at the hands of Fortune, that she sends you to prison hither?

Guil. Prison, my lord!

Ham. Denmark's a prison.

Ros. Then is the world one.

Ham. A goodly one; in which there are many confines, wards, and dungeons, Denmark being one o' the worst.

Ros. We think not so, my lord.

Ham. Why, then, 'tis none to you: for there is nothing either good or bad, but thinking makes it so: to me it is a prison.

Ros. Why, then, your ambition makes it one; 'tis too narrow for your mind.

Ham. O God, I could be bounded in a nut-shell, and count myself a king of infinite space, were it not that I have bad dreams.

Guil. Which dreams, indeed, are ambition; for the very substance of the ambitious is merely the shadow of a dream.

Ham. A dream itself is but a shadow.

Ros. Truly, and I hold ambition of so airy and light a quality, that it is but a shadow's shadow.

Ham. Then are our beggars bodies, and our monarchs and outstretched heroes the beggars' shadows. Shall we to the court? for, by my fay, I cannot reason.

Ros., Guil. We'll wait upon you.

Ham. No such matter: I will not sort you with the rest of my servants; for, to speak to you like an honest man, I am most dreadfully attended. But, in the beaten way of friendship, what make you at Elsinore?

Ros. To visit you, my lord; no other occasion.

Ham. Beggar that I am, I am even poor in thanks; but I thank you: and sure, dear friends, my thanks are too dear

a halfpenny.[58] Were you not sent for? Is it your own inclining? Is it a free visitation? Come, deal justly with me: come, come; nay, speak.

Guil. What should we say, my lord?

Ham. Why, any thing—but to the purpose. You were sent for; and there is a kind of confession in your looks, which your modesties have not craft enough to colour: I know the good king and queen have sent for you.

Ros. To what end, my lord?

Ham. That you must teach me. But let me conjure you, by the rights of our fellowship, by the consonancy of our youth, by the obligation of our ever-preserved love, and by what more dear a better proposer could charge you withal, be even and direct with me, whether you were sent for, or no?

Ros. [*aside to Guil.*] What say you?

Ham. [*aside*] Nay, then, I have an eye of you.—If you love me, hold not off.

Guil. My lord, we were sent for.

Ham. I will tell you why; so shall my anticipation prevent your discovery, and your secrecy to the king and queen moult no feather.[59] I have of late—but wherefore I know not—lost all my mirth, forgone all custom of exercises; and, indeed, it goes so heavily with my disposition, that this goodly frame, the earth, seems to me a sterile promontory; this most excellent canopy, the air, look you, this brave o'erhanging firmament,[60] this majestical roof fretted with golden fire,—why, it appears no other thing to me than a foul and pestilent congregation of vapours. What a piece

(58) *too dear a halfpenny.*] "Until it can be shown that 'dear a halfpenny' is English, I should certainly prefer 'too dear *at* a halfpenny.'" Walker's *Crit. Exam.*, &c., vol. ii. p. 259.—The old text, I believe, is right.

(59) *I will tell you why; so shall my anticipation prevent your discovery, and your secrecy to the king and queen moult no feather.*] So the quartos, 1604, &c.—Mr. Knight deliberately prints, with the folio, "*I will tell you why; so shall my anticipation preuent your discouery* of *your secricie to the King and Queene: moult no feather.*"

(60) *this brave o'er-hanging firmament,*] Here the word "*firmament*" has dropt out of the folio; and Caldecott omits it too.—Though Mr. Knight now follows the quartos in this passage, he shows a lingering fondness for the error of the folio: he says, "Using *o'erhanging* as a substantive, the sentence is perhaps less eloquent, but more coherent," &c.

of work is man![61] how noble in reason! how infinite in faculties! in form and moving how express and admirable! in action how like an angel! in apprehension how like a god! the beauty of the world! the paragon of animals! And yet, to me, what is this quintessence of dust? man delights not me; no, nor woman neither, though by your smiling you seem to say so.

Ros. My lord, there was no such stuff in my thoughts.

Ham. Why did you laugh, then, when I said "man delights not me"?

Ros. To think, my lord, if you delight not in man, what lenten entertainment the players shall receive from you: we coted them on the way; and hither are they coming, to offer you service.

Ham. He that plays the king shall be welcome,—his majesty shall have tribute of me; the adventurous knight shall use his foil and target; the lover shall not sigh gratis; the humorous man shall end his part in peace; the clown shall make those laugh whose lungs are tickled o' the sere; and the lady shall say her mind freely, or the blank verse shall halt for't.—What players are they?

Ros. Even those you were wont to take such delight in, the tragedians of the city.

Ham. How chances it they travel? their residence, both in reputation and profit, was better both ways.

Ros. I think their inhibition comes by the means of the late innovation.

Ham. Do they hold the same estimation they did when I was in the city? are they so followed?

Ros. No, indeed, they are not.

Ham. How comes it? do they grow rusty?

Ros. Nay, their endeavour keeps in the wonted pace: but there is, sir, an aery of children, little eyases, that cry out on the top of question, and are most tyrannically clapped

(61) *What a piece of work is man!*] The quartos, 1604, &c., have "*What peece of worke is* a *man*,"—the "a" having been shuffled out of its place.—The editor or editors of the folio, instead of making the proper transposition, inserted a second "*a*," thus, "*What a piece of worke is* a *man!*"—The quarto of 1637 has "*What a piece* a *worke is man!*"

for't: these are now the fashion; and so berattle[62] the common stages,—so they call them,—that many wearing rapiers are afraid of goose-quills, and dare scarce come thither.

Ham. What, are they children? who maintains 'em? how are they escoted? Will they pursue the quality no longer than they can sing? will they not say afterwards, if they should grow themselves to common players,—as it is most like,[63] if their means are no better,—their writers do them wrong, to make them exclaim against their own succession.

Ros. Faith, there has been much to do on both sides; and the nation holds it no sin to tarre them to controversy: there was, for a while, no money bid for argument, unless the poet and the player went to cuffs in the question.

Ham. Is't possible?

Guil. O, there has been much throwing about of brains.

Ham. Do the boys carry it away?

Ros. Ay, that they do, my lord; Hercules and his load too.

Ham. It is not very strange; for my uncle is king of Denmark, and those that would make mows at him while my father lived, give twenty, forty, fifty, an hundred ducats a-piece for his picture in little. 'Sblood, there is something in this more than natural, if philosophy could find it out.

[*Flourish of trumpets within.*

Guil. There are the players.

Ham. Gentlemen, you are welcome to Elsinore. Your hands, come: the appurtenance of welcome is fashion and ceremony: let me comply with you in this garb; lest my extent to the players, which, I tell you, must show fairly outward, should more appear like entertainment than yours. You are welcome: but my uncle-father and aunt-mother are deceived.

Guil. In what, my dear lord?

(62) *berattle*] So the second folio.—The first has "be-ratled."—From "Do they grow rusty?" to "Hercules and his load too" is not in the quartos, 1604, &c.; but, as Mr. Collier observes, there are traces of this part of the scene in the quarto 1603.

(63) *most like,*] The folio (see preceding note) has "like most."

Ham. I am but mad north-north-west: when the wind is southerly I know a hawk from a handsaw.

Enter POLONIUS.

Pol. Well be with you, gentlemen!

Ham. Hark you, Guildenstern;—and you too;—at each ear a hearer: that great baby you see there is not yet out of his swaddling-clouts.

Ros. Happily he's the second time come to them; for they say an old man is twice a child.

Ham. I will prophesy he comes to tell me of the players; mark it.—You say right, sir: o' Monday morning; 'twas then, indeed.

Pol. My lord, I have news to tell you.

Ham. My lord, I have news to tell you. When Roscius was an actor in Rome,—

Pol. The actors are come hither, my lord.

Ham. Buz, buz!

Pol. Upon my honour,—

Ham. Then came each actor on his ass,—*

Pol. The best actors in the world, either for tragedy, comedy, history, pastoral, pastoral-comical, historical-pastoral, tragical-historical, tragical-comical-historical-pastoral, scene individable, or poem unlimited: Seneca cannot be too heavy, nor Plautus too light. For the law of writ and the liberty, these are the only men.(64)

Ham. O Jephthah, judge of Israel, what a treasure hadst thou!

* *Then came each actor on his ass,*—] "This seems to be a line of a ballad." JOHNSON.

(64) *For the law of writ and the liberty, these are the only men.*] "'*Writ*' for *writing, composition.*" JOHNSON.—"'[The] *law of writ and the liberty*' mean pieces written in rule, and pieces out of rule." Capell's *Notes, &c.*, vol. i. P. i. p. 133.—"The meaning probably is, that the players were good, whether at written productions, or at extemporal plays where liberty was allowed to the performers to invent the dialogue, in imitation of the Italian *commedie al improviso.* See 'History of Engl. Dram. Poetry and the Stage,' Vol. iii. p. 393." COLLIER.—"Read with 'the modern editions' (Johnson's note *in loc.*) '*wit*' [Rowe's alteration]. '*Writ*' for *composition* is not English. It is as if we should say, *the laws of poem* for *the laws of poetry;* or talk of so and so being contrary to *the*

Pol. What treasure[65] had he, my lord?

Ham. Why,

"One fair daughter, and no more,*
The which he lovéd passing well."

Pol. [*aside*] Still on my daughter.

Ham. Am I not i' the right, old Jephthah?

Pol. If you call me Jephthah, my lord, I have a daughter that I love passing well.

Ham. Nay, that follows not.

Pol. What follows, then, my lord?

Ham. Why,

"As by lot, God wot,"

and then, you know,

"It came to pass, as most like it was,"—

the first row of the pious chanson[66] will show you more; for look, where my abridgment comes.

genius of ode, meaning *the genius of lyrical composition*. The passages quoted by the Var. commentators are utterly irrelevant. The same erratum occurs, *Julius Cæsar*, iii. 2, folio, p. 122, col. 2;

"For I haue neyther *writ* nor words, nor worth,
Action, nor Vtterance, nor the power of Speech,
To stirre mens Blood."

Walker's *Crit. Exam.*, &c., vol. iii. p. 265.

(65) *What treasure*] The old eds. have "*What* a *treasure*."

* "*One fair daughter, and no more*," &c.] Here Hamlet proceeds to quote the opening of the ballad of *Jephthah Judge of Israel;*

"Have you not heard these many years ago
Jeptha was judge of Israel?
He had *one* only *daughter and no mo*,
The which he loved passing well:
And, *as by lott*,
God wot,
It so *came to pass*,
As God's will *was*,
That great wars there should be,
And none should be chosen chief but he."

Percy's *Rel. of A. E. Poetry*, vol. i. p. 190, ed. 1794.

(66) *the pious chanson*] "Hamlet, in the text of the quartos, calls the poem 'the *pious chanson;*' but in the folio of 1623 it is 'the *Pons* Chanson.' Pope says, this refers to the old ballads sung on bridges. We believe *Pons* is a typographical error; for in the quarto of 1603 we find 'the first verse of the *godly* ballet.' But Mr. Hunter says, that 'in

Enter four or five Players.

You are welcome, masters; welcome, all; I am glad to see ye well; welcome, good friends.[67]—O, my old friend! thy face is valanced[68] since I saw thee last; comest thou to beard me in Denmark?—What, my young lady and mistress; By'r lady, your ladyship is nearer to heaven than when I saw you last by the altitude of a chopine. Pray God, your voice, like a piece of uncurrent gold, be not cracked within the ring.—Masters, you are all welcome. We'll e'en to't like French falconers, fly at any thing we see: we'll have a speech straight: come, give us a taste of your quality: come, a passionate speech.

First Play. What speech, my lord?

Ham. I heard thee speak me a speech once,—but it was never acted; or, if it was, not above once; for the play, I remember, pleased not the million; 'twas caviare to the general: but it was—as I received it, and others, whose judgments in such matters cried in the top of mine—an excellent play, well digested in the scenes, set down with as much modesty as cunning. I remember, one said there were no sallets in the lines[69] to make the matter savoury, nor no matter in the phrase that might indict the author of

France, the trivial ballad, such as that referred to, is called in ordinary discourse a *pons chanson*, or a *chanson du Pont Neuf.*' A popular ballad is called even in modern dictionaries a *chanson du Pont Neuf*—but where is the authority for *pons chanson?*" KNIGHT.

(67) *You are welcome, masters; welcome, all; I am glad to see ye well; welcome, good friends.*] The old eds. have "—— *I am glad to see* thee *well,*" &c.: but the position of the word proves that "thee" cannot be right.—Hanmer altered "thee" to "you."—See note 107 on *The Tempest.*

(68) *valanced*] So all the quartos.—The folio has "valiant;" an error adopted by Caldecott and Mr. Knight, who bring forward to explain it a note of Malone's, which he himself had cancelled.

(69) *there were no sallets in the lines*] So the quartos, 1604, &c.; and so the quarto 1603, and the folio, except that they have "was" instead of "*were.*"—In spite of Gifford's note on Jonson's *Works*, vol. viii. p. 177, I think that in this passage the alteration of "*sallets*" to "salt" (or "salts") is a hasty one:—"*sallets*," i.e. *salt* (ribald) words or allusions (see Richardson's *Dict.* for the etymology of *salad* or *sallet*). Steevens *ad l.* cites from *A Bouquet of Jests*, &c., 1665, "for junkets, joci; and for curious *sallets*, sales."

affection:[70] but called it an honest method, as wholesome as sweet, and by very much more handsome than fine. One speech in it I chiefly loved: 'twas Æneas' tale to Dido; and thereabout of it especially where he speaks of Priam's slaughter: if it live in your memory, begin at this line;—let me see, let me see;

"The rugged Pyrrhus, like th' Hyrcanian beast,"

—'tis not so:—it begins with Pyrrhus;

"The rugged Pyrrhus,—he whose sable arms,
Black as his purpose, did the night resemble
When he lay couchèd in the ominous horse,—
Hath now this dread and black complexion smear'd
With heraldry more dismal; head to foot
Now is he total gules; horridly trick'd
With blood of fathers, mothers, daughters, sons,
Bak'd and impasted with the parching streets,
That lend a tyrannous and damnèd light
To their vile murders: roasted in wrath and fire,
And thus o'er-sizèd with coagulate gore,
With eyes like carbuncles, the hellish Pyrrhus
Old grandsire Priam seeks."—

So, proceed you.

Pol. 'Fore God, my lord, well spoken, with good accent and good discretion.

First Play. "Anon he finds him
Striking too short at Greeks; his antique sword,
Rebellious to his arm, lies where it falls,
Repugnant to command: unequal match'd,
Pyrrhus at Priam drives; in rage strikes wide;
But with the whiff and wind of his fell sword
Th' unnervèd father falls. Then senseless Ilium,
Seeming to feel this blow, with flaming top
Stoops to his base; and with a hideous crash
Takes prisoner Pyrrhus' ear: for, lo! his sword,
Which was declining on the milky head
Of reverend Priam, seem'd i' th' air to stick:
So, as a painted tyrant, Pyrrhus stood;

[70] *affection;*] *i.e.* affectation.—So the quartos, 1604, &c.—The folio has "affectation."

And, like a neutral to his will and matter,
Did nothing.
But, as we often see, against some storm,
A silence in the heavens, the rack stand still,
The bold winds speechless, and the orb below
As hush as death, anon the dreadful thunder
Doth rend the region; so, after Pyrrhus' pause,
Arousèd vengeance sets him new a-work;
And never did the Cyclops' hammers fall
On Mars his armour, forg'd for proof eterne,
With less remorse than Pyrrhus' bleeding sword
Now falls on Priam.—
Out, out, thou strumpet, Fortune! All you gods,
In general synod, take away her power;
Break all the spokes and fellies from her wheel,
And bowl the round nave down the hill of heaven,
As low as to the fiends!"

Pol. This is too long.

Ham. It shall to the barber's, with your beard.—Prithee, say on:—he's for a jig or a tale of bawdry, or he sleeps:—say on; come to Hecuba.

First Play. "But who, O, who had seen the mobled queen—"

Ham. "The mobled queen"?

Pol. That's good; "mobled queen" is good.

First Play. "Run barefoot up and down, threatening the flames
With bisson rheum; a clout upon that head
Where late the diadem stood; and for a robe,
About her lank and all o'er-teemèd loins,
A blanket, in th' alarm of fear caught up;—
Who this had seen, with tongue in venom steep'd,
'Gainst Fortune's state would treason have pronounc'd:
But if the gods themselves did see her then,
When she saw Pyrrhus make malicious sport
In mincing with his sword her husband's limbs,
The instant burst of clamour that she made—
Unless things mortal move them not at all—
Would have made milch the burning eyes of heaven,
And passion in the gods."

Pol. Look, whêr he has not turned his colour, and has tears in's eyes.—Pray you, no more.

Ham. 'Tis well; I'll have thee speak out the rest soon.—Good my lord, will you see the players well bestowed? Do you hear, let them be well used; for they are the abstract and brief chronicles of the time: after your death you were better have a bad epitaph than their ill report while you live.

Pol. My lord, I will use them according to their desert.

Ham. God's bodykins, man, better: use every man after his desert, and who should scape whipping? Use them after your own honour and dignity: the less they deserve, the more merit is in your bounty. Take them in.

Pol. Come, sirs.

Ham. Follow him, friends: we'll hear a play to-morrow.

[*Exit Polonius with all the Players except the First.*

Dost thou hear me, old friend; can you play the Murder of Gonzago?

First Play. Ay, my lord.

Ham. We'll ha't to-morrow night. You could, for a need, study a speech of some dozen or sixteen lines, which I would set down and insert in't, could you not?

First Play. Ay, my lord.

Ham. Very well.—Follow that lord; and look you mock him not. [*Exit First Player.*] My good friends, I'll leave you till night: you are welcome to Elsinore.

Ros. Good my lord!

Ham. Ay, so, God b' wi' ye! [*Exeunt Rosen. and Guil.*]

Now I am alone.

O, what a rogue and peasant slave am I!
Is it not monstrous, that this player here,
But in a fiction, in a dream of passion,
Could force his soul so to his own conceit,
That, from her working, all his visage wann'd;
Tears in his eyes, distraction in's aspect,
A broken voice, and his whole function suiting
With forms to his conceit? and all for nothing!
For Hecuba!
What's Hecuba to him, or he to Hecuba,
That he should weep for her? What would he do,
Had he the motive and the cue for passion
That I have? He would drown the stage with tears,

And cleave the general ear with horrid speech;
Make mad the guilty, and appal the free,
Confound the ignorant; and amaze, indeed,
The very faculties of eyes and ears.
Yet I,
A dull and muddy-mettled rascal, peak,
Like John-a-dreams, unpregnant of my cause,
And can say nothing; no, not for a king,
Upon whose property and most dear life
A damn'd defeat was made. Am I a coward?
Who calls me villain? breaks my pate across?
Plucks off my beard, and blows it in my face?
Tweaks me by the nose? gives me the lie i' the throat,
As deep as to the lungs? who does me this, ha?
'Swounds, I should take it: for it cannot be
But I am pigeon-liver'd, and lack gall
To make oppression bitter;[71] or, ere this,
I should have fatted all the region kites,
With this slave's offal:—bloody, bawdy villain!
Remorseless, treacherous, lecherous, kindless villain!
O, vengeance!
Why, what an ass am I! This is most brave,
That I, the son of a dear father murder'd,[72]
Prompted to my revenge by heaven and hell,

(71) *for it cannot be*
But I am pigeon-liver'd, and lack gall
To make oppression bitter;]

Mr. Collier's Ms. Corrector substitutes "*To make* transgression *bitter;*" which Mr. Collier very inconsiderately calls "an improvement." I should have thought it almost impossible for any one not to perceive that "lack gall to make *oppression* bitter" means "lack gall to make me feel the bitterness of oppression."—1865. Mr. Collier now sees that "'oppression' is, no doubt, the proper reading."

(72) *That I, the son of a dear father murder'd,*] "Some modern editors [*intellige* Mr. Knight], following the reading of the folio [*That I, the Sonne of the Deere murthered*'], have left out the material word 'father' in this line; and it is certainly not found in the quartos 1604 or 1605. It is, however, in some copies of an undated quarto, which may be assigned to the year 1607, and in that of 1611, but not in the quarto 1637. [It is in my copy of the quarto 1637. A. D.] The omission must have been discovered as the tragedy was going through the press, when first printed for Smethwicke, and then supplied. . . . The quarto 1603 has the line thus,

Must, like a whore, unpack my heart with words,
And fall a-cursing, like a very drab,
A scullion!
Fie upon't! foh!—About, my brain! I've heard
That guilty creatures sitting at a play
Have by the very cunning of the scene
Been struck so to the soul, that presently
They have proclaim'd their malefactions;
For murder, though it have no tongue, will speak
With most miraculous organ. I'll have these players
Play something like the murder of my father
Before mine uncle: I'll observe his looks;
I'll tent him to the quick: if he but blench,
I know my course. The spirit that I have seen
May be the devil: and the devil hath power
T' assume a pleasing shape; yea, and perhaps
Out of my weakness and my melancholy,
As he is very potent with such spirits,
Abuses me to damn me: I'll have grounds
More relative than this:—the play's the thing
Wherein I'll catch the conscience of the king. [*Exit.*

ACT III.

SCENE I. *Elsinore. A room in the castle.*

Enter King, Queen, POLONIUS, OPHELIA, ROSENCRANTZ, *and* GUILDENSTERN.

King. And can you, by no drift of circumstance,
Get from him why he puts on this confusion,
Grating so harshly all his days of quiet
With turbulent and dangerous lunacy?

'Why this is braue, that I the sonne of my deare father,'

omitting the word 'murdered.'" COLLIER.—But in Boswell's opinion, "'*the dear murdered*' is very far from being a harsh ellipsis;" Caldecott adopted it; and (as above mentioned) so does Mr. Knight, who thinks it a "beautiful reading."—1865. And Mr. Grant White pronounces it to be "a fine form of speech, which needs no support."

Ros. He does confess he feels himself distracted;
But from what cause he will by no means speak.
Guil. Nor do we find him forward to be sounded;
But, with a crafty madness, keeps aloof,
When we would bring him on to some confession
Of his true state.
Queen. Did he receive you well?
Ros. Most like a gentleman.
Guil. But with much forcing of his disposition.
Ros. Niggard of question; but, of our demands,
Most free in his reply.
Queen. Did you assay him
To any pastime?
Ros. Madam, it so fell out, that certain players
We o'er-raught on the way: of these we told him;
And there did seem in him a kind of joy
To hear of it: they are about the court;
And, as I think, they have already order
This night to play before him.
Pol. 'Tis most true:
And he beseech'd me to entreat your majesties
To hear and see the matter.
King. With all my heart; and it doth much content me
To hear him so inclin'd.—
Good gentlemen, give him a further edge,
And drive his purpose on to these delights.
Ros. We shall, my lord.
[*Exeunt Rosencrantz and Guildenstern.*
King. Sweet Gertrude, leave us too;
For we have closely sent for Hamlet hither,
That he, as 'twere by accident, may here
Affront Ophelia:
Her father and myself—lawful espials—
Will so bestow ourselves that, seeing, unseen,
We may of their encounter frankly judge;
And gather by him, as he is behav'd,
If 't be th' affliction of his love or no
That thus he suffers for.
Queen. I shall obey you:—

And for your part, Ophelia, I do wish
That your good beauties be the happy cause
Of Hamlet's wildness: so shall I hope your virtues
Will bring him to his wonted way again,
To both your honours.

Oph. Madam, I wish it may.[73] [*Exit Queen.*

Pol. Ophelia, walk you here.—Gracious, so please you,
We will bestow ourselves.—[*To Ophelia*] Read on this book;
That show of such an exercise may colour
Your loneliness.—We're oft to blame in this,—
'Tis too much prov'd,—that with devotion's visage
And pious action we do sugar o'er
The devil himself.

King. [*aside*] O, 'tis too true!
How smart a lash that speech doth give my conscience!
The harlot's cheek, beautied with plastering art,
Is not more ugly to the thing that helps it
Than is my deed to my most painted word:
O heavy burden!

Pol. I hear him coming: let's withdraw, my lord.

[*Exeunt King and Polonius.*

Enter HAMLET.

Ham. To be, or not to be,—that is the question:—
Whether 'tis nobler in the mind to suffer
The slings and arrows of outrageous fortune,[74]
Or to take arms against a sea of troubles,
And by opposing end them?—To die,—to sleep,—
No more; and by a sleep to say we end
The heart-ache, and the thousand natural shocks

(73) *That your good beauties*
. . . . *your virtues*
. . . . . .
. . . . . .
. . . . *I wish it may.*]

"Surely Shakespeare wrote '*beauty*' (*-tie*), and perhaps also '*virtue.*'" Walker's *Crit. Exam.*, &c., vol. i. p. 252.

(74) *The slings and arrows of outrageous fortune,*] Walker (*Crit. Exam.*, &c., vol. ii. p. 16) would alter "*slings*" to "stings," which he says "is undoubtedly the true reading."

That flesh is heir to,—'tis a consummation
Devoutly to be wish'd. To die,—to sleep;—
To sleep! perchance to dream:—ay, there's the rub;
For in that sleep of death what dreams may come,
When we have shuffled off this mortal coil,
Must give us pause: there's the respect
That makes calamity of so long life;
For who would bear the whips and scorns of time,
Th' oppressor's wrong, the proud man's contumely,
The pangs of despis'd love, the law's delay,
The insolence of office, and the spurns
That patient merit of th' unworthy takes,
When he himself might his quietus make
With a bare bodkin? who would fardels bear,[75]
To grunt and sweat under a weary life,
But that the dread of something after death,—
The undiscover'd country, from whose bourn
No traveller returns,—puzzles the will,
And makes us rather bear those ills we have
Than fly to others that we know not of?
Thus conscience does make cowards of us all;
And thus the native hue of resolution
Is sicklied o'er with the pale cast of thought;
And enterprises of great pith and moment,
With this regard, their currents turn awry,
And lose the name of action.—Soft you now!
The fair Ophelia!—Nymph, in thy orisons
Be all my sins remember'd.

Oph. Good my lord,
How does your honour for this many a day?

Ham. I humbly thank you; well, well, well.

Oph. My lord, I have remembrances of yours,
That I have longèd long to re-deliver;
I pray you, now receive them.

[75] *who would fardels bear,*] "Folio, 'who would *thess* fardels bear.' Perhaps right; '*who'ld.*'" Walker's *Crit. Exam.*, &c., vol. iii. p. 266; where his editor observes in a note, "This contraction of '*who would*' is not necessary for the metre. See [Walker's] S[*hakespeare's*] V[*ersification*], Art. ix."

Ham. No, not I;
I never gave you aught.

Oph. My honour'd lord, you know right well you did;
And, with them, words of so sweet breath compos'd
As made the things more rich: their perfume lost,
Take these again; for to the noble mind
Rich gifts wax poor when givers prove unkind.
There, my lord.

Ham. Ha, ha! are you honest?

Oph. My lord?

Ham. Are you fair?

Oph. What means your lordship?

Ham. That if you be honest and fair, your honesty should admit no discourse to your beauty.

Oph. Could beauty, my lord, have better commerce than with honesty?[76]

Ham. Ay, truly; for the power of beauty will sooner transform honesty from what it is to a bawd than the force of honesty can translate beauty into his likeness: this was sometime a paradox, but now the time gives it proof. I did love you once.

Oph. Indeed, my lord, you made me believe so.

Ham. You should not have believed me; for virtue cannot so inoculate our old stock, but we shall relish of it: I loved you not.

Oph. I was the more deceiv'd.

Ham. Get thee to a nunnery: why wouldst thou be a breeder of sinners? I am myself indifferent honest: but yet I could accuse me of such things, that it were better my mother had not borne me: I am very proud, revengeful, ambitious; with more offences at my beck[77] than I have thoughts to put them in, imagination to give them shape, or

([76]) *than with honesty?*] So all the quartos.—The folio has "*then* your *Honestie?*" (a mistake occasioned by the "*your* honesty" and "*your* beauty" of the preceding speech); not "—— *then* with your *Honestie*," as Mr. Grant White supposes, who (*Shakespeare's Scholar*, &c., p. 414) blames the modern editors for not adhering to that lection.—1865. Mr. Grant White now adopts the reading of the quartos.

([77]) *at my beck*] "That is, *always ready to come about me.*" STEEVENS.—Here Mr. Collier's Ms. Corrector, and Walker (*Crit. Exam.*, &c., vol. iii. p. 266) would substitute "back" for "*beck.*"

time to act them in. What should such fellows as I do crawling between earth and heaven? We are arrant knaves, all; believe none of us. Go thy ways to a nunnery. Where's your father?

Oph. At home, my lord.

Ham. Let the doors be shut upon him, that he may play the fool no where but in's own house. Farewell.

Oph. O, help him, you sweet heavens!

Ham. If thou dost marry, I'll give thee this plague for thy dowry,—be thou as chaste as ice, as pure as snow, thou shalt not escape calumny. Get thee to a nunnery, go: farewell. Or, if thou wilt needs marry, marry a fool: for wise men know well enough what monsters you make of them. To a nunnery, go; and quickly too. Farewell.

Oph. O heavenly powers, restore him!

Ham. I have heard of your paintings too, well enough; God has given you one face, and you make yourselves another: you jig, you amble, and you lisp, and nickname God's creatures, and make your wantonness your ignorance. Go to, I'll no more on't; it hath made me mad. I say, we will have no more marriages: those that are married already, all but one, shall live; the rest shall keep as they are. To a nunnery, go. [*Exit.*

Oph. O, what a noble mind is here o'erthrown!
The courtier's, soldier's, scholar's eye, tongue, sword;
Th' expectancy and rose of the fair state,
The glass of fashion and the mould of form,
Th' observ'd of all observers,—quite, quite down!
And I, of ladies most deject and wretched,
That suck'd the honey of his music vows,
Now see that noble and most sovereign reason,
Like sweet bells jangled, out of tune and harsh;
That unmatch'd form and feature of blown youth
Blasted with ecstasy: O, woe is me
T' have seen what I have seen, see what I see!

Re-enter King *and* POLONIUS.

King. Love! his affections do not that way tend;
Nor what he spake, though it lack'd form a little,

Was not like madness. There's something in his soul,
O'er which his melancholy sits on brood;
And I do doubt the hatch and the disclose
Will be some danger: which for to prevent,
I have in quick determination
Thus set it down:—he shall with speed to England,
For the demand of our neglected tribute:
Haply, the seas, and countries different,
With variable objects, shall expel
This something-settled matter in his heart;
Whereon his brains still beating puts him thus
From fashion of himself. What think you on't?

Pol. It shall do well: but yet do I believe
The origin and commencement of his grief
Sprung from neglected love.—How now, Ophelia!
You need not tell us what Lord Hamlet said;
We heard it all.—My lord, do as you please;
But, if you hold it fit, after the play,
Let his queen mother all alone entreat him
To show his grief: let her be round with him;
And I'll be plac'd, so please you, in the ear
Of all their conference. If she find him not,
To England send him; or confine him where
Your wisdom best shall think.

King. It shall be so:
Madness in great ones must not unwatch'd go. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II. *The same. A hall in the same.*

Enter HAMLET *and several* Players.

Ham. Speak the speech, I pray you, as I pronounced it to you, trippingly on the tongue: but if you mouth it, as many of your players do, I had as lief the town-crier spoke my lines. Nor do not saw the air too much with your hand, thus;[78] but use all gently: for in the very torrent, tempest,

(78) *I had as lief the town-crier spoke my lines. Nor do not saw the air too much with your hand, thus;*] So the quartos, 1604, &c.—The folio

and, as I may say, the whirlwind of passion, you must acquire and beget a temperance that may give it smoothness. O, it offends me to the soul to hear a robustious periwig-pated fellow tear a passion to tatters, to very rags, to split the ears of the groundlings, who, for the most part, are capable of nothing but inexplicable dumb-shows and noise: I would have such a fellow whipped for o'erdoing Termagant; it out-herods Herod: pray you, avoid it.

First Play. I warrant your honour.

Ham. Be not too tame neither, but let your own discretion be your tutor: suit the action to the word, the word to the action; with this special observance, that you o'erstep not the modesty of nature: for any thing so overdone is from the purpose of playing, whose end, both at the first and now, was and is, to hold, as 'twere, the mirror up to nature; to show virtue her own feature, scorn her own image, and the very age and body of the time his form and pressure. Now, this overdone, or come tardy off,[79] though it make the unskilful laugh, cannot but make the judicious grieve; the censure of the which one must, in your allowance, o'erweigh a whole theatre of others. O, there be players that I have seen play,—and heard others praise, and that highly,—not to speak it profanely, that, neither having the accent of Christians, nor the gait of Christian, pagan, nor man,[80] have so strutted and bellowed, that I have thought some of nature's journeymen had made men, and not made them well,[81] they imitated humanity so abominably.

has "*I had as liue the Town-Cryer* had *spoke my Lines: Nor do not saw the Ayre too much your hand thus;*" the "had" having been repeated, and the "with" omitted, by the transcriber's or printer's mistake: yet Mr. Knight keeps the "had;" and both he and Caldecott omit the "with." (The quarto 1603 has

> "*I'de* rather heare a *towne* bull bellow,
> Then such a fellow speake *my lines.*
> *Nor do not saw the aire thus with your* hands.")

(79) *come tardy off,*] "Read 'come tardy *of*,' quasi 'come short of.'" Walker's *Crit. Exam.*, &c., vol. iii. p. 266.

(80) *nor man,*] So the quartos, 1604, &c.—The folio has "or Norman."—The quarto of 1603 reads "Nor *Turke.*"—Farmer proposed "*nor* Mussulman."

(81) *had made men, and not made them well,*] "I have no doubt that

First Play. I hope we have reformed that indifferently with us, sir.

Ham. O, reform it altogether. And let those that play your clowns speak no more than is set down for them: for there be of them that will themselves laugh, to set on some quantity of barren spectators to laugh too; though, in the mean time, some necessary question of the play be then to be considered: that's villanous, and shows a most pitiful ambition in the fool that uses it. Go, make you ready.

[*Exeunt Players.*

[*Enter* POLONIUS, ROSENCRANTZ, *and* GUILDENSTERN.

How now, my lord! will the king hear this piece of work?

Pol. And the queen too, and that presently.

Ham. Bid the players make haste. [*Exit Polonius.*] Will you two help to hasten them?

Ros., Guil. We will, my lord.

[*Exeunt Rosencrantz and Guildenstern.*

Ham. What, ho, Horatio!

Enter HORATIO.

Hor. Here, sweet lord, at your service.

Ham. Horatio, thou art e'en as just a man
As e'er my conversation cop'd withal.

Hor. O, my dear lord,—

Ham. Nay, do not think I flatter;
For what advancement may I hope from thee,
That no revenue hast, but thy good spirits,
To feed and clothe thee? Why should the poor be flatter'd?
No, let the candied tongue lick absurd pomp;
And crook the pregnant hinges of the knee
Where thrift may follow fawning. Dost thou hear?
Since my dear soul was mistress of her choice,[82]
And could of men distinguish, her election

our author wrote 'had made *them*, and not made them well,' &c. *Them* and *men* are frequently confounded in the old copies." MALONE.

([82]) *Since my dear soul was mistress of her choice,*] So the quartos, 1604, &c.—The folio has "—— *Mistris of* my *choyce;*", which, though

Hath seal'd thee for herself: for thou hast been
As one, in suffering all, that suffers nothing;
A man that fortune's buffets and rewards
Hast ta'en with equal thanks: and bless'd are those
Whose blood and judgment are so well commingled,
That they are not a pipe for fortune's finger
To sound what stop she please. Give me that man
That is not passion's slave, and I will wear him
In my heart's core, ay, in my heart of heart,
As I do thee.—Something too much of this.—
There is a play to-night before the king;
One scene of it comes near the circumstance
Which I have told thee of my father's death:
I prithee, when thou seest that act a-foot,
Even with the very comment of thy soul
Observe my uncle: if his occulted guilt
Do not itself unkennel in one speech,
It is a damnèd ghost that we have seen;
And my imaginations are as foul
As Vulcan's stithy. Give him heedful note:
For I mine eyes will rivet to his face;
And, after, we will both our judgments join
In censure of his seeming.

Hor. Well, my lord:
If he steal aught the whilst this play is playing,
And scape detecting, I will pay the theft.

Ham. They're coming to the play; I must be idle:
Get you a place.

Danish march. A flourish. Enter King, Queen, POLONIUS, OPHELIA, ROSENCRANTZ, GUILDENSTERN, *and others.*

King. How fares our cousin Hamlet?

Ham. Excellent, i' faith; of the chameleon's dish: I eat the air, promise-crammed: you cannot feed capons so.

the context proves it to be an error, Mr. Knight retains; as he does another "my" of the folio at p. 367.

"My operant powers *my* functions leave to do."

In both cases the error was occasioned by the preceding "*my.*"

King. I have nothing with this answer, Hamlet; these words are not mine.

Ham. No, nor mine now.—[*To Polonius*] My lord, you played once i' the university, you say?

Pol. That did I, my lord; and was accounted a good actor.

Ham. And what did you enact?

Pol. I did enact Julius Cæsar; I was killed i' the Capitol; Brutus killed me.

Ham. It was a brute part of him to kill so capital a calf there.—Be the players ready?

Ros. Ay, my lord; they stay upon your patience.

Queen. Come hither, my dear Hamlet, sit by me.

Ham. No, good mother; here's metal more attractive.

Pol. [*to the King*] O, ho! do you mark that?

Ham. Lady, shall I lie in your lap?

[*Lying down at Ophelia's feet.*

Oph. No, my lord.

Ham. I mean, my head upon your lap?

Oph. Ay, my lord.

Ham. Do you think I meant country matters?

Oph. I think nothing, my lord.

Ham. That's a fair thought to lie between maids' legs.[83]

Oph. What is, my lord?

Ham. Nothing.

Oph. You are merry, my lord.

Ham. Who, I?

Oph. Ay, my lord.

Ham. O God, your only jig-maker. What should a man do but be merry? for, look you, how cheerfully my mother looks, and my father died within's[84] two hours.

Oph. Nay, 'tis twice two months, my lord.

Ham. So long? Nay, then, let the devil wear black, for I'll have a suit of sables.[85] O heavens! die two months

(83) *between maids' legs.*] Rowe printed "*between* a maid's *legs.*"

(84) *within's*] A contraction of "within these."

(85) *for I'll have a suit of sables.*] Warburton reads "'fore *I'll have a suit of sables;*" which Mr. Grant White adopts without hesitation. (Is what follows worth noticing?—A writer in *The Critic* for 1854, p. 317,—having found, in a review, an extract from a work of Henry Peacham, where "*Sabell* colour, i.e. *flame*-colour," is mentioned,—feels assured

ago, and not forgotten yet? Then there's hope a great man's memory may outlive his life half a year: but, by'r lady, he must build churches, then; or else shall he suffer not thinking on, with the hobby-horse, whose epitaph is, "For, O, for, O, the hobby-horse is forgot."

Hautboys play. The dumb-show enters.

Enter a King *and a* Queen *very lovingly; the* Queen *embracing him, and he her. She kneels, and makes show of protestation unto him. He takes her up, and declines his head upon her neck: lays him down upon a bank of flowers: she, seeing him asleep, leaves him. Anon comes in a fellow, takes off his crown, kisses it, and pours poison in the* King's *ears, and exit. The* Queen *returns; finds the* King *dead, and makes passionate action. The* Poisoner, *with some two or three* Mutes, *comes in again, seeming to lament with her. The dead body is carried away. The* Poisoner *wooes the* Queen *with gifts: she seems loth and unwilling awhile, but in the end accepts his love.*

[*Exeunt.*

Oph. What means this, my lord?

Ham. Marry, this is miching mallecho; it means mischief.

Oph. Belike this show imports the argument of the play.

Enter Prologue.

Ham. We shall know by this fellow: the players cannot keep counsel; they'll tell all.

Oph. Will he tell us what this show meant?

Ham. Ay, or any show that you'll show him: be not you ashamed to show, he'll not shame to tell you what it means.

Oph. You are naught, you are naught: I'll mark the play.

that we ought to read here "*a suit of* sabell." Another correspondent in *The Critic* for the same year, p. 373, observes that "*sabell*" or "*sabelle*" is properly a fawn-colour a good deal heightened with red, and that the term came from the French "*couleur d'isabelle.*"—According to the *Dict. de l'Acad. Fr.*, "*isabelle*" is a colour "entre le blanc et le jaune, mais dans lequel le jaune domine. Il se dit surtout du poil des chevaux.")

Pro. For us, and for our tragedy,
Here stooping to your clemency,
We beg your hearing patiently. [*Exit.*

Ham. Is this a prologue, or the posy of a ring?
Oph. 'Tis brief, my lord.
Ham. As woman's love.

Enter a King *and a* Queen.

P. King. Full thirty times hath Phœbus' cart gone round
Neptune's salt wash and Tellus' orbèd ground,
And thirty dozen moons with borrow'd sheen
About the world have times twelve thirties been,
Since love our hearts, and Hymen did our hands,
Unite commutual in most sacred bands.
P. Queen. So many journeys may the sun and moon
Make us again count o'er ere love be done!
But, woe is me, you are so sick of late,
So far from cheer and from your former state,
That I distrust you. Yet, though I distrust,
Discomfort you, my lord, it nothing must:
For women's fear and love hold quantity;
In neither aught, or in extremity.
Now, what my love is, proof hath made you know;
And as my love is siz'd, my fear is so:
Where love is great, the littlest doubts are fear;
Where little fears grow great, great love grows there.
P. King. Faith, I must leave thee, love, and shortly too;
My operant powers their functions leave to do:
And thou shalt live in this fair world behind,
Honour'd, belov'd; and haply one as kind
For husband shalt thou—
P. Queen. O, confound the rest!
Such love must needs be treason in my breast:
In second husband let me be accurst!
None wed the second but who kill'd the first.

Ham. [*aside*] Wormwood, wormwood.

P. Queen. The instances that second marriage move
Are base respects of thrift, but none of love:

A second time I kill my husband dead
When second husband kisses me in bed.
P. King. I do believe you think what now you speak;
But what we do determine oft we break.
Purpose is but the slave to memory;
Of violent birth, but poor validity:
Which now, like fruit unripe, sticks on the tree;
But fall, unshaken, when they mellow be.
Most necessary 'tis that we forget
To pay ourselves what to ourselves is debt:
What to ourselves in passion we propose,
The passion ending, doth the purpose lose.
The violence of either grief or joy
Their own enactures with themselves destroy:
Where joy most revels, grief doth most lament;
Grief joys, joy grieves, on slender accident.
This world is not for aye; nor 'tis not strange
That even our loves should with our fortunes change;
For 'tis a question left us yet to prove,
Whether love lead fortune, or else fortune love.
The great man down, you mark his favourite flies;
The poor advanc'd makes friends of enemies.
And hitherto doth love on fortune tend:
For who not needs shall never lack a friend;
And who in want a hollow friend doth try,
Directly seasons him his enemy.
But, orderly to end where I begun,—
Our wills and fates do so contráry run,
That our devices still are overthrown;
Our thoughts are ours, their ends none of our own:
So think thou wilt no second husband wed;
But die thy thoughts when thy first lord is dead.
P. Queen. Nor earth to me give food, nor heaven light!
Sport and repose lock from me day and night!
To desperation turn my trust and hope!
An[83] anchor's cheer in prison be my scope!
Each opposite, that blanks the face of joy,
Meet what I would have well, and it destroy!

([83]) *An*] The quartos, 1604, &c., have "And."—This and the preceding line are not in the quarto of 1603, nor in the folio.

Both here and hence pursue me lasting strife,
If, once a widow, ever I be wife!

Ham. If she should break it now!

P. King. 'Tis deeply sworn. Sweet, leave me here awhile;
My spirits grow dull, and fain I would beguile
The tedious day with sleep. [*Sleeps.*
P. Queen. Sleep rock thy brain;
And never come mischance between us twain! [*Exit.*

Ham. Madam, how like you this play?

Queen. The lady doth protest too much, methinks.

Ham. O, but she'll keep her word.

King. Have you heard the argument? Is there no offence in't?

Ham. No, no, they do but jest, poison in jest; no offence i' the world.

King. What do you call the play?

Ham. The Mouse-trap. Marry, how? Tropically. This play is the image of a murder done in Vienna: Gonzago is the duke's name; his wife, Baptista: you shall see anon; 'tis a knavish piece of work: but what o' that? your majesty, and we that have free souls, it touches us not: let the galled jade wince, our withers are unwrung.

Enter LUCIANUS.

This is one Lucianus, nephew to the king.

Oph. You are as good as a chorus, my lord.

Ham. I could interpret between you and your love, if I could see the puppets dallying.

Oph. You are keen, my lord, you are keen.

Ham. It would cost you a groaning to take off my edge.

Oph. Still better, and worse.

Ham. So you must take your husbands.[87]—Begin, mur-

(87) Oph. *Still better, and worse.*
Ham. *So you must take your husbands.*]

So the quarto 1603, except that it has "husband."—The other quartos have "*Ham. So you* mistake *your husbands;*" which is the reading of the folio, except that it omits "your."

derer; pox, leave thy damnable faces, and begin.[88] Come: —the croaking raven doth bellow for revenge.*

Luc. Thoughts black, hands apt, drugs fit, and time agreeing;
Confederate season, else no creature seeing;
Thou mixture rank, of midnight weeds collected,
With Hecate's ban thrice blasted, thrice infected,
Thy natural magic and dire property
On wholesome life usurp immediately.
[*Pours the poison into the sleeper's ears.*

Ham. He poisons him i' the garden for's estate. His name's Gonzago: the story is extant, and writ in choice Italian: you shall see anon how the murderer gets the love of Gonzago's wife.

Oph. The king rises.

Ham. What, frighted with false fire!

Queen. How fares my lord?

Pol. Give o'er the play.

King. Give me some light:—away!

All. Lights, lights, lights!

[*Exeunt all except Hamlet and Horatio.*

Ham. Why, let the strucken deer go weep,†
The hart ungallèd play;
For some must watch, while some must sleep:
So runs the world away.—
Would not this, sir, and a forest of feathers,—if the rest of my fortunes turn Turk with me,—with two Provincial

(88) *Begin, murderer; pox, leave thy damnable faces, and begin.*] So the folio; with which the quarto 1603 nearly agrees,

"*begin.* Murdred
Begin, a *poxe, leaue thy damnable faces and begin.*"

The later quartos omit "*pox;*" and Mr. Knight, generally so devoted to the folio, omits it too. (Need I observe that in Shakespeare's time this imprecation undoubtedly referred to the small-pox? Our author in *Love's Labour's Lost*, act v. sc. 2, makes Katherine exclaim "*A pox* of that jest!")

* *the croaking raven doth bellow for revenge.*] Probably a quotation from some play.

† *Why, let the strucken deer go weep*, &c.] In all probability a quotation from some ballad.

roses on my razed shoes,[89] get me a fellowship in a cry of players, sir?

Hor. Half a share.

Ham. A whole one, I.

For thou dost know, O Damon dear,*
This realm dismantled was
Of Jove himself; and now reigns here
A very, very—pajock.

Hor. You might have rhymed.

Ham. O good Horatio, I'll take the ghost's word for a thousand pound. Didst perceive?

Hor. Very well, my lord.

Ham. Upon the talk of the poisoning,—

Hor. I did very well note him.

Ham. Ah, ha! Come, some music! come, the recorders!—

For if the king like not the comedy,†
Why, then, belike,—he likes it not, perdy.—

Come, some music!

Re-enter ROSENCRANTZ *and* GUILDENSTERN.

Guil. Good my lord, vouchsafe me a word with you.

Ham. Sir, a whole history.

Guil. The king, sir,—

Ham. Ay, sir, what of him?

Guil. Is, in his retirement, marvellous distempered.

Ham. With drink, sir?

Guil. No, my lord, with choler.

Ham. Your wisdom should show itself more richer to signify this to his doctor; for, for me to put him to his purgation would perhaps plunge him into more choler.

Guil. Good my lord, put your discourse into some frame, and start not so wildly from my affair.

[89] *razed shoes,*] "The reading of the quartos is '*raz'd shoes;*' that of the folio '*rac'd shoes.*' *Razed* shoes may mean *slashed* shoes, *i.e.* with cuts or openings in them. The poet might have written '*raised* shoes,' *i.e.* shoes with *high heels;* such as, by adding to the stature, are supposed to increase the dignity of a player," &c. STEEVENS.

* *For thou dost know, O Damon dear,* &c.] Another quotation, surely; the word "*pajock,*" of course, excepted.

† *For if the king like not the comedy,* &c.] Another quotation, it would seem.

Ham. I am tame, sir:—pronounce.

Guil. The queen, your mother, in most great affliction of spirit, hath sent me to you.

Ham. You are welcome.

Guil. Nay, good my lord, this courtesy is not of the right breed. If it shall please you to make me a wholesome answer, I will do your mother's commandment: if not, your pardon and my return shall be the end of my business.

Ham. Sir, I cannot.

Guil. What, my lord?

Ham. Make you a wholesome answer; my wit's diseased: but, sir, such answer as I can make, you shall command; or, rather, as you say, my mother: therefore no more, but to the matter: my mother, you say,—

Ros. Then thus she says; your behaviour hath struck her into amazement and admiration.

Ham. O wonderful son, that can so astonish a mother!—But is there no sequel at the heels of this mother's admiration? impart.

Ros. She desires to speak with you in her closet, ere you go to bed.

Ham. We shall obey, were she ten times our mother. Have you any further trade with us?

Ros. My lord, you once did love me.

Ham. And do still, by these pickers and stealers.

Ros. Good my lord, what is your cause of distemper? you do, surely, bar the door upon your own liberty, if you deny your griefs to your friend.

Ham. Sir, I lack advancement.

Ros. How can that be, when you have the voice of the king himself for your succession in Denmark?

Ham. Ay, sir, but "While the grass grows,"—the proverb is something musty.

Re-enter Players *with recorders.*

O, the recorders:—let me see one.[90]—To withdraw with

(90) Re-enter *Players* with recorders.

O, the recorders:—let me see one.]

So the quartos, 1604, &c. (except that there the stage-direction stands "Enter *the Players with Recorders*").—The folio has

you:—why do you go about to recover the wind of me, as if you would drive me into a toil?

Guil. O, my lord, if my duty be too bold, my love is too unmannerly.

Ham. I do not well understand that. Will you play upon this pipe?

Guil. My lord, I cannot.

Ham. I pray you.

Guil. Believe me, I cannot.

Ham. I do beseech you.[91]

Guil. I know no touch of it, my lord.

Ham. 'Tis as easy as lying: govern these ventages with your finger and thumb, give it breath with your mouth, and it will discourse most eloquent music. Look you, these are the stops.

Guil. But these cannot I command to any utterance of harmony; I have not the skill.

Ham. Why, look you now, how unworthy a thing you make of me! You would play upon me; you would seem to know my stops; you would pluck out the heart of my mystery; you would sound me from my lowest note to the top of my compass: and there is much music, excellent voice, in this little organ; yet cannot you make it speak. 'Sblood, do you think[92] I am easier to be played on than a pipe?

"Enter one *with* a Recorder.

O the Recorder. *Let me see;*" an alteration which I have not the slightest doubt we must attribute to the "company," who were obliged to be economical both of persons and properties. A single recorder, indeed, suffices for the mere business of this scene: but the alteration is quite at variance with what precedes, p. 371, "Come, some music! come, *the recorders!*"

(91) Ham. *I do beseech you.*] "Should not this be addressed, and the reply which follows be assigned, to Rosencrantz? In the quarto 1603 the dialogue runs,

'*Ham.* I pray will you play upon this pipe?
Ross. Alas, my lord, I cannot.
Ham. Pray will you?
Gil. I have no skill, my lord.'" STAUNTON.

(92) *and there is much music, excellent voice, in this little organ; yet cannot you make it speak. 'Sblood, do you think*] So the quartos, 1604, &c. (in the quarto 1603 there is no more of this than "Zounds *do you thinke*").—The folio has "—— *yet cannot you make it.* Why *do you*

Call me what instrument you will, though you can fret me, you cannot play upon me.

Enter POLONIUS.

God bless you, sir!

Pol. My lord, the queen would speak with you, and presently.

Ham. Do you see yonder cloud that's almost in shape of a camel?

Pol. By the mass, and 'tis like a camel, indeed.

Ham. Methinks it is like a weasel.

Pol. It is backed like a weasel.

Ham. Or like a whale?

Pol. Very like a whale.

Ham. Then will I come to my mother by and by.—They fool me to the top of my bent.—I will come by and by.

Pol. I will say so.

Ham. By and by is easily said. [*Exit Polonius.*]—Leave me, friends. [*Exeunt Ros., Guil., Hor., and Players.*

'Tis now the very witching time of night,
When churchyards yawn, and hell itself breathes out
Contagion to this world: now could I drink hot blood,
And do such bitter business as the day
Would quake to look on.(93) Soft! now to my mother.—

thinke."—"The folio," observes Mr. Knight, "omits *speak*. The poet may have meant to say, yet cannot you *make* this music, this excellent voice; for Guildenstern might have made the pipe *speak*, but he could not command it to any utterance of harmony. We now prefer to consider the folio erroneous." That Mr. Knight should labour to explain a reading which he now allows to be an erroneous one! How it originated is plain enough: when "*'Sblood*" was struck out, to be replaced by "Why," the preceding word "*speak*" was at the same time accidentally struck out.

(93) *And do such bitter business as the day*
Would quake to look on.]

In the second edition of his *Shakespeare* Mr. Collier remarks; "In the 4tos the epithet 'bitter' is applied to 'day,' not to 'business.' The Rev. Mr. Dyce ('Few Notes,' p. 141) would read *better* for 'bitter,' and, like the 4tos, would apply the epithet, not to 'business,' but to 'day,' quoting as his authority Milton's 'Hail, holy light!' This perversion of Shakespeare's text seems to us about upon a par with his conversion of Milton's address to the sun; for nothing less applicable could easily have been

O heart, lose not thy nature; let not ever
The soul of Nero enter this firm bosom:
Let me be cruel, not unnatural:
I will speak daggers to her, but use none;
My tongue and soul in this be hypocrites,—
How in my words soever she be shent,
To give them seals never, my soul, consent! [*Exit.*

SCENE III. *A room in the same.*

Enter King, ROSENCRANTZ, *and* GUILDENSTERN.

King. I like him not; nor stands it safe with us
To let his madness range. Therefore prepare you;
I your commission will forthwith dispatch,
And he to England shall along with you:

pointed out. Surely 'bitter business,' in Hamlet's state of mind, requires no forced explanation."

Here Mr. Collier writes ignorantly,—to say nothing of his mistake in supposing that Milton's "Hail, holy light!" (*Par. Lost*, iii. 1) is, or *could be*, a portion of *Satan's* "address to the sun" (*Par. Lost*, iv. 32).

Though I have preferred in both my editions of *Shakespeare* the reading of the folio,

> "And do such bitter business as the day
> Would quake to look on,"

I certainly cannot allow that the lection which I once advocated—

> "And do such business as the *better* day
> Would quake to look on"—

is to be regarded as indefensible,—far from it; and I transcribe, for the benefit of Mr. Collier, the following remark by the late John Mitford, a critic of no mean taste and learning;

"How this reading

> ['And do such business as the *bitter* day
> Would quake to look on']

could have been permitted to stand [in the *Variorum Shakespeare*], we cannot think. The word is 'better.' 'The better day' is opposed to the 'witching time of night.' It is the *ἱερὸν ἦμαρ* of Homer, *Il.* θ. 66." *Gentleman's Magazine* for Feb. 1845, p. 125.

I may add, too, that John Kemble—whose performance of the Prince of Denmark is among the most vivid recollections of my youth—invariably delivered the passage thus;

> "And do such business as the *better* day
> Would quake to look on."

See *Hamlet*, revised by J. P. Kemble, 1814, p. 51.

The terms of our estate may not endure
Hazard so dangerous as doth hourly grow
Out of his lunacies.

Guil. We will ourselves provide:
Most holy and religious fear it is
To keep those many many bodies safe
That live and feed upon your majesty.

Ros. The single and peculiar life is bound,
With all the strength and armour of the mind,
To keep itself from noyance; but much more
Than spirit upon whose weal depend and rest
The lives of many. The cease of majesty
Dies not alone; but, like a gulf, doth draw
What's near it with it; 'tis a massy wheel,
Fix'd on the summit of the highest mount,
To whose huge spokes ten thousand lesser things
Are mortis'd and adjoin'd; which, when it falls,
Each small annexment, petty consequence,
Attends the boisterous ruin. Ne'er alone
Did the king sigh, but with a general groan.

King. Arm you, I pray you, to this speedy voyage;
For we will fetters put upon this fear,
Which now goes too free-footed.

Ros., Guil. We will haste us.

[*Exeunt Rosencrantz and Guildenstern.*

Enter POLONIUS.

Pol. My lord, he's going to his mother's closet:
Behind the arras I'll convey myself,
To hear the process; I'll warrant she'll tax him home:
And, as you said, and wisely was it said,
'Tis meet that some more audience than a mother,
Since nature makes them partial, should o'erhear
The speech, of vantage. Fare you well, my liege:
I'll call upon you ere you go to bed,
And tell you what I know.

King. Thanks, dear my lord.

[*Exit Polonius.*

O, my offence is rank, it smells to heaven;

It hath the primal eldest curse upon't,—
A brother's murder!—Pray can I not,
Though inclination be as sharp as will:[94]
My stronger guilt defeats my strong intent;
And, like a man to double business bound,
I stand in pause where I shall first begin,
And both neglect. What if this cursèd hand
Were thicker than itself with brother's blood,
Is there not rain enough in the sweet heavens
To wash it white as snow? Whereto serves mercy
But to confront the visage of offence?
And what's in prayer but this twofold force,—
To be forestallèd ere we come to fall,
Or pardon'd being down? Then I'll look up;
My fault is past. But, O, what form of prayer
Can serve my turn? "Forgive me my foul murder"?—
That cannot be; since I am still possess'd
Of those effects for which I did the murder,—
My crown, mine own ambition, and my queen.
May one be pardon'd, and retain th' offence?
In the corrupted 'currents of this world
Offence's gilded hand may shove-by justice;
And oft 'tis seen the wicked prize itself
Buys out the law: but 'tis not so above;
There is no shuffling,—there the action lies
In his true nature; and we ourselves compell'd,
Even to the teeth and forehead of our faults,
To give in evidence. What then? what rests?
Try what repentance can: what can it not?
Yet what can it when one can not repent?
O wretched state! O bosom black as death!
O limèd soul, that, struggling to be free,
Art more engag'd! Help, angels! Make assay:

(94) *Though inclination be as sharp as will:*] Theobald proposed, and Hanmer printed, "—— *as sharp as* 't will."—Warburton reads "—— *as sharp as* th' ill."—"The distinction [between inclination and will] is philosophically correct. I may *will* to do a thing because my understanding points it out to me as right, although I am not *inclined* to it. See Locke on the Human Understanding, B. ii. ch. xxi. sec. 30." BOSWELL.

Bow, stubborn knees; and, heart with strings of steel,
Be soft as sinews of the new-born babe!
All may be well. [*Retires and kneels.*

Enter HAMLET.

Ham. Now might I do it pat, now he is praying;
And now I'll do't:—and so he goes to heaven;
And so am I reveng'd:—that would be scann'd:
A villain kills my father; and, for that,
I, his sole son, do this same villain send
To heaven.
O, this is hire and salary, not revenge.
He took my father grossly, full of bread;
With all his crimes broad blown, as flush as May;
And how his audit stands who knows save heaven?
But, in our circumstance and course of thought,
'Tis heavy with him: and am I, then, reveng'd,
To take him in the purging of his soul,
When he is fit and season'd for his passage?
No.
Up, sword; and know thou a more horrid hent:
When he is drunk, asleep, or in his rage;
Or in th' incestuous pleasure of his bed;
At gaming, swearing; or about some act
That has no relish of salvation in't;—
Then trip him, that his heels may kick at heaven;
And that his soul may be as damn'd and black
As hell, whereto it goes. My mother stays:
This physic but prolongs thy sickly days. [*Exit.*

[*The King rises and advances.*

King. My words fly up, my thoughts remain below;
Words without thoughts never to heaven go. [*Exit.*

SCENE IV. *Another room in the same.*

Enter Queen *and* POLONIUS.

Pol. He will come straight. Look you lay home to him:
Tell him his pranks have been too broad to bear with,

And that your grace hath screen'd and stood between
Much heat and him. I'll sconce me even here.[96]
Pray you, be round with him.

Ham. [*within*] Mother, mother, mother![96]

Queen. I'll warrant you;
Fear me not:—withdraw, I hear him coming.

[*Polonius goes behind the arras.*

Enter HAMLET.

Ham. Now, mother, what's the matter?

Queen. Hamlet, thou hast thy father much offended.

Ham. Mother, you have my father much offended.

Queen. Come, come, you answer with an idle tongue.

Ham. Go, go, you question with a wicked tongue.[97]

[96] *I'll sconce me even here.*] So Hanmer (and Mr. Collier's Ms. Corrector).—The quartos, 1604, &c., have "*Ile* silence *me euen heere;*" and so the folio, except that it has "—— e'ene *heere.*"—The corresponding words in the quarto 1603 are, "I'le *shrowde myselfe* behinde the Arras."—That Hanmer's alteration, which has long been adopted on the stage, should not be even noticed in the *Variorum Shakespeare*, is sufficiently strange. (Compare "I will *ensconce* me behind the arras." *The Merry Wives of Windsor*, act iii. sc. 3.)

[96] Ham. [within] *Mother, mother, mother!*] So the folio.—Not in the quartos, 1604, &c.—There is, however, a trace of it in the quarto 1603,

"*Ham. Mother, mother*, O are you here?
How is't with you mother?"—

1865. I certainly am not disposed to find fault with those editors who have omitted this speech.

[97] Queen. *Come, come, you answer with an idle tongue.*
Ham. *Go, go, you question with a wicked tongue.*]

So the quartos 1604, &c. (these two speeches are not in the earliest quarto).—The folio has "*Ham. Go, go, you question with* an idle *tongue;*" which is adopted by Caldecott (and by Dr. Delius), under the idea that here Hamlet should echo as closely as possible the words of his mother. It was formerly adopted by Mr. Knight also; but he now adheres to the reading of the quartos; and wisely,—for the "an idle" of the folio was evidently caught by the transcriber or compositor from the preceding line. Such faulty repetitions are extremely frequent in the folio throughout this play: *e.g.* in act i. sc. 5 (p. 329), it has

"*Hor.* There's no offence *my Lord.*
Ham. Yes, by Saint Patricke, but there is *my Lord,*" &c. (instead of "—— but there is, *Horatio,*" &c.);

and in act v. sc. 2 (p. 432),

Queen. Why, how now, Hamlet!
Ham. What's the matter now?
Queen. Have you forgot me?[98]
Ham. No, by the rood, not so:
You are the queen, your husband's brother's wife;
And—would it were not so!—you are my mother.
Queen. Nay, then, I'll set those to you that can speak.
Ham. Come, come, and sit you down; you shall not budge;
You go not till I set you up a glass
Where you may see the inmost part of you.
Queen. What wilt thou do? thou wilt not murder me?—
Help, help, ho!
Pol. [*behind*] What, ho! help, help, help!
Ham. [*drawing*] How now! a rat? Dead for a ducat, dead! [*Makes a pass through the arras.*
Pol. [*behind*] O, I am slain! [*Falls and dies.*
Queen. O me, what hast thou done?
Ham. Nay, I know not:
Is it the king?
Queen. O, what a rash and bloody deed is this!
Ham. A bloody deed!—almost as bad, good mother,
As kill a king, and marry with his brother.
Queen. As kill a king!
Ham. Ay, lady, 'twas my word.—
[*Lifts up the arras, and sees Polonius.*
Thou wretched, rash-intruding fool, farewell!
I took thee for thy better: take thy fortune;
Thou find'st to be too busy is some danger.—
Leave wringing of your hands: peace; sit you down,
And let me wring your heart: for so I shall,

"*Ham.* Come on *sir.*
Laer. Come *on sir*" (instead of "Come, *my lord*").

See also notes 48, 52, 76, 78, 82, 138.

(98) Queen. *Why, how now, Hamlet!*
Ham. *What's the matter now?*
Queen. *Have you forgot me?*]

"Perhaps all this belongs to the Queen." Walker's *Crit. Exam.*, &c., vol. ii. p. 187.—I do not think so.

If it be made of penetrable stuff;
If damnèd custom have not braz'd it so,
That it is proof and bulwark against sense.
Queen. What have I done, that thou dar'st wag thy tongue
In noise so rude against me?
Ham. Such an act
That blurs the grace and blush of modesty;
Calls virtue hypocrite; takes off the rose
From the fair forehead of an innocent love,
And sets a blister there; makes marriage-vows
As false as dicers' oaths: O, such a deed
As from the body of contraction plucks
The very soul; and sweet religion makes
A rhapsody of words: heaven's face doth glow;
Yea, this solidity and compound mass,
With tristful visage, as against the doom,
Is thought-sick at the act.
Queen. Ay me, what act,
That roars so loud, and thunders in the index?
Ham. Look here, upon this picture, and on this,
The counterfeit presentment of two brothers.
See, what a grace was seated on this brow;
Hyperion's curls; the front of Jove himself;
An eye like Mars, to threaten and command;
A station like the herald Mercury
New-lighted on a heaven-kissing hill;
A combination and a form indeed,[99]
Where every god did seem to set his seal,
To give the world assurance of a man:
This was your husband.—Look you now, what follows:
Here is your husband; like a mildew'd ear,
Blasting his wholesome brother. Have you eyes?
Could you on this fair mountain leave to feed,
And batten on this moor? Ha! have you eyes?
You cannot call it love; for at your age

([99]) *A combination and a form indeed,*] See note 71 on *Much Ado about Nothing.*

The hey-day in the blood is tame, it's humble,
And waits upon the judgment: and what judgment
Would step from this to this? Sense, sure, you have,
Else could you not have motion: but, sure, that sense
Is apoplex'd: for madness would not err;
Nor sense to ecstasy was ne'er so thrall'd
But it reserv'd some quantity of choice,
To serve in such a difference. What devil was't
That thus hath cozen'd you at hoodman-blind?
Eyes without feeling, feeling without sight,
Ears without hands or eyes, smelling sans all,
Or but a sickly part of one true sense
Could not so mope.
O shame! where is thy blush? Rebellious hell,
If thou canst mutine in a matron's bones,
To flaming youth let virtue be as wax,
And melt in her own fire: proclaim no shame
When the compulsive ardour gives the charge,
Since frost itself as actively doth burn,
And reason panders will.

Queen. O Hamlet, speak no more:
Thou turn'st mine eyes into my very soul;
And there I see such black and grainèd spots
As will not leave their tinct.

Ham. Nay, but to live
In the rank sweat of an enseamèd bed,
Stew'd in corruption, honeying and making love
Over the nasty sty,—

Queen. O, speak to me no more;
These words, like daggers, enter in mine ears;
No more, sweet Hamlet!

Ham. A murderer and a villain;
A slave that is not twentieth part the tithe
Of your precedent lord; a vice of kings;
A cutpurse of the empire and the rule,
That from a shelf the precious diadem stole,
And put it in his pocket!

Queen. No more!

Ham. A king of shreds and patches,—

Enter Ghost.

Save me, and hover o'er me with your wings,
You heavenly guards!—What would your gracious figure?(100)
Queen. Alas, he's mad!
Ham. Do you not come your tardy son to chide,
That, laps'd in time and passion, lets go by
Th' important acting of your dread command?
O, say!
Ghost. Do not forget: this visitation
Is but to whet thy almost blunted purpose.
But, look, amazement on thy mother sits:
O, step between her and her fighting soul,—
Conceit in weakest bodies strongest works,—
Speak to her, Hamlet.
Ham. How is it with you, lady?
Queen. Alas, how is't with you,
That you do bend your eye on vacancy,
And with th' incorporal air do hold discourse?
Forth at your eyes your spirits wildly peep;
And, as the sleeping soldiers in th' alarm,
Your bedded hair, like life in excrements,
Starts up, and stands on end.(101) O gentle son,
Upon the heat and flame of thy distemper
Sprinkle cool patience. Whereon do you look?
Ham. On him, on him! Look you, how pale he glares!
His form and cause conjoin'd, preaching to stones,

(100) *What would your gracious figure?*] So the quartos, 1604, &c.—The folio has "*What would* you *gracious figure?*" (the compositor having here omitted by mistake the letter *r*,—just as he has done afterwards in this play, p. 422, "Strengthen *you* patience in our last nights speech"); and accordingly Caldecott, Mr. Knight, and Mr. Collier do not scruple to print "What would *you*, gracious figure?"

(101) *Your bedded hair, like life in excrements,*
Starts up, and stands on end.]

Here Mr. Grant White states that "Start" and "stand" is the reading of all the old copies,—a mistake: quarto 1611, for instance, has "*Starts*" and "*stands.*"—As to "*on end*"—in passages where the old eds. happen to have "an *end*"—see note 36, and the earlier note there referred to.

Would make them capable.—Do not look upon me;
Lest with this piteous action you convert
My stern effects: then what I have to do
Will want true colour; tears perchance for blood.

Queen. To whom do you speak this?

Ham. Do you see nothing there?

Queen. Nothing at all; yet all that is I see.

Ham. Nor did you nothing hear?

Queen. No, nothing but ourselves.

Ham. Why, look you there! look, how it steals away!
My father, in his habit as he liv'd!
Look, where he goes, even now, out at the portal!

[*Exit Ghost.*

Queen. This is the very coinage of your brain:
This bodiless creation ecstasy
Is very cunning in.

Ham. Ecstasy!
My pulse, as yours, doth temperately keep time,
And makes as healthful music: 'tis not madness
That I have utter'd: bring me to the test,
And I the matter will re-word; which madness
Would gambol from. Mother, for love of grace,
Lay not that flattering unction to your soul,
That not your trespass, but my madness speaks:
It will but skin and film the ulcerous place,
Whilst rank corruption, mining all within,
Infects unseen. Confess yourself to heaven;
Repent what's past; avoid what is to come;
And do not spread the compost on the weeds,
To make them ranker. Forgive me this my virtue;
For in the fatness of these pursy times
Virtue itself of vice must pardon beg,
Yea, curb and woo for leave to do him good.

Queen. O Hamlet, thou hast cleft my heart in twain.

Ham. O, throw away the worser part of it,
And live the purer with the other half.
Good night: but go not to my uncle's bed;
Assume a virtue, if you have it not.
That monster, custom, who all sense doth eat,

Of habits devil, is angel yet in this,[102]
That to the use of actions fair and good
He likewise gives a frock or livery,
That aptly is put on. Refrain to-night;
And that shall lend a kind of easiness
To the next abstinence: the next more easy;
For use almost can change the stamp of nature,
And either master the devil, or throw him out[103]
With wondrous potency. Once more, good night:
And when you are desirous to be bless'd,
I'll blessing beg of you.—For this same lord,
[*Pointing to Polonius.*
I do repent: but heaven hath pleas'd it so,
To punish me with this, and this with me,

([102]) *That monster, custom, who all sense doth eat,*
Of habits devil, is angel yet in this,]

This passage (from "That monster" to "put on" inclusive) is only in the quartos, 1604, &c.—It has been variously pointed and explained: the above punctuation (which Mr. Knight is mistaken in supposing that he was the first to adopt) appears to me preferable, on the whole.—Theobald, at Thirlby's suggestion, printed

"—— *who all sense doth eat*
Of habits evil, *is angel*," &c.

and the Rev. J. Mitford (*Gent. Magazine* for Feb. 1845, p. 132) proposes

"—— *who all sense doth eat,*
If *habit's devil, is angel*," &c.

([103]) *And either master the devil, or throw him out*, &c.] This passage (from "the next more easy" to "wondrous potency" inclusive) is only in the quartos, 1604, &c.; the two earliest of these have

"*And either the deuell, or throwe him out*," &c.

The later quartos substitute "*maister*" (and "*master*") for "*either*," but leave the metre imperfect (though Mr. Collier seems to think otherwise).—The line has been amended to

"*And master* even *the devil, or throw him out*," &c.

and to

"*And either* curb *the devil, or throw him out*," &c.;

which last emendation (Malone's) is certainly objectionable on account of the word "curb" occurring at the close of Hamlet's preceding speech.—"I suspect," says Walker, "that the reading '[either] *master* the [*th'*] devil' is the right one." *Crit. Exam.*, &c., vol. i. p. 308. (Walker, in his *Shakespeare's Versification*, &c., p. 75, cites the line with the same reading, as right, but by mistake attributes that lection to the quarto of 1604.)

That I must be their scourge and minister.(104)
I will bestow him, and will answer well
The death I gave him. So, again, good night.—
I must be cruel, only to be kind:
Thus bad begins, and worse remains behind.—
One word more, good lady.

Queen. What shall I do?

Ham. Not this, by no means, that I bid you do:
Let the bloat king tempt you again to bed;
Pinch wanton on your cheek; call you his mouse;
And let him, for a pair of reechy kisses,
Or paddling in your neck with his damn'd fingers,
Make you to ravel all this matter out,
That I essentially am not in madness,
But mad in craft. 'Twere good you let him know;
For who, that's but a queen, fair, sober, wise,
Would from a paddock, from a bat, a gib,
Such dear concernings hide? who would do so?
No, in despite of sense and secrecy,
Unpeg the basket on the house's top,
Let the birds fly, and, like the famous ape,
To try conclusions, in the basket creep,
And break your own neck down.

Queen. Be thou assur'd, if words be made of breath,
And breath of life, I have no life to breathe
What thou hast said to me.

Ham. I must to England; you know that?

Queen. Alack,
I had forgot: 'tis so concluded on.

Ham. There's letters seal'd: and my two schoolfellows,—
Whom I will trust as I will adders fang'd,—
They bear the mandate; they must sweep my way,
And marshal me to knavery. Let it work;
For 'tis the sport to have the enginer

(104) *heaven hath pleas'd it so,*
. . . . . .
That I must be their scourge and minister.]

See note 10 on *King Richard II.*

Hoist with his own petar: and't shall go hard
But I will delve one yard below their mines,
And blow them at the moon: O, 'tis most sweet
When in one line two crafts directly meet.—
This man shall set me packing:
I'll lug the guts into the neighbour room.—
Mother, good night.—Indeed, this counsellor
Is now most still, most secret, and most grave,
Who was in life a foolish prating knave.
Come, sir, to draw toward an end with you.—
Good night, mother.

[*Exeunt severally; Hamlet dragging in Polonius.*

ACT IV.

SCENE I. *Elsinore. A room in the castle.*

Enter King, Queen, ROSENCRANTZ, *and* GUILDENSTERN.

King. There's matter in these sighs, these profound heaves:
You must translate:[105] 'tis fit we understand them.
Where is your son?

Queen. Bestow this place on us a little while.

[*To Rosencrantz and Guildenstern, who exeunt.*

Ah, my good lord, what have I seen to-night!

King. What, Gertrude? How does Hamlet?

Queen. Mad as the sea and wind, when both contend
Which is the mightier: in his lawless fit,
Behind the arras hearing something stir,
Whips out his rapier, cries "A rat, a rat!"
And, in this brainish apprehension, kills
The unseen good old man.

(105) *There's matter in these sighs, these profound heaves:*
You must translate:]

Walker (*Crit. Exam.*, &c., vol. iii. p. 268) would point

". . . . . *heaves,*
You must translate."

i.e. "*which* you must translate."

King. O heavy deed!
It had been so with us, had we been there:
His liberty is full of threats to all;
To you yourself, to us, to every one.
Alas, how shall this bloody deed be answer'd?
It will be laid to us, whose providence
Should have kept short, restrain'd, and out of haunt
This mad young man: but so much was our love,
We would not understand what was most fit;
But, like the owner of a foul disease,
To keep it from divulging, let it feed
Even on the pith of life. Where is he gone?

Queen. To draw apart the body he hath kill'd:
O'er whom his very madness, like some ore
Among a mineral of metals base,
Shows itself pure; he weeps for what is done.

King. O Gertrude, come away!
The sun no sooner shall the mountains touch,
But we will ship him hence: and this vile deed
We must, with all our majesty and skill,
Both countenance and excuse.—Ho, Guildenstern!

Re-enter ROSENCRANTZ *and* GUILDENSTERN.

Friends both, go join you with some further aid:
Hamlet in madness hath Polonius slain,
And from his mother's closet hath he dragg'd him:
Go seek him out; speak fair, and bring the body
Into the chapel. I pray you, haste in this.
[*Exeunt Rosencrantz and Guildenstern.*
Come, Gertrude, we'll call up our wisest friends;
And let them know, both what we mean to do,
And what's untimely done: so, haply slander—
Whose whisper o'er the world's diameter,[106]

(106) *so, haply slander—*
Whose whisper o'er the world's diameter,]

This passage (from "Whose whisper" to "woundless air" inclusive) is only in the quartos, 1604, &c., and imperfect at the commencement. To complete the sense, Theobald inserted "for *haply, slander,*" which was afterwards slightly altered by Capell as above.

As level as the cannon to his blank,
Transports his poison'd shot—may miss our name,
And hit the woundless air.—O, come away!
My soul is full of discord and dismay. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II. *The same. Another room in the same.*

Enter HAMLET.

Ham. Safely stowed.

Ros., Guil. [*within*] Hamlet! Lord Hamlet!

Ham. What noise? who calls on Hamlet? O, here they come.

Enter ROSENCRANTZ *and* GUILDENSTERN.

Ros. What have you done, my lord, with the dead body?

Ham. Compounded it with dust, whereto 'tis kin.

Ros. Tell us where 'tis; that we may take it thence,
And bear it to the chapel.

Ham. Do not believe it.

Ros. Believe what?

Ham. That I can keep your counsel, and not mine own. Besides, to be demanded of a sponge!—what replication should be made by the son of a king?

Ros. Take you me for a sponge, my lord?

Ham. Ay, sir; that soaks up the king's countenance, his rewards, his authorities. But such officers do the king best service in the end: he keeps them, like an ape, in the corner of his jaw; first mouthed, to be last swallowed:[107]

[107] *he keeps them, like an ape, in the corner of his jaw; first mouthed, to be last swallowed:*] So the folio; "which Sir Thomas Hanmer has illustrated with the following note: 'It is the way of monkeys in eating, to throw that part of their food, which they take up first, into a pouch they are provided with on the [each] side of their jaw, and there they keep it, till they have done with the rest.'" JOHNSON.—The quartos, 1604, &c., have "*he keepes them like an* apple *in the corner of his iaw,*" &c. (The corresponding passage in the quarto of 1603 is

"For hee doth keep you as an Ape doth nuttes,
In the corner of his Iaw, first mouthes you,
Then swallowes you.")

when he needs what you have gleaned, it is but squeezing you, and, sponge, you shall be dry again.

Ros. I understand you not, my lord.

Ham. I am glad of it: a knavish speech sleeps in a foolish ear.

Ros. My lord, you must tell us where the body is, and go with us to the king.

Ham. The body is with the king, but the king is not with the body. The king is a thing—

Guil. A thing, my lord!

Ham. Of nothing: bring me to him. Hide fox, and all after. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE III. *The same. Another room in the same.*

Enter King, *attended.*

King. I've sent to seek him, and to find the body.
How dangerous is it that this man goes loose:
Yet must not we put the strong law on him:
He's lov'd of the distracted multitude,
Who like not in their judgment, but their eyes;
And where 'tis so, th' offender's scourge is weigh'd,
But never the offence. To bear all smooth and even,
This sudden sending him away must seem
Deliberate pause: diseases desperate grown
By desperate appliance are reliev'd,
Or not at all.

Enter ROSENCRANTZ.

How now! what hath befall'n?

Ros. Where the dead body is bestow'd, my lord,
We cannot get from him.

King. But where is he?

Ros. Without, my lord; guarded, to know your pleasure.

King. Bring him before us.

Ros. Ho, Guildenstern! bring in my lord.

Enter HAMLET *and* GUILDENSTERN.

King. Now, Hamlet, where's Polonius?

Ham. At supper.

King. At supper! where?

Ham. Not where he eats, but where he is eaten: a certain convocation of politic worms are e'en at him. Your worm is your only emperor for diet: we fat all creatures else to fat us, and we fat ourselves for maggots: your fat king and your lean beggar is but variable service,—two dishes, but to one table: that's the end.

King. Alas, alas!

Ham. A man may fish with the worm that hath eat of a king, and eat of the fish that hath fed of that worm.

King. What dost thou mean by this?

Ham. Nothing but to show you how a king may go a progress through the guts of a beggar.

King. Where is Polonius?

Ham. In heaven; send thither to see: if your messenger find him not there, seek him i' the other place yourself. But, indeed, if you find him not within this month, you shall nose him as you go up the stairs into the lobby.

King. Go seek him there. [*To some Attendants.*

Ham. He will stay till ye come. [*Exeunt Attendants.*

King. Hamlet, this deed, for thine especial safety,—
Which we do tender, as we dearly grieve
For that which thou hast done,—must send thee hence
With fiery quickness: therefore prepare thyself;
The bark is ready, and the wind at help,
Th' associates tend, and every thing is bent
For England.

Ham. For England!

King. Ay, Hamlet.

Ham. Good.

King. So is it, if thou knew'st our purposes.

Ham. I see a cherub that sees them.—But, come; for England!—Farewell, dear mother.

King. Thy loving father, Hamlet.

Ham. My mother: father and mother is man and wife;

man and wife is one flesh; and so, my mother.—Come, for England! [*Exit.*

King. Follow him at foot; tempt him with speed aboard;
Delay it not; I'll have him hence to-night:
Away! for every thing is seal'd and done
That else leans on th' affair: pray you, make haste.
[*Exeunt Rosencrantz and Guildenstern.*
And, England, if my love thou hold'st at aught,—
As my great power thereof may give thee sense,
Since yet thy cicatrice looks raw and red
After the Danish sword, and thy free awe
Pays homage to us,—thou mayst not coldly set
Our sovereign process; which imports at full,
By letters cónjuring to that effect,
The present death of Hamlet. Do it, England;
For like the hectic in my blood he rages,
And thou must cure me: till I know 'tis done,
Howe'er my haps, my joys were ne'er begun.[108] [*Exit.*

SCENE IV. *A plain in Denmark.*

Enter FORTINBRAS, *a* Captain, *and* Forces, *marching.*

For. Go, captain, from me greet the Danish king;
Tell him that, by his license, Fortinbras
Claims the conveyance of a promis'd march
Over his kingdom. You know the rendezvous.
If that his majesty would aught with us,
We shall express our duty in his eye;
And let him know so.

Cap. I will do't, my lord.

For. Go softly on. [*Exeunt Fortinbras and Forces.*

[108] *till I know 'tis done,*
Howe'er my haps, my joys were ne'er begun.]

So the folio.—The quartos, 1604, &c., have "—— *my ioyes* will *nere* begin;" but a rhyme was evidently intended here.—Johnson suggested that "*haps*" ought to be "hopes;" and Mr. Collier's Ms. Corrector agrees with him.—1865. "'*Begun*,' certainly; rhyme is demanded here. As to the rest, ἐντέχνω." Walker's *Crit. Exam.*, &c., vol. iii. p. 268.

Enter HAMLET, ROSENCRANTZ, GUILDENSTERN, *and others.*

Ham. Good sir, whose powers are these?
Cap. They are of Norway, sir.
Ham. How purpos'd, sir, I pray you?
Cap. Against some part of Poland.
Ham. Who commands them, sir?
Cap. The nephew to old Norway, Fortinbras.
Ham. Goes it against the main of Poland, sir,
Or for some frontier?
Cap. Truly to speak, sir, and with no addition,
We go to gain a little patch of ground
That hath in it no profit but the name.
To pay five ducats, five, I would not farm it;[109]
Nor will it yield to Norway or the Pole
A ranker rate, should it be sold in fee.
Ham. Why, then, the Polack never will defend it.
Cap. Yes, 'tis already garrison'd.
Ham. Two[110] thousand souls and twenty thousand ducats
Will not debate the question of this straw:
This is th' imposthume of much wealth and peace,
That inward breaks, and shows no cause without
Why the man dies.—I humbly thank you, sir.
Cap. God b' wi' you, sir. [*Exit.*
Ros. Will't please you go, my lord?
Ham. I'll be with you straight. Go a little before.
[*Exeunt all except Hamlet.*
How all occasions do inform against me,
And spur my dull revenge! What is a man,
If his chief good and market of his time
Be but to sleep and feed? a beast, no more.

[109] *Truly to speak, sir, and with no addition,*
. . . . . .
To pay five ducats, five, I would not farm it;]

In the first line "*sir*" is a modern addition.—Mr. John Jones obligingly sends me a printed note on this passage, in which he proposes to read "*five ducats* fine," understanding "fine" either as a market denomination (see Macleod's *Dictionary of Political Economy*, p. 69), or in the sense of "rent."

[110] *Two*] "'*Ten*'?" Walker's *Crit. Exam.*, &c., vol. iii. p. 268.

Sure, he that made us with such large discourse,
Looking before and after, gave us not
That capability and godlike reason
To fust in us unus'd. Now, whether it be
Beastial oblivion, or some craven scruple
Of thinking too precisely on th' event,—
A thought which, quarter'd, hath but one part wisdom,
And ever three parts coward,—I do not know
Why yet I live to say "This thing's to do;"
Sith I have cause, and will, and strength, and means
To do't. Examples, gross as earth, exhort me:
Witness this army, of such mass and charge,
Led by a delicate and tender prince;
Whose spirit, with divine ambition puff'd,
Makes mouths at the invisible event;
Exposing what is mortal and unsure
To all that fortune, death, and danger dare,
Even for an egg-shell. Rightly to be great
Is not to stir without great argument,
But greatly to find quarrel in a straw
When honour's at the stake. How stand I, then,
That have a father kill'd, a mother stain'd,
Excitements of my reason and my blood,
And let all sleep? while, to my shame, I see
The imminent death of twenty thousand men,
That for a fantasy and trick of fame
Go to their graves like beds; fight for a plot
Whereon the numbers cannot try the cause,
Which is not tomb enough and continent
To hide the slain?—O, from this time forth,
My thoughts be bloody, or be nothing worth! [*Exit.*

SCENE V. *Elsinore. A room in the castle.*

Enter Queen *and* HORATIO.

Queen. I will not speak with her.

Hor. She is importunate, indeed distract;
Her mood will needs be pitied.

Queen. What would she have?

Hor. She speaks much of her father; says she hears
There's tricks i' the world; and hems, and beats her heart;
Spurns enviously at straws; speaks things in doubt,
That carry but half sense: her speech is nothing,
Yet the unshapèd use of it doth move
The hearers to collection; they aim at it,
And botch the words up fit to their own thoughts;
Which, as her winks and nods and gestures yield them,
Indeed would make one think there might be thought,
Though nothing sure, yet much unhappily.
'Twere good she were spoken with;[111] for she may strew
Dangerous conjectures in ill-breeding minds.

Queen. Let her come in. [*Exit Horatio.*

To my sick soul, as sin's true nature is,
Each toy seems prologue to some great amiss:
So full of artless jealousy is guilt,
It spills itself in fearing to be spilt.

(111) *'Twere good she were spoken with*, &c.] At the commencement of the scene, the quartos, 1604, &c., have "*Enter Horatio, Gertrard*, and a Gentleman;" and up to this point they make the dialogue pass between the Queen and the "Gentleman." They then have

> "*Hora.* 'Twere good she were spoken with, for shee may strew
> Dangerous coniectures in ill-breeding mindes,
> Let her come in.
>
> *Enter Ophelia.*
>
> *Quee.* To my sicke soule, as sinnes true nature is," &c.—

The folio omits the "Gentleman;" and, as far as "Though nothing sure, yet much unhappily" inclusive, distributes the speeches as in the present edition. It then has

> "*Qu.* 'Twere good she were spoken with
> For she may strew dangerous coniectures
> In ill breeding minds. Let her come in.
> To my sicke soule (as sinnes true Nature is)," &c.—

There certainly is room for suspecting that the omission of the "Gentleman" is to be attributed to the players. But be that as it may, there can be no doubt that if a modern editor adheres to the folio in omitting the "Gentleman," he ought to restore to Horatio (what comes very awkwardly from the Queen),

> "'Twere good she were spoken with, for she may strew
> Dangerous conjectures in ill-breeding minds;"

and that, whether he chooses to retain or omit the "Gentleman," he ought to make the Queen's speech commence with "Let her come in."

Re-enter HORATIO, *with* OPHELIA.

Oph. Where is the beauteous majesty of Denmark?

Queen. How now, Ophelia!

Oph. How should I your true-love know [*Sings.*
From another one?
By his cockle hat and staff,
And his sandal shoon.

Queen. Alas, sweet lady, what imports this song?

Oph. Say you? nay, pray you, mark.

He is dead and gone, lady, [*Sings.*
He is dead and gone;
At his head a grass-green turf,
At his heels a stone.

Queen. Nay, but, Ophelia,—

Oph. Pray you, mark.

White his shroud as the mountain snow, [*Sings.*

Enter King.

Queen. Alas, look here, my lord.

Oph. Larded with sweet flowers; [*Sings.*
Which bewept to the grave did go
With true-love showers.(112)

(112) *Larded with sweet flowers;*
Which bewept to the grave did go
With true-love showers.]

The old eds. have "—— *did* not *go*," &c.; a reading which had been rejected for many a long year, when Caldecott with great pomp restored the "not" to the text. "*Contra fidem omnium codicum*," he says, "and following a leader whom they concur in reprobating, the modern editors read 'to the grave [did] go;'" Caldecott, though far advanced in life when he edited *Hamlet*, being, it would seem, still ignorant that a whole series of "codices" will very often agree in the grossest error. "His *shroud*, or corpse, 'did not go bewept with true-love showers,' for his was no love-case; his death had the tragical character of fierce outrage," &c. &c. That any one should fail at once to perceive that the original reading "*did* not *go*" is utterly irreconcilable with the preceding "Larded with sweet flowers"! And that any one should have the folly to suppose that the ballad now sung by Ophelia must apply in minute particulars to her father! Enough for her that it is a ditty about death and burial; no matter that its hero is a youthful lover,—he was cut off

King. How do you, pretty lady?

Oph. Well, God dild you! They say the owl was a baker's daughter. Lord, we know what we are, but know not what we may be. God be at your table!

King. Conceit upon her father.

Oph. Pray you, let's have no words of this; but when they ask you what it means, say you this:

To-morrow is Saint Valentine's day, [*Sings.*
All in the morning betime,
And I a maid at your window,
To be your Valentine.
Then up he rose, and donn'd his clothes,
And dupp'd the chamber-door;
Let in the maid, that out a maid
Never departed more.

King. Pretty Ophelia!

Oph. Indeed, la, without an oath, I'll make an end on't:

By Gis and by Saint Charity, [*Sings.*
Alack, and fie for shame!
Young men will do't, if they come to't;
By cock, they are to blame.
Quoth she, before you tumbled me,
You promis'd me to wed.
So would I ha' done, by yonder sun,
An thou hadst not come to my bed.

King. How long hath she been thus?

Oph. I hope all will be well. We must be patient: but I cannot choose but weep, to think they should lay him i' the cold ground. My brother shall know of it: and so I thank you for your good counsel.—Come, my coach!—Good night, ladies; good night, sweet ladies; good night, good night.
[*Exit.*

King. Follow her close; give her good watch, I pray you.
[*Exit Horatio.*

by a sudden fate, and so far resembled Polonius.—Here Mr. Knight also retains "not."—So does Mr. Collier in the first ed. of his *Shakespeare*, remarking, however, that it "may possibly be an error:" but in his second edition he omits it.

O, this is[113] the poison of deep grief; it springs
All from her father's death. O Gertrude, Gertrude,
When sorrows come, they come not single spies,
But in battalias! First, her father slain:
Next, your son gone; and he most violent author
Of his own just remove: the people mudded,[114]
Thick and unwholesome in their thoughts and whispers,
For good Polonius' death; and we have done but greenly,
In hugger-mugger t' inter him: poor Ophelia
Divided from herself and her fair judgment,
Without the which we're pictures, or mere beasts:
Last, and as much containing as all these,
Her brother is in secret come from France;
Feeds on his wonder, keeps himself in clouds,
And wants not buzzers to infect his ear
With pestilent speeches of his father's death;
Wherein necessity, of matter beggar'd,
Will nothing stick our person to arraign[115]
In ear and ear. O my dear Gertrude, this,
Like to a murdering-piece, in many places
Gives me superfluous death. [*A noise within.*

Queen. Alack, what noise is this?

King. Where are my Switzers? Let them guard the door.

(113) *this is*] Altered by Walker (*Shakespeare's Versification*, &c., p. 81) to the contracted form "this'," which the folio has in *Measure for Measure*, act v. sc. 1.

(114) *mudded,*] Here the spelling of the old eds. is "muddied:" but see note 196 on *All's well that ends well.*

(115) *Will nothing stick our person to arraign*] So the quartos, 1604, &c.—The folio has "— *our* persons *to Arraigne;*" and so several modern editors. But the king is certainly speaking of himself only: compare what he has before said to the Queen on the same subject (the death of Polonius), p. 388;

> "O heavy deed!
> It had been so with *us*, had *we* been there:
> His liberty is full of threats to all;
> To you yourself, to *us*, to every one.
> Alas, how shall this bloody deed be answer'd?
> *It will be laid to us,*" &c.

again, p. 400, we have

> "Let him go, Gertrude; do not fear *our person,*" &c.

and ibid.

> "*That I am guiltless of your father's death,*" &c.

Enter a Gentleman.

What is the matter?

Gent. Save yourself, my lord:
The ocean, overpeering of his list,
Eats not the flats[116] with more impetuous haste
Than young Lærtes, in a riotous head,
O'erbears your officers. The rabble call him lord;
And, as the world were now but to begin,
Antiquity forgot, custom not known,
The ratifiers and props of every word,
They cry, "Choose we; Laertes shall be king!"
Caps, hands, and tongues applaud it to the clouds,
"Laertes shall be king, Laertes king!"

Queen. How cheerfully on the false trail they cry!
O, this is counter, you false Danish dogs!

King. The doors are broke. [*Noise within.*

Enter LAERTES, *armed;* Danes *following.*

Laer. Where is this king?—Sirs, stand you all without.

Danes. No, let's come in.

Laer. I pray you, give me leave.

Danes. We will, we will. [*They retire without the door.*

Laer. I thank you:—keep the door.—O thou vile king,
Give me my father!

Queen. Calmly, good Laertes.

Laer. That drop of blood that's calm proclaims me bastard;
Cries cuckold to my father; brands the harlot
Even here, between the chaste unsmirchèd brows[117]
Of my true mother.

(116) *Eats not the flats*] The late Mr. W. W. Williams (under the signature W. D.) in *The Literary Gazette* for March 15, 1862, p. 263, would read "Beats *not the flats*." But is not "*Eats*" to be defended on classical authority?

"—— et ripas radentia flumina *rodunt*."
Lucretius, v. 257.

"Non rura, quæ Liris quieta
Mordet aqua taciturnus amnis."
Horace, *Carm.* i. xxxi. 7.

(117) *brows*] The old eds. have "browe" and "brow."

King. What's the cause, Laertes,
That thy rebellion looks so giant-like?—
Let him go, Gertrude; do not fear our person:
There's such divinity doth hedge a king,
That treason can but peep to what it would,
Acts little of his will.—Tell me, Laertes,
Why thou art thus incens'd:—let him go, Gertrude:—
Speak, man.

Laer. Where is my father?

King. Dead.

Queen. But not by him.

King. Let him demand his fill.

Laer. How came he dead? I'll not be juggled with:
To hell, allegiance! vows, to the blackest devil!
Conscience and grace, to the profoundest pit!
I dare damnation:—to this point I stand,—
That both the worlds I give to negligence,
Let come what comes; only I'll be reveng'd
Most throughly for my father.

King. Who shall stay you?

Laer. My will, not all the world:
And for my means, I'll husband them so well,
They shall go far with little.

King. Good Laertes,
If you desire to know the certainty
Of your dear father's death, is't writ in your revenge,
That, swoopstake, you will draw both friend and foe,
Winner and loser?

Laer. None but his enemies.

King. Will you know them, then?

Laer. To his good friends thus wide I'll ope my arms,
And, like the kind life-rendering pelican,
Repast them with my blood.

King. Why, now you speak
Like a good child and a true gentleman.
That I am guiltless of your father's death,
And am most sensibly in grief for it,
It shall as level to your judgment 'pear
As day does to your eye.

Danes. [*within*] Let her come in.
Laer. How now! what noise is that?

Re-enter OPHELIA.

O heat, dry up my brains! tears seven-times salt,
Burn out the sense and virtue of mine eye!—
By heaven, thy madness shall be paid by weight,
Till our scale turn the beam. O rose of May!
Dear maid, kind sister, sweet Ophelia!—
O heavens! is't possible a young maid's wits
Should be as mortal as an old man's life?
Nature is fine in love; and, where 'tis fine,
It sends some precious instance of itself
After the thing it loves.

Oph. They bore him barefac'd on the bier; [*Sings.*
Hey non nonny, nonny, hey nonny;
And in[118] his grave rain'd many a tear,—

Fare you well, my dove!

Laer. Hadst thou thy wits, and didst persuade revenge,
It could not move thus.[119]

Oph. You must sing, "Down a-down, an you call him a-down-a."[120] O, how the wheel becomes it! It is the false steward, that stole his master's daughter.

Laer. This nothing's more than matter.

Oph. There's rosemary, that's for remembrance; pray you, love, remember: and there is pansies, that's for thoughts.

Laer. A document in madness,—thoughts and remembrance fitted.

Oph. There's fennel for you, and columbines:—there's rue for you; and here's some for me:—we may call it herb-grace o' Sundays:—O, you must wear your rue with a difference.—There's a daisy:—I would give you some violets, but

(118) *in*] i.e. into. So the quartos, 1604, &c.—The folio has "on."
(119) *It could not move thus.*] "'—— move *me* thus;' at least I am all but sure that this is the true reading." Walker's *Crit. Exam.*, &c., vol. ii. p. 261.
(120) "*Down a-down, an you call him a-down-a.*"] Whether these words are rightly given as above, I cannot determine. (On the modern stage they are *sung* by Ophelia.)

they withered all when my father died:—they say he made a good end,—

For bonny sweet Robin is all my joy,—* [*Sings.*

Laer. Thought and affliction, passion, hell itself,
She turns to favour and to prettiness.

Oph. And will he not come again? [*Sings.*
And will he not come again?
No, no, he is dead:
Go to thy death-bed:(121)
He never will come again.

His beard was as white as snow,
All flaxen was his poll:
He is gone, he is gone,
And we cast away moan:
God ha' mercy on his soul!

And of all Christian souls, I pray God.—God b' wi' ye.
[*Exit.*

Laer. Do you see this, O God?

King. Laertes, I must commune with your grief,(122)
Or you deny me right. Go but apart,
Make choice of whom your wisest friends you will,
And they shall hear and judge 'twixt you and me:

* *For bonny sweet Robin is all my joy,—*] Appears to be a line of a ballad entitled *My Robin is to the Greenwood gone, or, Bonny sweet Robin;* to the tune of which ballad several other ballads were sung: see Chappell's *Popular Music of the Olden Time*, &c., vol. i. p. 233, sec. ed.

(121) *Go to thy death-bed*, &c.] Mr. Collier's Ms. Corrector substitutes "Gone *to* his *death-bed*," &c.; which agrees with what seems to be a sort of parody on this ballad in *Eastward Ho*, by Jonson, Marston, and Chapman (see Dodsley's *Old Plays*, vol. iv. p. 223, last ed.);

"But now he is dead,
And lain in his bed,
And never will come again."

(122) *I must commune with your grief,*] So the quartos, 1604, &c.—The folio has "*I must* common *with your greefe;*" which Boswell would understand as, "I must be allowed to participate in your grief, to feel in common with you;" and, much to my surprise, Mr. Grant White (*Shakespeare's Scholar*, &c., p. 421) approves of that most erroneous reading and interpretation.—The "common" of the folio is merely an old spelling of "*commune:*" see Richardson's *Dict.* in "Common" and "Commune."—1865. Mr. Grant White in his edition of *Shakespeare* prints "commune."

If by direct or by collateral hand
They find us touch'd, we will our kingdom give,
Our crown, our life, and all that we call ours,
To you in satisfaction; but if not,
Be you content to lend your patience to us,
And we shall jointly labour with your soul
To give it due content.

Laer. Let this be so;
His means of death, his obscure burial,—
No trophy, sword, nor hatchment o'er his bones,
No noble rite nor formal ostentation,—
Cry to be heard, as 'twere from heaven to earth,
That I must call't in question.

King. So you shall;
And where th' offence is let the great axe fall.
I pray you, go with me. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE VI. *The same. Another room in the same.*

Enter HORATIO *and a* Servant.

Hor. What are they that would speak with me?

Serv. Sailors, sir: they say they have letters for you.

Hor. Let them come in.— [*Exit Servant.*
I do not know from what part of the world
I should be greeted, if not from Lord Hamlet.

Enter Sailors.

First Sail. God bless you, sir.

Hor. Let him bless thee too.

First Sail. He shall, sir, an't please him. There's a letter for you, sir,—it comes from the ambassador that was bound for England,—if your name be Horatio, as I am let to know it is.

Hor. [*reads*] "Horatio, when thou shalt have overlooked this give these fellows some means to the king: they have letters for him. Ere we were two days old at sea, a pirate of very warlike appointment gave us chase. Finding ourselves too slow of sail, we put on

a compelled valour; and in the grapple I boarded them: on the instant they got clear of our ship; so I alone became their prisoner. They have dealt with me like thieves of mercy: but they knew what they did; I am to do a good turn for them. Let the king have the letters I have sent; and repair thou to me with as much haste as thou wouldst fly death. I have words to speak in thine ear will make thee dumb; yet are they much too light for the bore of the matter. These good fellows will bring thee where I am. Rosencrantz and Guildenstern hold their course for England: of them I have much to tell thee. Farewell.

"He that thou knowest thine, HAMLET."

Come, I will make you way for these your letters;
And do't the speedier, that you may direct me
To him from whom you brought them. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE VII. *The same. Another room in the same.*

Enter King *and* LAERTES.

King. Now must your conscience my acquittance seal,
And you must put me in your heart for friend,
Sith you have heard, and with a knowing ear,
That he which hath your noble father slain
Pursu'd my life.

Laer. It well appears:—but tell me
Why you proceeded not against these feats,
So crimeful and so capital in nature,
As by your safety, wisdom, all things else,
You mainly were stirr'd up.

King. O, for two special reasons;
Which may to you, perhaps, seem much unsinew'd,
But yet to me they're strong. The queen his mother
Lives almost by his looks; and for myself,—
My virtue or my plague, be't either which,—
She's so conjunctive to my life and soul,
That, as the star moves not but in his sphere,
I could not but by her. The other motive,
Why to a public count I might not go,
Is the great love the general gender bear him;

Who, dipping all his faults in their affection,
Would, like the spring that turneth wood to stone,
Convert his gyves to graces; so that my arrows,
Too slightly timber'd for so loud a wind,
Would have reverted to my bow again,
And not where I had aim'd them.

Laer. And so have I a noble father lost;
A sister driven into desperate terms,—
Whose worth, if praises may go back again,
Stood challenger on mount of all the age
For her perfections:—but my revenge will come.

King. Break not your sleeps[123] for that: you must not think
That we are made of stuff so flat and dull,
That we can let our beard be shook with danger,
And think it pastime. You shortly shall hear more:
I lov'd your father, and we love ourself;
And that, I hope, will teach you to imagine—

Enter a Messenger.

How now! what news?

Mess. Letters, my lord, from Hamlet:
This to your majesty; this to the queen.

King. From Hamlet! who brought them?

Mess. Sailors, my lord, they say; I saw them not:
They were given me by Claudio,—he receiv'd them
Of him that brought them.[124]

King. Laertes, you shall hear them.—
Leave us. [*Exit Messenger.*

(123) *sleeps*] See note 90 on *The Second Part of King Henry IV.*; and compare Phaer's Virgil's *Æneidos*, Book ii.;

"The towne inuade they do forthwith, in *sleepes* [the original *somno*] and drinking drownd." Sig. C vii. ed. 1584.

(124) *Sailors . . . I saw them not:*
. . . . . .
Of him that brought them.]

Walker (*Crit. Exam.*, &c., vol. iii. p. 208) suspects, and, it would seem, with good reason, that we ought to read "*Of* them *that brought them.*"

[*Reads*] "High and mighty,—You shall know I am set naked on your kingdom. To-morrow shall I beg leave to see your kingly eyes: when I shall, first asking your pardon thereunto, recount the occasion of my sudden and more strange return.

"HAMLET."

What should this mean? Are all the rest come back?
Or is it some abuse, and no such thing?

Laer. Know you the hand?

King. 'Tis Hamlet's character:—"Naked,"—
And in a postscript here, he says, "alone."
Can you advise me?

Laer. I'm lost in it, my lord. But let him come;
It warms the very sickness in my heart,
That I shall live and tell him to his teeth,
"Thus diddest thou."

King. If it be so, Laertes,—
As how should it be so? how otherwise?—
Will you be rul'd by me?

Laer. Ay, my lord;[125]
So you will not o'errule me to a peace.

King. To thine own peace. If he be now return'd,—
As checking at his voyage,[126] and that he means
No more to undertake it,—I will work him
To an exploit, now ripe in my device,
Under the which he shall not choose but fall:
And for his death no wind of blame shall breathe;
But even his mother shall uncharge the practice,
And call it accident.

Laer. My lord, I will be rul'd;
The rather, if you could devise it so,

([125]) *Ay, my lord;*] "Perhaps 'Ay, my *good* lord.'" Walker's *Crit. Exam.*, &c., vol. iii. p. 270.

([126]) *As checking at his voyage,*] Mr. Collier prints "*As* liking not *his voyage;*" and observes, "This is the clear and correct reading of the undated quarto, that of 1611, &c. Malone seems to have referred here to no other quarto than that of 1604, and finding it read corruptly 'As *the king at* his voyage,' he adopted the text of the folio, 'As *checking at* his voyage,' which, no doubt, was there introduced as a conjectural emendation." Here I altogether differ from Mr. Collier: "the King at," of the quarto 1604, is obviously a mistake for "*checking at;*" a reading much more in Shakespeare's manner than "liking not."

That I might be the organ.

King. It falls right.
You have been talk'd of since your travel much,
And that in Hamlet's hearing, for a quality
Wherein, they say, you shine: your sum of parts
Did not together pluck such envy from him,
As did that one; and that, in my regard,
Of the unworthiest siege.

Laer. What part is that, my lord?

King. A very riband in the cap of youth,
Yet needful too; for youth no less becomes
The light and careless livery that it wears
Than settled age his sables and his weeds,
Importing health and graveness.—Two months since,
Here was a gentleman of Normandy,—
I've seen myself, and serv'd against, the French,
And they can[127] well on horseback: but this gallant
Had witchcraft in't; he grew unto his seat;
And to such wondrous doing brought his horse,
As he had been incorps'd and demi-natur'd
With the brave beast: so far he topp'd my thought,
That I, in forgery of shapes and tricks,
Come short of what he did.

Laer. A Norman was't?

King. A Norman.

Laer. Upon my life, Lamond.[128]

King. The very same.

Laer. I know him well: he is the brooch, indeed,
And gem of all the nation.

King. He made confession of you;
And gave you such a masterly report,

([127]) *can*] So the quartos, 1604, &c.—"The folio has *ran* for 'can.' It was a mere printer's error." COLLIER.—Assuredly it was: yet Caldecott and Mr. Knight retain it.

([128]) *Lamond.*] The quartos, 1604, &c., have "Lamord."—The folio has "Lamound."—"Shakespeare, I suspect, wrote '*Lamode.*' See the next speech but one;

'he is the brooch, indeed,
And gem of all the nation.'" MALONE.—

Mr. Grant White prints "Lamont."

For art and exercise in your defence,
And for your rapier most especially,
That he cried out, 'twould be a sight indeed,
If one could match you: the scrimers of their nation,
He swore, had neither motion, guard, nor eye,
If you oppos'd them. Sir, this report of his
Did Hamlet so envenom with his envy,
That he could nothing do but wish and beg
Your sudden coming o'er, to play with him.
Now, out of this,—

Laer. What out of this, my lord?

King. Laertes, was your father dear to you?
Or are you like the painting of a sorrow,
A face without a heart?

Laer. Why ask you this?

King. Not that I think you did not love your father;
But that I know love is begun by time;
And that I see, in passages of proof,
Time qualifies the spark and fire of it.
There lives within the very flame of love
A kind of wick or snuff that will abate it;
And nothing is at a like goodness still;
For goodness, growing to a plurisy,
Dies in his own too-much: that we would do,
We should do when we would; for this "would" changes,
And hath abatements and delays as many
As there are tongues, are hands, are accidents;
And then this "should" is like a spendthrift sigh,[129]
That hurts by easing. But, to the quick o' th' ulcer:—
Hamlet comes back: what would you undertake,
To show yourself your father's son in deed
More than in words?

Laer. To cut his throat i' the church.

King. No place, indeed, should murder sanctuarize;

[129] *a spendthrift sigh,*] This passage (from "There lives within the very flame" to "the quick o' th' ulcer" inclusive) is only in the quartos, 1604, &c.; all which, except that of 1637, have "*a* spend-thrifts *sigh*,"—quite wrongly, I conceive; though Capell, Mr. Collier, and Mr. Knight think otherwise.

Revenge should have no bounds. But, good Laertes,
Will you do this, keep close within your chamber.
Hamlet return'd shall know you are come home:
We'll put on those shall praise your excellence,
And set a double varnish on the fame
The Frenchman gave you; bring you, in fine, together,
And wager on your heads: he, being remiss,
Most generous, and free from all contriving,
Will not peruse the foils; so that, with ease,
Or with a little shuffling, you may choose
A sword, unbated, and, in a pass of practice,
Requite him for your father.

Laer. I will do't:
And for that purpose I'll anoint my sword.
I bought an unction of a mountebank,
So mortal, that but dip a knife in it,
Where it draws blood no cataplasm so rare,
Collected from all simples that have virtue
Under the moon, can save the thing from death
This is but scratch'd withal: I'll touch my point
With this contagion, that, if I gall him slightly,
It may be death.

King. Let's further think of this;
Weigh what convenience both of time and means
May fit us to our shape: if this should fail,
And that our drift look through our bad performance,
'Twere better not assay'd: therefore this project
Should have a back or second, that might hold,
If this should blast in proof. Soft!—let me see:—
We'll make a solemn wager on your cunnings,—[130]
I ha't:
When in your motion you are hot and dry,—
As make your bouts more violent to that end,—
And that he calls for drink, I'll have prepar'd him
A chalice for the nonce; whereon but sipping,

([130]) *cunnings,*—] So the quartos, 1604, &c.—The folio has "commings;" which Caldecott and Mr. Knight retain (old spelling and all) in the sense of—venues, bouts.

If he by chance escape your venom'd stuck,
Our purpose may hold there.

Enter Queen.

How now, sweet queen![131]

Queen. One woe doth tread upon another's heel,
So fast they follow:—your sister's drown'd, Laertes.

Laer. Drown'd! O, where?

Queen. There is a willow grows aslant a brook,
That shows his hoar leaves in the glassy stream;
There with fantastic garlands did she come
Of crow-flowers, nettles, daisies, and long purples
That liberal shepherds give a grosser name,
But our cold maids do dead men's fingers call them:
There, on the pendent boughs her coronet weeds
Clambering to hang, an envious sliver broke;
When down her weedy trophies and herself
Fell in the weeping brook. Her clothes spread wide,
And, mermaid-like, awhile they bore her up;
Which time she chanted snatches of old tunes,
As one incapable of her own distress,
Or like a creature native and indu'd
Unto that element: but long it could not be
Till that her garments, heavy with their drink,
Pull'd the poor wretch from her melodious lay
To muddy death.

Laer. Alas, then, she is drown'd?

Queen. Drown'd, drown'd.

Laer. Too much of water hast thou, poor Ophelia,
And therefore I forbid my tears: but yet
It is our trick; nature her custom holds,
Let shame say what it will: when these are gone,
The woman will be out.—Adieu, my lord:

(131) *How now, sweet queen!*] Here the "*now*," which had been accidentally omitted in the first folio, was inserted by the editor of the second folio.—Instead of these words, the quartos, 1604, &c., have "but stay, what noyse:" but the corresponding passage of the quarto 1603 is, "*How now* Gertred, why looke you heauily?"

I have a speech of fire, that fain would blaze,
But that this folly douts it. [*Exit.*

King. Let's follow, Gertrude:
How much I had[132] to do to calm his rage!
Now fear I this will give it start again;
Therefore let's follow. [*Exeunt.*

ACT V.

SCENE I. *Elsinore. A churchyard.*

Enter two Clowns, *with spades, &c.*

First Clo. Is she to be buried in Christian burial that wilfully seeks her own salvation?

Sec. Clo. I tell thee she is; and therefore make her grave straight: the crowner hath sat on her, and finds it Christian burial.

First Clo. How can that be, unless she drowned herself in her own defence?

Sec. Clo. Why, 'tis found so.

First Clo. It must be *se offendendo;* it cannot be else. For here lies the point: if I drown myself wittingly, it argues an act: and an act hath three branches; it is, to act, to do, to perform: argal, she drowned herself wittingly.

Sec. Clo. Nay, but hear you, goodman delver,—

First Clo. Give me leave. Here lies the water; good: here stands the man; good: if the man go to this water and drown himself, it is, will he, nill he, he goes,—mark you that; but if the water come to him and drown him, he drowns not himself: argal, he that is not guilty of his own death shortens not his own life.

Sec. Clo. But is this law?

First Clo. Ay, marry, is't; crowner's quest-law.

Sec. Clo. Will you ha' the truth on't? If this had not been a gentlewoman, she should have been buried out of Christian burial.

(132) *I had*] "I would read '*had I.*'" Walker's *Crit. Exam.*, &c., vol. ii. p. 246. And so some of the earlier editors.

First Clo. Why, there thou sayst:[133] and the more pity that great folk should have countenance in this world to drown or hang themselves, more than their even Christian. —Come, my spade. There is no ancient gentlemen but gardeners, ditchers, and grave-makers: they hold up Adam's profession.

Sec. Clo. Was he a gentleman?

First Clo. He was the first that ever bore arms.

Sec. Clo. Why, he had none.

First Clo. What, art a heathen? How dost thou understand the Scripture? The Scripture says, Adam digged: Could he dig without arms? I'll put another question to thee: if thou answerest me not to the purpose, confess thyself—

Sec. Clo. Go to.

First Clo. What is he that builds stronger than either the mason, the shipwright, or the carpenter?

Sec. Clo. The gallows-maker; for that frame outlives a thousand tenants.

First Clo. I like thy wit well, in good faith: the gallows does well; but how does it well? it does well to those that do ill: now, thou dost ill to say the gallows is built stronger than the church: argal, the gallows may do well to thee. To't again, come.

Sec. Clo. "Who builds stronger than a mason, a shipwright, or a carpenter?"

First Clo. Ay, tell me that, and unyoke.

Sec. Clo. Marry, now I can tell.

First Clo. To't.

Sec. Clo. Mass, I cannot tell.

Enter HAMLET *and* HORATIO, *at some distance.*

First Clo. Cudgel thy brains no more about it, for your dull ass will not mend his pace with beating; and when you are asked this question next, say "a grave-maker:" the

(133) *Why, there thou sayst:*] Walker (*Crit. Exam.*, &c., vol. iii. p. 270) would add "true" to these words: but the expression is elliptical.

houses that he makes last till doomsday. Go, get thee to Yaughan;[134] fetch me a stoop of liquor. [*Exit Sec. Clown.*

[*He digs, and sings.*

In youth when I did love, did love,*
Methought it was very sweet,
To contract, O, the time, for, ah, my behove,
O, methought there was nothing meet.

Ham. Has this fellow no feeling of his business, that he sings at grave-making?

Hor. Custom hath made it in him a property of easiness.

Ham. 'Tis e'en so: the hand of little employment hath the daintier sense.

First Clo. But age, with his stealing steps, [*Sings.*
Hath claw'd me in his clutch,
And hath shipped me intil the land,
As if I had never been such.

[*Throws up a skull.*

Ham. That skull had a tongue in it, and could sing once: how the knave jowls it to the ground, as if it were Cain's jaw-bone, that did the first murder! It might be the pate of a politician, which this ass now o'er-reaches;[135] one that would circumvent God, might it not?

Hor. It might, my lord.

(134) *Go, get thee to Yaughan;*] So the folio.—The quartos, 1604, &c., have "*Goe get thee* in."—Mr. Collier *ad l.* oddly conjectures that "*Yaughan*" may be "a mis-spelt stage-direction to inform the player that he was to *yawn* at this point;" and his Ms. Corrector, oddly too, substitutes "*get thee to* yon'."—1865. Mr. Collier in the second edition of his *Shakespeare* adopts his Corrector's "yon:" and certainly the Corrector is fortunate in such an expositor as Mr. Collier; without whom we never should have guessed that "yon" is equivalent to "yon *alehouse*."—Mr. Grant White, not happier than others in his note on this passage, "suspects that '*Yaughan*' is a misprint for 'Tavern.'"

* *In youth when I did love, did love*, &c.] This stanza and the other two stanzas sung by the First Clown are ruthlessly-altered quotations from a poem attributed to Lord Vaux; one copy of which, with the music, is extant in Ms. Sloane, No. 4900, and another copy, without the music, in Ms. Harl., No. 1703. The whole poem appeared in *Tottel's Miscellany*, 1557; and may be found in Percy's *Rel. of A. E. Poetry*, vol. i. p. 186, ed. 1794.

(135) *which this ass now o'er-reaches;*] So the quartos, 1604, &c.—The folio has "*which this Asse o're* offices;" the less proper reading undoubtedly.

Ham. Or of a courtier; which could say "Good morrow, sweet lord! How dost thou, good lord?" This might be my lord such-a-one, that praised my lord such-a-one's horse, when he meant to beg it,—might it not?

Hor. Ay, my lord.

Ham. Why, e'en so: and now my Lady Worm's; chapless, and knocked about the mazard with a sexton's spade: here's fine revolution, an we had the trick to see't. Did these bones cost no more the breeding, but to play at loggats with 'em? mine ache to think on't.

First Clo. A pickaxe, and a spade, a spade, [*Sings.*
For and a shrouding-sheet:[136]
O, a pit of clay for to be made
For such a guest is meet.

[*Throws up another skull.*

Ham. There's another: why may not that be the skull of a lawyer? Where be his quiddits now, his quillets, his cases, his tenures, and his tricks? why does he suffer this rude knave now to knock him about the sconce with a dirty shovel, and will not tell him of his action of battery? Hum! This fellow might be in's time a great buyer of land, with his statutes, his recognizances, his fines, his double vouchers, his recoveries: is this the fine of his fines, and the recovery of his recoveries, to have his fine pate full

[136] *For and a shrouding-sheet:*] Is generally printed "*For — and a*," &c. But "*For and*" in the present version of the stanza answers to "And eke" in that given by Percy (*Rel. of A. E. Poetry*, vol. i. p. 188, ed. 1794);

"*And eke* a shrowding shete."

Compare the following passages (to which many others might be added);

"Syr Gy, Sir Gawen, Syr Cayus, *for and* Syr Olyuere."
Skelton's Sec. Poem *Against Garnesche*,—*Works*, vol. i. p. 119, ed. Dyce.

"Your squire doth come, and with him comes the lady,
For and the Squire of Damsels, as I take it."
Beaumont and Fletcher's *Knight of the Burning Pestle*, act ii. sc. 3,—*Works*, vol. ii. p. 160, ed. Dyce.

"A hippocrene, a tweak, *for and* a fucus."
Middleton and W. Rowley's *Fair Quarrel*, act v. sc. 1,—Middleton's *Works*, vol. iii. p. 544, ed. Dyce.

of fine dirt?[137] will his vouchers vouch him no more of his purchases, and double ones too, than the length and breadth of a pair of indentures? The very conveyances of his lands will hardly lie in this box; and must the inheritor himself have no more, ha?

Hor. Not a jot more, my lord.

Ham. Is not parchment made of sheep-skins?

Hor. Ay, my lord, and of calf-skins too.

Ham. They are sheep and calves which seek out assurance in that. I will speak to this fellow.—Whose grave's this, sirrah?

First Clo. Mine, sir.—

O, a pit of clay for to be made [*Sings.*
For such a guest is meet.

Ham. I think it be thine, indeed; for thou liest in't.

First Clo. You lie out on't, sir, and therefore it is not yours: for my part, I do not lie in't, and yet it is mine.

Ham. Thou dost lie in't, to be in't, and say it is thine: 'tis for the dead, not for the quick; therefore thou liest.

First Clo. 'Tis a quick lie, sir; 'twill away again, from me to you.

Ham. What man dost thou dig it for?

First Clo. For no man, sir.

Ham. What woman, then?

First Clo. For none, neither.

Ham. Who is to be buried in't?

First Clo. One that was a woman, sir; but, rest her soul, she's dead.

Ham. How absolute the knave is! we must speak by the card, or equivocation will undo us. By the Lord, Horatio, these three years I have taken note of it; the age is grown so picked, that the toe of the peasant comes so near the heel of the courtier, he galls his kibe.—How long hast thou been a grave-maker?

First Clo. Of all the days i' the year, I came to't that day that our last king Hamlet o'ercame Fortinbras.

(137) *of fine dirt?*] Walker (*Crit. Exam.*, &c., vol. i. p. 316) proposes "*of* foul *dirt?*" But I believe the old text is right here.

Ham. How long is that since?

First Clo. Cannot you tell that? every fool can tell that: it was the very day that young Hamlet was born,—he that is mad, and sent into England.

Ham. Ay, marry, why was he sent into England?

First Clo. Why, because he was mad: he shall recover his wits there; or, if he do not, it's no great matter there.

Ham. Why?

First Clo. 'Twill not be seen in him there; there the men are as mad as he.

Ham. How came he mad?

First Clo. Very strangely, they say.

Ham. How strangely?

First Clo. Faith, e'en with losing his wits.

Ham. Upon what ground?

First Clo. Why, here in Denmark: I have been sexton here, man and boy, thirty years.

Ham. How long will a man lie i' the earth ere he rot?

First Clo. I' faith, if he be not rotten before he die,—as we have many pocky corses now-a-days that will scarce hold the laying in,—he will last you some eight year or nine year: a tanner will last you nine year.

Ham. Why he more than another?

First Clo. Why, sir, his hide is so tanned with his trade that he will keep out water a great while; and your water is a sore decayer of your whoreson dead body. Here's a skull now; this skull has lain in the earth three-and-twenty years.

Ham. Whose was it?

First Clo. A whoreson mad fellow's it was: whose do you think it was?

Ham. Nay, I know not.

First Clo. A pestilence on him for a mad rogue! 'a poured a flagon of Rhenish on my head once. This same skull, sir, was Yorick's skull,[138] the king's jester.

(138) *This same skull, sir, was Yorick's skull,*] So the quartos, 1604, &c. (except that they have "sir *Yoricks*").—The folio has "*This same Scull Sir*, this same Scull sir, *was Yoricks Scull;*" which is given by Mr. Collier and Mr. Knight. (Mr. Collier observes that the folio "*characteristically* repeats" the words; which is very true, it being a

Ham. This?

First Clo. E'en that.

Ham. Let me see. [*Takes the skull.*]—Alas, poor Yorick! —I knew him, Horatio: a fellow of infinite jest, of most excellent fancy: he hath borne me on his back a thousand times; and now, how abhorred in my imagination it is![139] my gorge rises at it. Here hung those lips that I have kissed I know not how oft. Where be your gibes now? your gambols? your songs? your flashes of merriment, that were wont to set the table on a roar? Not one now, to mock your own grinning? quite chap-fallen? Now get you to my lady's chamber, and tell her, let her paint an inch thick, to this favour she must come; make her laugh at that.—Prithee, Horatio, tell me one thing.

Hor. What's that, my lord?

Ham. Dost thou think Alexander looked o' this fashion i' the earth?

Hor. E'en so.

Ham. And smelt so? pah! [*Puts down the skull.*

Hor. E'en so, my lord.

Ham. To what base uses we may return, Horatio![140] Why may not imagination trace the noble dust of Alexander till he find it stopping a bung-hole?

Hor. 'Twere to consider too curiously, to consider so.

Ham. No, faith, not a jot; but to follow him thither with modesty enough, and likelihood to lead it: as thus; Alexander died, Alexander was buried, Alexander returneth into dust; the dust is earth; of earth we make loam; and why of that loam whereto he was converted might they not stop a beer-barrel?

marked characteristic of the folio to blunder in that way.)—1865. Here both Mr. Staunton and Mr. Grant White give the reading of the folio; Mr. Grant White observing, that "if the repetition of the words were accidental, the chance must be reckoned among *gli inganni felici*." I wish he had told us what force is added to the dialogue by the repetition.

(139) *And now, how abhorred in my imagination it is!*] So the quartos, 1604, &c.—Mr. Grant White—who confines the meaning of "*it*" in that reading to *the skull*—prefers the lection of the folio, "and how abhorred my Imagination is."

(140) *To what base uses we may return, Horatio!*] "Surely the old syntax requires '*may we.*'" Walker's *Crit. Exam.*, &c., vol. ii. p. 249.

Imperious Cæsar,[141] dead and turn'd to clay,
Might stop a hole to keep the wind away:
O, that that earth which kept the world in awe
Should patch a wall t' expel the winter's flaw!—
But soft! but soft! aside:—here comes the king,

Enter Priests, *&c., in procession; the Corpse of* OPHELIA, LAERTES *and* Mourners *following;* King, Queen, *their trains, &c.*

The queen, the courtiers: who is that they follow?
And with such maimèd rites? This doth betoken
The corse they follow did with desperate hand
Fordo its own life: 'twas of some estate.
Couch we awhile, and mark. [*Retiring with Horatio.*

Laer. What ceremony else?

Ham. That is Laertes,
A very noble youth: mark.

Laer. What ceremony else?

First Priest. Her obsequies have been as far enlarg'd
As we have warrantise: her death was doubtful;
And, but that great command o'ersways the order,
She should in ground unsanctified have lodg'd
Till the last trumpet; for charitable prayers,
Shards, flints, and pebbles, should be thrown on her:
Yet here she is allow'd her virgin crants,[142]

(141) *Imperious Cæsar,*] "Thus the quarto 1604 [and the other quartos]. The editor of the folio substituted '*imperial*,' not knowing that '*imperious*' was used in the same sense." MALONE.—Compare

"The scepters promis'd of *imperious* Rome."
The Tragedie of Antonie (translated by the Countess of Pembroke), 1595, sig. G 3.

"'tis *imperious* Rome,
Rome, the great mistress of the conquer'd world."
Fletcher's *Prophetess*, act ii. sc. 3.—

We find, indeed, "imperial *Cæsar*" in *Cymbeline*, act v. sc. 5: but then that play comes to us only through the folio.—Qy. Are these four lines a quotation. I believe not.

(142) *her virgin crants,*] So the quartos, 1604, &c., down to the quarto of 1637, which, like the folio, has "*her Virgin* Rites."—"For this unusual word ['*crants*'] the editor of the first folio substituted '*rites*.' By a more attentive examination and comparison of the quarto copies and

Her maiden strewments, and the bringing home
Of bell and burial.

Laer. Must there no more be done?

First Priest. No more be done:
We should profane the service of the dead
To sing a requiem, and such rest to her[143]
As to peace-parted souls.

Laer. Lay her i' th' earth;—
And from her fair and unpolluted flesh
May violets spring!—I tell thee, churlish priest,
A ministering angel shall my sister be,
When thou liest howling.

Ham. What, the fair Ophelia!

Queen. Sweets to the sweet: farewell! [*Scattering flowers.*
I hop'd thou shouldst have been my Hamlet's wife;
I thought thy bride-bed to have deck'd, sweet maid,
And not have strew'd thy grave.

Laer. O, treble woe[144]
Fall ten times treble on that cursèd head
Whose wicked deed thy most ingenious sense
Depriv'd thee of!—Hold off the earth awhile,
Till I have caught her once more in mine arms: [*Leaps into the grave.*
Now pile your dust upon the quick and dead,
Till of this flat a mountain you have made

the folio, Dr. Johnson, I have no doubt, would have been convinced that this and many other changes in the folio were not made by Shakespeare." MALONE.

"Most of the editors explain '*crants*' by garlands; but the German *krans* is singular, and the singular seems indispensable here. From a note to Prior's Danish Ballads it would seem that young unmarried Danish ladies wear, or wore, chaplets of pearl; at least, 'fair Elsey' is described as wearing one, and the translator (vol. iii. p. 111) says that this is the same as the 'virgin *crant*' (*sic*) of Ophelia." W. N. LETTSOM.

(143) *To sing a requiem, and such rest to her*] So the quartos, 1604, &c.—The folio has "*To sing* sage *Requiem*," &c.; an error of the transcriber or printer, which Caldecott and Mr. Knight adopt. Mr. Collier's Ms. Corrector alters the "sage" of the folio to "sad:" but is it not a mistake for "such"?)

(144) *woe*] "Fol. '*woer*.' '*Woes*,' I conjecture." Walker's *Crit. Exam.*, &c., vol. iii. p. 271.

T' o'ertop old Pelion or the skyish head
Of blue Olympus.
Ham. [*advancing*] What is he whose grief
Bears such an emphasis; whose phrase of sorrow
Cónjures the wandering stars, and makes them stand
Like wonder-wounded hearers? This is I,
Hamlet the Dane. [*Leaps into the grave.*
Laer. The devil take thy soul! [*Grappling with him.*
Ham. Thou pray'st not well.
I prithee, take thy fingers from my throat;
For, though I am not splenitive and rash,
Yet have I something in me dangerous,
Which let thy wisdom fear: hold off thy hand!
King. Pluck them asunder.
Queen. Hamlet, Hamlet!
All. Gentlemen,—
Hor. Good my lord, be quiet.
[*The Attendants part them, and they come out of the grave.*
Ham. Why, I will fight with him upon this theme
Until my eyelids will no longer wag.
Queen. O my son, what theme?
Ham. I lov'd Ophelia: forty thousand brothers
Could not, with all their quantity of love,
Make up my sum.—What wilt thou do for her?
King. O, he is mad, Laertes.
Queen. For love of God, forbear him.
Ham. 'Swounds, show me what thou'lt do:
Woo't weep? woo't fight? woo't fast? woo't tear thyself?
Woo't drink up eisel?[145] eat a crocodile?

([145]) *Woo't drink up eisel?*] The quarto 1603 has "*Wilt drinke vp* vessels."—The later quartos have "*Woo't drinke vp* Esill."—The folio has "*Woo't drinke vp* Esile."—A great dispute has arisen about the "Esill" or "Esile" of this line; whether we are to understand by it "the river *Yssell*, *Issell*, or *Izel*, the most northern branch of the Rhine," or else *eisel* (*i.e.* vinegar). It is at least certain that *eisel* in the sense of *vinegar* was formerly common enough; and is used by our author in his cxi[th] Sonnet,

I'll do't.—Dost thou come here to whine?
To outface me with leaping in her grave?
Be buried quick with her, and so will I:
And if thou prate of mountains, let them throw
Millions of acres on us, till our ground,
Singeing his pate against the burning zone,
Make Ossa like a wart! Nay, an thou'lt mouth,
I'll rant as well as thou.

Queen. This is mere madness:
And thus awhile the fit will work on him;

"I will *drink*
Potions of eisel [old ed. *Eysell*] 'gainst my strong infection," &c.

Nor is the expression "drink *up*" at all opposed to that interpretation; for Shakespeare has various passages where "*up*" is what we should now consider as redundant: *e.g.;*

"prisons *up*
The nimble spirits in the arteries," &c.
Love's Labour's Lost, act iv. sc. 3.

"devours *up* all the fry it finds."
All's well that ends well, act iv. sc. 3.

"Enough to stifle such a villain *up*."
King John, act iv. sc. 3.

"To fright the animals, and to kill them *up*," &c.
As you like it, act ii. sc. 1.

"'As true as Troilus' shall crown *up* the verse," &c.
Troilus and Cressida, act iii. sc. 2.

So too other early writers;

"Jove, that thou shouldst not haste, but wait his leisure,
Made two nights one, to finish *up* his pleasure."
Marlowe's *Ovid's Elegies*, B. i. *El.* xiii.,—
Works, p. 323, ed. Dyce, 1858.

"Wretched Iëmpsar, having quaffed *up*
The brim and bottome of the Stygian cup," &c.
Sylvester's transl. of Fracastorius's *Joseph*, apud
Du Bartas's *Works*, &c., p. 417, ed. 1641.

"My teares, like precious jewels, man allures
To seek them *up*, wheres'euer they be shed."
Scot's *Philomythie*, Part Sec., 1616, sig. C.—

On the phrase "kills them all *up*," in Jonson's *Every Man in his Humour*, Gifford observes; "*Off*, *out*, and *up*, are continually used by the purest and most excellent of our old writers after verbs of destroying, consum-

Anon, as patient as the female dove
When that her golden couplets are disclos'd,
His silence will sit drooping.
Ham. Hear you, sir;
What is the reason that you use me thus?
I lov'd you ever: but it is no matter;
Let Hercules himself do what he may,
The cat will mew, and dog will have his day. [*Exit.*
King. I pray you, good Horatio, wait upon him.—
[*Exit Horatio.*
[*To Laertes*] Strengthen your patience in our last night's speech;
We'll put the matter to the present push.—
Good Gertrude, set some watch over your son.—
This grave shall have a living monument:
An hour of quiet shortly shall we see;
Till then, in patience our proceeding be. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II. *The same. A hall in the castle.*

Enter HAMLET *and* HORATIO.

Ham. So much for this, sir: now shall you see the other;—
You do remember all the circumstance?

ing, eating, drinking, &c.: to us, who are less conversant with the power of language, they appear, indeed, somewhat like expletives; but they undoubtedly contributed something to the force, and something to the roundness of the sentence. There is much wretched criticism on a similar expression in Shakespeare, 'Woo't *drink up* eisel?' Theobald gives the sense of the passage in a clumsy note [deciding that *vinegar* is meant]; Hanmer, who had more taste than judgment, and more judgment than knowledge, corrupts the language as usual [reading '*Wilt drink up* Nile?']; Steevens gaily perverts the sense [declaring himself for a *river*]; and Malone, with great effort, brings the reader back to the meaning which poor Theobald had long before excogitated." Jonson's *Works*, i. 122.—Malone, however, afterwards changed his mind, and was convinced that Steevens had rightly explained the word to mean a river, because "this sort of hyperbole was common among our ancient poets." But, in the "hyperbolical" passages cited by Malone, *what* rivers do those poets mention? The *Rhine*, the *Thames*, the *Meander*, the *Euphrates*,—and not such obscure streams as the *Ysell*, the existence of which the commentators had some difficulty in detecting.

Hor. Remember it, my lord!
Ham. Sir, in my heart there was a kind of fighting,
That would not let me sleep: methought I lay
Worse than the mutines in the bilboes. Rashly,—
And prais'd be rashness for it; let us know,
Our indiscretion sometimes serves us well,
When our deep plots do fail:[146] and that should teach us
There's a divinity that shapes our ends,
Rough-hew them how we will,—
Hor. That is most certain.
Ham. Up from my cabin,
My sea-gown scarf'd about me, in the dark
Grop'd I to find out them: had my desire;
Finger'd their packet; and, in fine, withdrew
To mine own room again: making so bold,
My fears forgetting manners, to unseal
Their grand commission; where I found, Horatio,—
O royal knavery!—an exact command,—
Larded with many several sorts of reasons,
Importing Denmark's health, and England's too,
With, ho! such bugs and goblins in my life,—
That, on the supervise, no leisure bated,
No, not to stay the grinding of the axe,
My head should be struck off.
Hor. Is't possible?
Ham. Here's the commission: read it at more leisure.
But wilt thou hear me how I did proceed?
Hor. I beseech you.
Ham. Being thus be-netted round with villanies,—[147]
Ere I could make a prologue to my brains,
They had begun the play,—I sat me down;

(146) *When our deep plots do fail:*] The quarto 1604 has "*When our deepe plots doe* pall."—The later quartos have "*When our deepe plots doe* fall."—The folio has "*When our* deare *plots do* paule." (Compare "And, if *I fail* not in my *deep intent*," &c. *Richard III.* act i. sc. 1.)—1865. Dr. Ingleby would read here "fall;" not scrupling to assert that "*fall* had in Shakespeare's day the same meaning as 'fail.'" *The Shakespeare Fabrications*, p. 115.

(147) *villanies,—*] The old eds. have "villaines."

Devis'd a new commission; wrote it fair:—
I once did hold it, as our statists do,
A baseness to write fair, and labour'd much
How to forget that learning; but, sir, now
It did me yeoman's service:—wilt thou know
Th' effect of what I wrote?

Hor. Ay, good my lord.

Ham. An earnest conjuration from the king,—
As England was his faithful tributary;
As love between them like the palm might flourish;
As peace should still her wheaten garland wear,
And stand a comma 'tween their amities;[148]
And many such-like "as's" of great charge,—
That, on the view and knowing of these contents,[149]
Without debatement further, more or less,
He should the bearers put to sudden death,
Not shriving-time allow'd.

Hor. How was this seal'd?

Ham. Why, even in that was heaven ordinant.
I had my father's signet in my purse,
Which was the model of that Danish seal;
Folded the writ up in the form of th' other;
Subscrib'd it; gave't th' impression; plac'd it safely,
The changeling never known. Now, the next day
Was our sea-fight; and what to this was sequent

(148) *And stand a comma 'tween their amities;*] Here "*comma*" has been altered to "commere," "cement," &c.—"The only circumstance of resemblance the poet seems to have had in view in this similitude is merely that of standing between. As a comma stands between two several members of a sentence, without separating them otherwise than by distinguishing the one from the other, in like manner Peace personized, or the Goddess of Peace, is understood to stand between the amities of the two kings." HEATH.—Perhaps so.

(149) *That, on the view and knowing of these contents,*] So the quartos, 1604, &c.; a reading which some editors have altered to "*— and knowing these contents.*" But see Walker's *Shakespeare's Versification*, &c., where, p. 119, this line is cited as containing an example of a "present participle contracted," and where, p. 120, among other instances, the following is cited from our author's *King Henry VIII.* act i. sc. 2,

"Not well dispos'd, the mind *growing* once corrupt."—

The folio has "*That on the view and* know *of these Contents.*"

Thou know'st already.

Hor. So Guildenstern and Rosencrantz go to't.

Ham. Why, man, they did make love to this employment;
They are not near my conscience; their defeat
Doth by their own insinuation grow:
'Tis dangerous when the baser nature comes
Between the pass and fell-incensèd points
Of mighty opposites.

Hor. Why, what a king is this!

Ham. Does it not, thinks 't thee, stand me now upon,—[150]
He that hath kill'd my king, and whor'd my mother;
Popp'd in between th' election and my hopes;
Thrown out his angle for my proper life,
And with such cozenage,—is't not perfect conscience
To quit him with this arm? [151] and is't not to be damn'd
To let this canker of our nature come
In further evil?

Hor. It must be shortly known to him from England
What is the issue of the business there.

Ham. It will be short: [152] the interim is mine;
And a man's life's no more than to say "one."
But I am very sorry, good Horatio,

([150]) *Does it not, thinks't thee, stand me now upon,—*] The quartos, 1604, &c., have "*Dooes it not* thinke *thee*" (quarto 1637 "you"), &c.—The folio has "*Does it not*, thinkst *thee*," &c.—Walker (*Shakespeare's Versification*, &c., p. 281) observes, that "*thinks it thee* occurs in the Elizabethan poets in the sense of *μῶν δοκεῖ σοι;*" and, after citing and correcting the present passage, he adduces from Cartwright's *Ordinary* (Dodsley's *Old Plays*, vol. x. p. 216, last ed.)

> "Little *think'st thee*, how diligent thou art
> To little purpose;"

adding, "*thinks't thee*, of course."—Compare too, in *All's well that ends well*, "*methinks't*, thou art a general offence," &c., act ii. sc. 3, vol. iii. p. 236.

([151]) *this arm?*] Mr. Collier's Ms. Corrector substitutes "his own?"

([152]) *It will be short*, &c.] "Arrange and write, with the folio,

> 'It will be short:
> The interim's mine; and a man's life no more
> Than to say one.'"
>
> Walker's *Crit. Exam.*, &c., vol. iii. p. 272.

That to Laertes I forgot myself;
For, by the image of my cause, I see
The portraiture of his: I'll court[153] his favours:
But, sure, the bravery of his grief did put me
Into a towering passion.

Hor. Peace! who comes here?

Enter OSRIC.

Osr. Your lordship is right welcome back to Denmark.

Ham. I humbly thank you, sir.—[*Aside to Hor.*] Dost know this water-fly?

Hor. [*aside to Ham.*] No, my good lord.

Ham. [*aside to Hor.*] Thy state is the more gracious; for 'tis a vice to know him. He hath much land, and fertile: let a beast be lord of beasts, and his crib shall stand at the king's mess: 'tis a chough; but, as I say, spacious in the possession of dirt.

Osr. Sweet lord, if your lordship[154] were at leisure, I should impart a thing to you from his majesty.

Ham. I will receive it, sir, with all diligence of spirit. Put your bonnet to his right use; 'tis for the head.

Osr. I thank your lordship, it is very hot.

Ham. No, believe me, 'tis very cold; the wind is northerly.

Osr. It is indifferent cold, my lord, indeed.

Ham. But yet methinks it is very sultry and hot for my complexion.[155]

Osr. Exceedingly, my lord; it is very sultry,—as 'twere,

(153) *court*] Rowe's correction.—The folio has "count."—From "To quit him with this arm" in the preceding speech but one to "Peace! who comes here?" inclusive, is not in the quartos.

(154) *your lordship*] So the quartos, 1604, &c.—The folio has "*your* friendship;" which Mr. Knight retains (and so does Dr. Delius, who defends it in a note). But it is merely an error:—and how easily such errors creep in! Though the copy from which the present edition [1857] was printed had here "*your lordship*," yet in the first proof-sheet which was sent to me I found "*your* worship."—Elsewhere in this scene Osric *four times* addresses Hamlet as "*your lordship*."

(155) *for my complexion.*] So the folio and quarto 1637.—The quartos, 1604, &c., have "or *my complection;*" which some editors adopt, putting a break after the words.

—I cannot tell how.—But, my lord, his majesty bade me signify to you, that he has laid a great wager on your head: sir, this is the matter,—

Ham. I beseech you, remember—

[*Hamlet moves him to put on his hat.*

Osr. Nay, in good faith; for mine ease, in good faith. Sir, here is newly come to court Laertes; believe me, an absolute gentleman, full of most excellent differences, of very soft society and great showing: indeed, to speak feelingly of him, he is the card or calendar of gentry, for you shall find in him the continent of what part a gentleman would see.

Ham. Sir, his definement suffers no perdition in you;—though, I know, to divide him inventorially would dizzy the arithmetic of memory, and it but yaw neither,[156] in respect of his quick sail. But, in the verity of extolment, I take him to be a soul of great article; and his infusion of such dearth and rareness, as, to make true diction of him, his semblable is his mirror; and who else would trace him, his umbrage, nothing more.

Osr. Your lordship speaks most infallibly of him.

Ham. The concernancy, sir? why do we wrap the gentleman in our more rawer breath?

Osr. Sir?

Hor. Is't not possible to understand in another tongue?[157] You will do't, sir, really.[158]

Ham. What imports the nomination of this gentleman?

Osr. Of Laertes?

Hor. [*aside to Ham.*] His purse is empty already: all's golden words are spent.

Ham. Of him, sir.

[156] *and it but yaw neither,*] So the quarto 1604, except that it has "*and* yet *but*," &c.—The later quartos have "*and* yet *but* raw *neither*," &c.—The preceding speech (except its first sentence), the present speech, and a good deal more of the dialogue till the entrance of the King, Queen, &c., are not in the folio; nor to be traced in the quarto 1603.

[157] *in another tongue?*] "Surely, with the critic in Var. [Johnson], '*a mother* tongue.'" Walker's *Crit. Exam.*, &c., vol. iii. p. 273.

[158] *really.*] "'*Rarely*' (Theobald), of course." Walker's *Crit. Exam.*, &c., vol. iii. p. 273.

Osr. I know you are not ignorant—

Ham. I would you did, sir; yet, in faith, if you did, it would not much approve me:—well, sir.

Osr. You are not ignorant of what excellence Laertes is—

Ham. I dare not confess that, lest I should compare with him in excellence; but,[159] to know a man well, were to know himself.

Osr. I mean, sir, for his weapon; but in the imputation laid on him by them, in his meed he's unfellowed.

Ham. What's his weapon?

Osr. Rapier and dagger.

Ham. That's two of his weapons: but, well.

Osr. The king, sir, hath wagered with him[160] six Barbary horses: against the which he has imponed, as I take it, six French rapiers and poniards, with their assigns, as girdle, hangers, and so: three of the carriages, in faith, are very dear to fancy, very responsive to the hilts, most delicate carriages, and of very liberal conceit.

Ham. What call you the carriages?

Hor. [*aside to Ham.*] I knew you must be edified by the margent ere you had done.

Osr. The carriages, sir, are the hangers.

Ham. The phrase would be more germane to the matter, if we could carry cannon by our sides: I would it might be hangers till then. But, on: six Barbary horses against six French swords, their assigns, and three liberal-conceited carriages; that's the French bet against the Danish. Why is this "imponed," as you call it?

Osr. The king, sir, hath laid, that in a dozen passes between yourself and him, he shall not exceed you three hits: he hath laid on twelve for nine; and it would come

(159) *but,*] "Surely the sense requires '*for*' [which Capell gave]." Walker's *Crit. Exam.*, &c., vol. iii. p. 274.

(160) *The king, sir, hath wagered with him*] So the quartos, 1604, &c.—The folio has "*The* sir King ha's wag'd *with him*," the "wag'd" having perhaps grown out of the spelling "*wagerd*" in the quartos.—Compare afterwards in this page, "The king, sir, *hath* laid," &c. (Here the quarto 1603 has "The King, sweete Prince, hath layd a wager on your side.")

to immediate trial, if your lordship would vouchsafe the answer.

Ham. How if I answer no?

Osr. I mean, my lord, the opposition of your person in trial.

Ham. Sir, I will walk here in the hall: if it please his majesty, 'tis the breathing time of day with me; let the foils be brought, the gentleman willing, and the king hold his purpose, I will win for him an I can; if not, I will gain nothing but my shame and the odd hits.

Osr. Shall I re-deliver you e'en so?

Ham. To this effect, sir; after what flourish your nature will.

Osr. I commend my duty to your lordship.

Ham. Yours, yours. [*Exit Osric.*]—He does well to commend it himself; there are no tongues else for's turn.

Hor. This lapwing runs away with the shell on his head.

Ham. He did comply with his dug, before he sucked it. Thus has he—and many more of the same bevy, that, I know, the drossy age dotes on—only got the tune of the time, and outward habit of encounter; a kind of yesty collection, which carries them through and through the most fanned and winnowed opinions;[161] and do but blow them to their trial,[162] the bubbles are out.

[161] *a kind of yesty collection, which carries them through and through the most fanned and winnowed opinions;*] The quartos 1604 and 1605 have "—— *the most* prophane *and* trennowed *opinions*," &c., and so the later quartos, except that they have "trennowned." The folio has "—— *the most* fond *and winnowed opinions*," &c.—In my *Remarks on Mr. Collier's and Mr. Knight's editions of Shakespeare*, p. 221, I maintained that "fond *and winnowed*" had been rightly amended by Warburton to "*fanned and winnowed;*" and I still think it is an alteration which most probably restores the true reading, though Mr. Grant White (*Shakespeare's Scholar*, &c., p. 422) pronounces it to be altogether wrong. He says that "carries them through and through the most fond and winnowed opinions" means "they go through and through [they stop at no absurdity in] the most fond [affected or foolish] and winnowed [elaborately sought out] opinions;" an interpretation which, in my judgment, the words cannot possibly bear.—1865. Mr. Grant White in his edition of *Shakespeare* prints "*fann'd and winnowed.*"

[162] *trial,*] "I suspect that, according to the old grammar, we ought to read, with the folio, '*trials.*'" Walker's *Crit. Exam.*, &c., vol. i. p. 264.

Enter a Lord.

Lord. My lord, his majesty commended him to you by young Osric, who brings back to him, that you attend him in the hall: he sends to know if your pleasure hold to play with Laertes, or that you will take longer time.

Ham. I am constant to my purposes; they follow the king's pleasure: if his fitness speaks, mine is ready; now or whensoever, provided I be so able as now.

Lord. The king and queen and all are coming down.

Ham. In happy time.

Lord. The queen desires you to use some gentle entertainment to Laertes before you fall to play.

Ham. She well instructs me. [*Exit Lord.*

Hor. You will lose this wager, my lord.

Ham. I do not think so; since he went into France, I have been in continual practice; I shall win at the odds. But thou wouldst not think how ill all's here about my heart: but it is no matter.

Hor. Nay, good my lord,—

Ham. It is but foolery; but it is such a kind of gain-giving as would perhaps trouble a woman.

Hor. If your mind dislike any thing, obey it: I will forestall their repair hither, and say you are not fit.

Ham. Not a whit, we defy augury: there's a special providence in the fall of a sparrow. If it be now, 'tis not to come; if it be not to come, it will be now; if it be not now, yet it will come: the readiness is all: since no man has aught of what he leaves, what is't to leave betimes?(163)

Enter King, Queen, LAERTES, Lords, OSRIC, *and Attendants with foils, &c.*

King. Come, Hamlet, come, and take this hand from me. [*The King puts Laertes' hand into Hamlet's.*

(163) *since no man has aught of what he leaves, what is't to leave betimes?*] A very suspicious passage. I give it as it stands in the folio.—The quartos, 1604, &c., have "*since no man* of *ought he leaues*, knowes *what ist to leaue betimes*, let be."

Ham. Give me your pardon, sir: I've done you wrong;
But pardon't, as you are a gentleman.
This presence knows,
And you must needs have heard, how I am punish'd
With sore distraction. What I have done,
That might your nature, honour, and exception
Roughly awake, I here proclaim was madness.
Was't Hamlet wrong'd Laertes? Never Hamlet:
If Hamlet from himself be ta'en away,
And when he's not himself does wrong Laertes,
Then Hamlet does it not, Hamlet denies it.
Who does it, then? His madness: if't be so,
Hamlet is of the faction that is wrong'd;
His madness is poor Hamlet's enemy.
Sir, in this audience,
Let my disclaiming from a purpos'd evil
Free me so far in your most generous thoughts,
That I have shot mine arrow o'er the house,
And hurt my brother.

Laer. I am satisfied in nature,
Whose motive, in this case, should stir me most
To my revenge: but in my terms of honour
I stand aloof; and will no reconcilement
Till by some elder masters, of known honour,[164]
I have a voice and precedent of peace,
To keep my name ungor'd. But till that time
I do receive your offer'd love like love,
And will not wrong it.

Ham. I embrace it freely;
And will this brother's wager frankly play.—
Give us the foils.—Come on.

Laer. Come, one for me.

Ham. I'll be your foil, Laertes: in mine ignorance
Your skill shall, like a star i' the darkest night,
Stick fiery off indeed.

Laer. You mock me, sir.

(164) *masters, of known honour,*] Walker (*Crit. Exam.*, &c., vol. i. p. 245) suspects that "*masters*" is a mistake for "master," and that "*honour*" originated in the "honour" of the preceding line but one.

Ham. No, by this hand.

King. Give them the foils, young Osric.—Cousin Hamlet,
You know the wager?

Ham. Very well, my lord;
Your grace hath laid the odds o' the weaker side.

King. I do not fear it; I have seen you both:
But since he's better'd, we have therefore odds.

Laer. This is too heavy, let me see another.

Ham. This likes me well. These foils have all a length?
[*They prepare to play.*

Osr. Ay, my good lord.

King. Set me the stoops of wine upon that table.—
If Hamlet give the first or second hit,
Or quit in answer of the third exchange,
Let all the battlements their ordnance fire;
The king shall drink to Hamlet's better breath;
And in the cup an union shall he throw,
Richer than that which four successive kings
In Denmark's crown have worn. Give me the cups;
And let the kettle to the trumpet speak,
The trumpet to the cannoneer without,
The cannons to the heavens, the heavens to earth,
"Now the king drinks to Hamlet."—Come, begin;—
And you, the judges, bear a wary eye.

Ham. Come on, sir.

Laer. Come, my lord. [*They play.*

Ham. One.

Laer. No.

Ham. Judgment.

Osr. A hit, a very palpable hit.

Laer. Well;—again.

King. Stay; give me drink.—Hamlet, this pearl is thine;
Here's to thy health.
[*Trumpets sound, and cannon shot off within.*
Give him the cup.

Ham. I'll play this bout first; set it by awhile.—
Come.—[*They play.*] Another hit; what say you?

Laer. A touch, a touch, I do confess.

King. Our son shall win.
Queen. He's fat, and scant of breath.—
Here, Hamlet, take my napkin, rub thy brows:
The queen carouses to thy fortune, Hamlet.
Ham. Good madam!
King. Gertrude, do not drink.
Queen. I will, my lord; I pray you, pardon me.
[*Drinks.*
King. [*aside*] It is the poison'd cup; it is too late.
Ham. I dare not drink yet, madam; by and by.
Queen. Come, let me wipe thy face.
Laer. My lord, I'll hit him now.
King. I do not think't.
Laer. [*aside*] And yet 'tis almost 'gainst my conscience.
Ham. Come, for the third, Laertes: you but dally;
I pray you, pass with your best violence;
I am afeard you make a wanton of me.
Laer. Say you so? come on. [*They play.*
Osr. Nothing, neither way.
Laer. Have at you now!
[*Laertes wounds Hamlet; then, in scuffling, they change rapiers, and Hamlet wounds Laertes.*
King. Part them; they are incens'd.
Ham. Nay, come, again. [*The Queen falls.*
Osr. Look to the queen there, ho!
Hor. They bleed on both sides.—How is it, my lord?
Osr. How is't, Laertes?
Laer. Why, as a woodcock to mine own springe, Osric;
I'm justly kill'd with mine own treachery.
Ham. How does the queen?
King. She swoons[165] to see them bleed.
Queen. No, no, the drink, the drink,—O my dear Hamlet,—
The drink, the drink!—I am poison'd. [*Dies.*

[165] *swoons*] The old eds. have "sounds," &c.—See note 93 on *The Winter's Tale.*

Ham. O villany!—Ho! let the door be lock'd:[166]
Treachery! seek it out.
Laer. It is here, Hamlet: Hamlet, thou art slain;
No medicine in the world can do thee good,
In thee there is not half an hour of life;
The treacherous instrument is in thy hand,
Unbated and envenom'd: the foul practice
Hath turn'd itself on me; lo, here I lie,
Never to rise again: thy mother's poison'd:—
I can no more:—the king, the king's to blame.
Ham. The point envenom'd too!—
Then, venom, to thy work. [*Stabs the King.*
All. Treason! treason!
King. O, yet defend me, friends; I am but hurt.
Ham. Here, thou incestuous, murderous, damnèd Dane,
Drink off this potion:—is thy union here?[167]
Follow my mother. [*King dies.*
Laer. He is justly serv'd;
It is a poison temper'd by himself.—
Exchange forgiveness with me, noble Hamlet:
Mine and my father's death come not upon thee,
Nor thine on me! [*Dies.*
Ham. Heaven make thee free of it! I follow thee.—
I am dead, Horatio.—Wretched queen, adieu!—
You that look pale and tremble at this chance,
That are but mutes or audience to this act,
Had I but time,—as this fell sergeant, death,
Is strict in his arrest,—O, I could tell you,—
But let it be.—Horatio, I am dead;
Thou liv'st; report me and my cause aright
To the unsatisfied.
Hor. Never believe it:

(166) *Ho! let the door be lock'd:*] That here Caldecott, Mr. Knight, and Mr. Collier, should print "How! *let the*," &c., retaining the old spelling and punctuation, is marvellous.

(167) *Drink off this potion:—is thy union here?*] "It should seem from this line, and Laertes's next speech, that Hamlet here forces the expiring king to drink some of the poisoned cup, and that he dies while it is at his lips." MALONE.

I'm more an antique Roman than a Dane:
Here's yet some liquor left.
Ham. As thou'rt a man,
Give me the cup: let go; by heaven, I'll have't.
O good Horatio, what a wounded name,
Things standing thus unknown, shall live behind me!
If thou didst ever hold me in thy heart,
Absent thee from felicity awhile,
And in this harsh world draw thy breath in pain,
To tell my story.
[*March at some distance, and shot within.*
What warlike noise is this?
Osr. Young Fortinbras, with conquest come from Poland,
To the ambassadors of England gives
This warlike volley.
Ham. O, I die, Horatio;
The potent poison quite o'er-crows my spirit:
I cannot live to hear the news from England;
But I do prophesy th' election lights
On Fortinbras: he has my dying voice;
So tell him, with th' occurrents, more and less,
Which have solicited—the rest is silence. [*Dies.*
Hor. Now cracks a noble heart:—good night, sweet prince;
And flights of angels sing thee to thy rest!—
Why does the drum come hither? [*March within.*

Enter FORTINBRAS, *the* English Ambassadors, *and others.*

Fort. Where is this sight?
Hor. What is it ye would see?
If aught of woe or wonder, cease your search.
Fort. This quarry cries on havoc.—O proud Death,
What feast is toward in thine eternal cell,
That thou so many princes at a shot
So bloodily hast struck?

First Amb. The sight is dismal;
And our affairs from England come too late:
The ears are senseless that should give us hearing,
To tell him his commandment is fulfill'd,
That Rosencrantz and Guildenstern are dead:
Where should we have our thanks?
Hor. Not from his mouth,
Had it th' ability of life to thank you:
He never gave commandment for their death.
But since, so jump upon this bloody question,
You from the Polack wars, and you from England,
Are here arriv'd, give order that these bodies
High on a stage be placèd to the view;
And let me speak to the yet unknowing world
How these things came about: so shall you hear
Of carnal, bloody, and unnatural acts;
Of accidental judgments, casual slaughters;
Of deaths put on by cunning and forc'd cause;
And, in this upshot, purposes mistook
Fall'n on th' inventors' heads: all this can I
Truly deliver.
Fort. Let us haste to hear it,
And call the noblest to the audience.
For me, with sorrow I embrace my fortune:
I have some rights of memory in this kingdom,
Which now to claim my vantage doth invite me.
Hor. Of that I shall have also cause to speak,
And from his mouth whose voice will draw on more:
But let this same be presently perform'd,
Even while men's minds are wild; lest more mischance,
On plots and errors, happen.
Fort. Let four captains
Bear Hamlet, like a soldier, to the stage;
For he was likely, had he been put on,
T' have prov'd most royally: and, for his passage,
The soldiers' music and the rites of war
Speak loudly for him.—
Take up the bodies:—such a sight as this